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Volume 19 NOVEMBER, 1912 Number 1

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XIX NOVEMBER, 1912 NUMBER 1

Editorials

THE SAGAMORE mourns his departed friends, welcomes back his old friends, and greet his new friends with the hope that they become old friends.

Freshmen, the first thing to do upon entering this high school is to know your classmates. Unfortunately, there is too great a tendency among the members of the fourth class to look askance at pupils graduated from a different grammar school than the one which just recently had the honor of being their first alma mater. In order to secure the best that is in our high school life, it is absolutely necessary that you mingle with each other, forget all distinctions, and form the Class of 1916 into one composite whole, not a class made up of six different parties, each pulling in a different direction for its own advantage. You are no longer members of rival schools, but comrades, one and all fighting side by side in order to make 1916 a class of which to be proud. You are now already a strong factor in this institution, for as some sophomore has put it: "We may run down and poke fun at the freshmen, but, after all what would high school be without them?" And the statement is true, although a sophomore did say it. Already you are being watched, your good deeds commended, your bad actions condemned; for upon your shoulders will eventually fall the honor of maintaining the reputation of this High School, whose prestige the classes before you have so

worthily upheld. If you strive for the best together, your reward will be the pleasure and satisfaction derived from honest endeavor

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One of the great questions of the day, an issue which will interest us in the future even more than it interests our fathers at the presetn time, is the peace movement. Last year at Newton the affirmative team of our Debating Club proved conclusively that "It is impossible to establish a method of arbitration by which war shall be abolished." However, as our negative team on the same night proved the opposite side of the question, there was some doubt as to the issue. Last month there lectured before our New England colleges and in our cities a woman who has not the slightest doubt concerning international peace,—Baroness von Suttner, the foremost woman advocate of peace, the author of that powerful story, "Lay Down Your Arms," and the person who prompted Alfred Nobel to establish the Nobel Peace Prizes. After delivering a multitude of addresses in the West, she arrived in Boston in the last part of September. Thronged as Boston was with eminent visitors, this remarkable woman was distinguished above them all. With her wonderful command of the English language which is even eloquence, she has made a strong appeal to the hearts of the American people, as those of us who had the good fortune to hear her will attest.

The International Congress of Chambers of Commerce was a great achievement for the United States and for Boston. Incidentally, a step towards permanent world peace was made. When representatives from fifty-five different nations rub shoulders harmoniously and adopt resolutions leading towards arbitration between nations as well as individuals, the advocates of universal peace may well look happy ; for more powerful than politics, more powerful than armies, are the trade interests of the world. Now the fifth congress is over, now its representatives are scattered literally to the four continents of the earth, but Boston will not soon forget that memorable gathering.

A Letter from Williams

Williamstown, Mass.,
October 9, 1912.

Dear Readers of the Sagamore :

Three or four days ago I received a letter from your editor-in-chief informing me that it was his intention to run a series of letters by members of the Class of 1912, descriptive of life at the various colleges ; also that it was my bounden duty to write the first one. Besides being very glad to do this I am much obliged to Spitz for giving me the first chance. For I hope that I may prejudice in favor of Williams those of you who are now choosing a college, before Ferguson gets in his deadly work for Amherst.

First of all I intend to tell you about the location and setting of Williams, as I suppose that there are a good many of you people at school so uninformed as not to know exactly where it is Well, Williams College forms the center of Williamstown village, which is situated in the extreme north-western corner of Massachusetts. It lies in a typical valley of the Berkshire Hills, completely surrounded by mountains, and only a few miles from Mt. Greylock, the highest peak in the state. Just at this time of year the Berkshires are at their best. The foliage is wonderful in its many hues, while the days are clear and crisp.

Speaking of the mountains, today was Mountain Day. Mt. Day is a holiday given on a clear day in the early part of October to afford the fellows a chance to get out and explore the surrounding country. It was announced to us yesterday afternoon at four o'clock by the playing of "The Mountains," the "America" of Williams, on the chapel chimes. Today, nearly everybody in college has either climbed some neighboring peak or been off on a long tramp. A large number started this morning about one o'clock, climbed Greylock with the aid of lanterns, saw the sunrise, and arrived back in Williamstown about noon. Many are the wild tales that are circulating this evening.

Williamstown itself and the immediate surroundings of the college are of exceeding beauty. The college buildings are located on either side of Main Street, in three or four little groups. Main

Street is entirely given over to the college buildings, the fraternity houses, and a few dwelling houses belonging to members of the faculty. All the stores are on a side street, and the residences of the townspeople are below the hill on which the College is located. Main Street itself is very wide and is separated from the buildings on either side by a wide grass plot, on which are two rows of venerable elms with a sidewalk between. Loyal sons of Williams quite naturally aver that Williamstown is the most beautiful college town in the east. So much for description. Now for a stab at a little narrative work.

The first thing that greets your eyesight—or rather, you—when you step off the train is a crowd of fellows completely filling the platform. Two or three of the crowd rush up to you and one of them asks: "Is this Mr.——?" If a negative reply is received he hurries on with a mumbled apology. If affirmative—"Well, my name is ——. You remember I wrote to you. Can't we take you up to the College in our car?" Assent is of course ready so they forthwith bundle you and your baggage into the car, and the fun has commenced. From that time on you are a marked man. For this envoy, be it known, is "rushing" for one of the numerous fraternities. Before they leave you at the door of your room they have given you an "Official Fraternity Date Card" and filled out several dates for their fraternity. This card has places to put down dates for breakfast, morning, lunch, afternoon, dinner, and evening for every day for nearly two weeks. The rushing season begins about ten days before college opens as most of the entering class arrive early to take entrance examinations. It ends two or three days after recitations commence.

That evening you go to dinner at the fraternity house of the fellows who took you up from the station, and are treated like a prince. They do not however, attempt to monopolize you as you might think, but immediately put the telephone in use and make dates for you with all the other "crowds" which you wish to consider. The competition, although very keen, is also very open and all above board. This is just one of the many things that gives Williams the title of "The Gentleman's College."

From then on you are kept busy from morning until night. You have lunch at one house, play tennis in the afternoon on the court of another, and take dinner and spend the evening at still another. They treat you regally everywhere and do their utmost to put you at your ease. After a week or so of fevered existence,

however, the excitement subsides; and when the smoke has cleared away, you probably find that you are pledged to one or another of the "crowds," and likely soon to become "a college fraternity man." The pledged men take their meals at the house and enjoy all its privileges, although they are not initiated until some time in November.

It may seem that I am giving undue space to the fraternities, but I do this because the fraternity life at Williams really constitutes the college life. There are fourteen fraternities here and all but less than one-fifth of the entire student body are fraternity men. All of these fourteen "crowds" have houses, some of them very elaborate ones. The junior and senior members ("delegation") live in the house, while the freshmen and sophomores take their meals there, but live in the college dormitories.

About half of these houses are located in a row on the south side of Main Street, just above the college buildings. They present a most imposing appearance as all of them are large, modern brick houses, set well back from the street. Inside, there are, of course, varying degrees of luxury. But all of them invariably have a large entrance hall with a dining room and large living room on either side. This last runs the length of the house, and is a cheery, home-like room, the centre as it were of the fraternity life. For here every evening after dinner, the fellows gather to do what they will. Imagine this picture: a blazing fire in the large fireplace, for the evening is cool; one group of fellows on the long lounge in front of the fire, talking and smoking; another crowded around the piano trying to "get by" with one of the numerous songs of Williams; a quiet game of auction going on at the other end of the room; while out in the hall great excitement over a tournament of indoor tennis, which is being played by the aid of two rackets, a ball, and a wastebasket. In these various ways do the fellows occupy themselves until it is time for them slowly and sorrowfully to depart to their rooms,—yes, I must say it, to study. All in all the fraternity life up here is really wonderful. I can hardly conceive of a better place to form life-friendships than in the dining room and living room of a college fraternity house.

The question may well arise, "But what becomes of the non-fraternity man, if fraternity life really constitutes the college life at Williams?" Well, the non-fraternity men are very well provided for. In Currier Hall, one of the dormitories, is what is called

the College Commons. This consists of a dining room, accommodating over one hundred and twenty men, and a large living-room which enjoys nearly as much use as any of the fraternity living-rooms. The fellows who board there regularly have formed an informal orginization, called the Commons Club, which conducts smokers and dances at intervals during the year. Thus the non-fraternity men are enabled to enjoy many of the social advantages of fraternity life.

Now it was my intention when I commenced this epistolary attempt to tell you, besides what I have already written, about several of the most important undergraduate activities here, such as the Y. M. C. A., the Good Government Club, debating, and dramiatics; the high development of interclass and intramural athletics; the underclass fall baseball games always followed by scraps between the ensembles of the two classes; the Freshman Peerade which took place last Saturday, and which was billed as "A Stupendous and Barbarous Production of 'Everyboob,' an immorality play"; the freshman-sophomore push-ball contest and tug-of-war across Green River which are slated for this fall; the freshman-sophomore cane contest which takes place next March and is the big event of our year; and a word on several other relatively unimportant subjects such as entrance requirements and the "New Curriculum." However, since I have taken so much space to tell of the fraternity life, and have no desire to make an extra edition of the Sagamore necessary, I needs must sorrowfully forego the above rather too extensive programme.

I am, however, sending a little handbook known as the "Freshman Bible" to the editor, who will have it placed on one of the library tables. In this, if any of you are sufficiently interested to look, you will find a short account of each of the things I have mentioned above.

Finally, I wish all of you individually, and all the activities of the good old school, a very successful year. Also I hope that I shall see a few of you fellows of 1913 here at Williams next fall.

E. THURSTON CLARKE, '12.

A Chance Meeting

While spending a couple of weeks in Markland, Nova Scotia, an acquaintance of mine invited a few friends including my chum and myself to take a little trip over to Lake Annis and back, a distance of about fifty miles. We accepted the invitation gladly as there was a mighty nice boys' camp situated on the shore of the lake and the Director was a Mr. Cain of Cambridge High and Latin School, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

We started immediately after breakfast as we desired to return to the hotel in time for dinner. The ride to the lake was very enjoyable, but it was not to be compared with the splendor of the lake itself.

When within about five miles of the camp, two fellows came riding down the road on their bicycles; and just as we were about to whiz by them I began to realize that one of the two looked very familiar. Then my chum yelled, "Hello Haslam," and sure enough it was Greville Haslam of the class of 1911. Afte that we hardly waited for the driver to apply the breaks to the machine before we leaped out and ran a little way down the road to where Haslam had jumped from his wheel and was coming to meet us. He introduced us to his companion, after which we chatted about Brookline High School and various kindred subjects.

When we had kept our friend waiting as long as we could without being impolite, my chum and I said good-by and resumed our ride to camp. There Mr. Cain told us that Haslam was the very "life of the camp," the "most industrious chap you ever saw" and "a regular born angler." This did not surprise us very much as Haslam always was doing unusual things at B.H.S.

It appeared that he had taken a course in taxidermy at some time or other, and he was spending all of his spare time mounting fish and game for the younger boys. His work was indeed re-

markable and we were certainly proud that he graduated from our school. He had stuffed two porcupines, a loon, several squirrels and quite a number of trout. The upper part of an old shack served as his work room, and there we saw other game in the various processes which they must undergo before being mounted.

Besides his work as a taxidermist he spent much of his time searching out secluded portions of the lake where the trout were unusually large; and the camp leader told us that he had found several wonderful spots for fishing which none of the other fellows had discovered before. A loon's nest, a very unusual find, also fell prey to Haslam's keen eyesight, and one of the young chicks is doomed to spend the rest of his days stuffed with sawdust. In fact, before leaving the camp I began to become vaguely concerned as to my own safety, for indeed I do feel like a curiosity at times.

When we had returned to the hotel both my chum and I felt extremely pleased that we should have met, by chance, a Brookline High School graduate in Nova Scotia, and we came to the conclusion that "the world is not so large after all."

A. E. C., '13.

Writing for the Sagamore

If the writers for the Sagamore used the few following suggestions, I think I can safely say that the editor would find their articles more interesting and instructive (along certain lines.)

First of all, attention must be given to the kind of paper used. Coarse brown wrapping paper is the best, but if an old theatre poster can be torn down and the story written on the pasty side, it will be much better.

When writing, the paper should be placed on the ground, and if that is too damp, the side of a house or a nice soft pillow will do. The results will vary according to what is used, but

whatever they are they will be far superior to those obtained by writing on a table or desk.

Both sides of the paper should be written on, and when both sides of every page are filled, a line ought to be trailed up and down the margins, back to the first page, and then the article closed by writing the signature just above the date.

If possible, pen and ink ought not to be used, but if it *is* necessary, never, ***never*** use a blotting pad. In case a blot falls on the paper, it can easily be licked off, and the effect this will have on the editor will be pleasing.

Above all, plain writing should be avoided. Bad writing is a sign of genius, and as it is the only indication of genius that many people have, it should be made the most of (while it lasts.)

A mistake, made by so many, lies in thinking that all articles or stories ought to be punctuated. This common error is very bad, because it leads the editor to believe that the writer has some sense and a little school learning, and he should never be allowed to suspect this. (He usually never will.) By following this suggestion, the editor is allowed to punctuate to suit himself, and when the article appears in print the writer will be astonished, even if he is not pleased.

When the manuscript is finished, it ought to be crumpled and carried around for a few days, even left out in the rain, if possible. This rubs off the extra pencil marks, making it lighter to handle.

Last but not least, is the suggestion that one page should always be lost out of the middle. The editor will easily and gladly supply what is missing, for of course he has nothing else to do.

I am sure nothing will please the editor of our paper more than to find stories written in this manner, unless it might be his good-fortune in finding the writer.

M. D. T. '14.

The Idle Lady's Lesson

The Idle Lady lay in dull discontent amid the soft pillows on her couch. All about her, in the sunny garden, flowers tossed their dainty heads on swaying stems. June's fragrant sunshine filled the air, and June's soft breezes wafted the dainty perfume to the Idle Lady's couch.

Down the lane came a little pink sunshade and under the sunshade was a sweet little face crowned with light golden curls. The pink sunshade bobbed to the Idle Lady's gate and soon the gate was opened by two dimpled hands.

"Toot mornin'!" piped the Tiny Person's voice.

"Why good morning, honey. How are you this morning?"

And the Idle Lady's dreary eyes lighted a minute as she smiled at the sweet face.

"I'se fine! gee"—and the voice trailed off into silence as the Tiny Person held up the pink parasol in awed delight.

"I can make a 'ittle one wif my hands," she announced after the "big" one had been duly admired.

The Idle Lady affected instant interest and one little hand was promptly mounted on one little thumb as proof of her veracity.

"Good!" nodded the Idle Lady.

"Oh!" the Tiny Person now cried, as, dropping the valued sunshade, she pointed to a high bush covered with bright red roses which had just blossomed into the June world, "what pitty flowers!"

"Do you think so?" sighed the Idle Lady languidly. She was *so* tired of flowers!

"Es! D'ourse I dos!"

Hadn't she just said so?

"Oh! And what love-e-ly smells these have!" and she pointed to bush after bush of great, purple lilacs.

The Idle Lady nodded and watched the little tot as she scrambled from one flower to another in the pretty garden.

"Such honest enjoyment of life!" thought the Idle Lady with delicate self pity. "What a gift she has!" She shrugged her dainty shoulders and thought how weary she was of the lazy life she seemed forced to live. Then, remembering the child, she glanced up. The Tiny Person was chasing a gay butterfly. At last, tired from the vain race, she sank into the cool grass and lay awhile.

"I wis," she called suddenly from her resting spot, "I wis I was you!"

The Idle Lady started. Too dazed to question, she listened to the unasked explanation.

" 'Cause you has such pretty fings," wistfully, "and you can lie here all day and lub 'em!"

The Idle Lady started again. A faint pink stole into her cheeks. Love them all day? Were they really as pretty as all that? She glanced about her. Her eyes, accustomed to her surroundings a moment ago, now awoke. Her cheeks flushed Her lips quivered.

"Oh, how lovely they *are!*" she exclaimed. "How I can love them, all day long!"

She sighed softly and glanced at the Tiny Person who was toddling home, her arms filled with flowers.

"Why can't I help other people to love them, too? I can't give them to every one *that* way, but I just do know a way I can give my whole garden and its wonders to the whole world," and she smiled mysteriously to herself.

So that was how that exquisitely dainty and fresh book, which breathes in every word of fair flowers to be loved and enjoyed, came to be born. It is now read on four continents with heartfelt appreciation and is called, "When the Flowers Spoke!"

H. M. G.,'14.

A Detective Story

(Editorial Note—There has been for many years the demand for a detective story to be published in The Sagamore. After much endeavor we have been able to secure one.)

Petrius Petrovitch was dead—unquestionably dead—even a corporation lawyer could not have proved otherwise. Petrius Petrovitch looked as though a cast-iron stove or a battleship or some other weighty object had sat on him. (Sensitive readers may omit the following.) The side of his head was crushed in like an egg shell and blood was all over the floor. (Enter the detective.) The detective was a young, foppishly dressed man who habitually sported a gardenia in his buttonhole, and wore pincenez (pipe that!) which he always removed when talking. For further details, let me advise you to invest the trifling sum of ten cents in any paper-covered book. He was accompanied by six reporters, two photographers, one personal press agent, one vaudeville manager with a blank contract, and the fifth cousin of the deceased, at whose request he interested himself in the case.

On arriving at the scene of the crime, he found that the police detective had preceded him and had bunglingly disarranged the furniture. (N. B.—Police detectives always do that.)

"Very crude, Mulvany, very crude," commented the detective drily. Mulvany, an ample person encased in a florid face, a straw-colored horseshoe mustache, a suit of loud checks, and a pair of number twelve police boots, looked uncomfortable With these words, the detective knelt and measured a footprint in the blood.

"Ah, ha, the mur-r-derer was a person between four and seven feet in height, and has a glass eye and a green necktie,—got that?" said he to the reporters, who were eagerly writing down the enthralling news. "I am confident that tomorrow morning shall see the solution of the case."

With these words he went home and read all the old newspapers

for sixteen years back—no result. That night, disguised as an angora cat, he crept into the deceased's house and searched it from top to bottom—still no result. Then, seized with an idea, he perused the evening papers—Eureka, the mystery is cleared!

The next morning as he was busy among the retorts and test tubes of his laboratory the dead man's fifth cousin walked in.

"What developments?" said the detective. "Why, my dear fellow, I have solved the mystery. Your cousin was murdered by a person with some heavy object used as a club. Dear me, who killed him? Tush, it was a most bizarre case!"

R. T. Y., '13.

"Brother Len," Locust Exterminator

A party of High School girls, calling themselves the "Story Tellers' Club," was assembled at one of the informal meetings at a member's home. After much discussion they succeeded in coaxing the Western Girl to tell them one of her famous "Grandmother Tales," which they declared were as numerous and as entertaining as the "Thousand and One Knights." Hastily taking her twentieth piece of fudge, the Western Girl began:

"My grandmother's favorite brother was christened Leonard, but on account of his fine qualities he was universally known as 'Brother Len.'

"When he was about fourteen years of age, it was one of those terrible 'locust years.' Perhaps you do not know it, but the locusts lay their eggs in little holes made in tree twigs. This makes the twig fall off, and finally the baby insect sinks into the ground where it is said to stay for sixteen years. Grandmother says it is terrible to see them rise in swarms out of the ground in a locust year.

"'Brother Len' was a daring, original boy, and this is what he used to do about the locusts. When he came home from school through his father's wood lot, where the locusts were always found in large numbers, he would frequently stop and fasten his blouse tightly at neck and belt, pulling it up to make plenty of bagginess. Then he would gather handfuls of locusts, and put them quickly in until the blouse was full. When the front was bulging, he would push them to the back, crowding more in and never seeming to mind the crawling things at all."

Here the speaker paused, and the girls all squirmed in their chairs. Soon the Western Girl continued:

"Having all he could carry, he would go to the 'hen run,' where he called the hens all about him. Then, when the party was assembled for the feast, 'Brother Len' pulled his blouse clear out

and then fell down a nice juicy dinner for the biddies. How I love to hear grandmother tell that story!"

After the torrent of exclamations, running from "How perfectly horrid," to "I can feel grasshoppers crawling all over me," had somewhat subsided, the Precise Girl broke in:

"What extraordinary conduct! Why did he not release the fowl from the enclosure? They would have undoubtedly pursued and captured the insects of their own volition."

"Oh, he was just a boy," replied the Western Girl, and that, to the rest of the club, seemed a perfectly satisfactory answer.

E. P. F., '13.

The Girl with the Curl

Jack Williams and Graham Nichols were Juniors at college, and it occurred to them that a little extra money to meet their Senior expenses would not go far amiss. So they decided to work during the summer. Jack chose a position in the office of a seaside hotel, the Windmere, but Graham preferred to work for Richards & Co., where great quantities of amateur photographs were sent daily during the summer for development and printing. It was confining work and Graham often wished himself at the hotel with Jack, who wrote of all sorts of gaieties, and pretty girls galore. No such variety for him! There was only an endless supply of boating, camping, and tennis scenes to print, and he began to think his friend had chosen the better job. Something soon happened, however, to break the monotony of the summer.

Some films came from a guest at the Windmere, and Nichols, upon printing them, found two scenes from an out-of-door play. The central figure in both was a tall, graceful young girl in afternoon dress, balancing a parasol over one shoulder. She had a mass of wavy hair, and a tiny curl showed at her neck.

"Gee, but she's a queen!" thought Graham. "I wonder who she is? I'll have to find out from Jack."

These pictures were followed by several others of the same play, sent by various Windmere guests, and Nichols became more and more interested in the girl with the curl, who figured in them all.

Strangely enough, Jack's next letter gave a glowing account of a certain "peacherino" with whom he spent all his time when off duty. After relating her charms of manner at some length,he described her appearance quite minutely. Graham got the play picture and made a comparison. Tall?—yes; pretty?—yes; dark hair with a curl at the neck, and brown eyes—well, colors, of course, were indeterminable in a photograph, but the curl was surely there. She must be the same one!

"Well, I see where Jacky can't have this girl *all* to himself," mused Nichols. "I really don't think this work is agreeing with me! I believe I'll take a little trip to the Windmere for my health, and take these prints with me."

Accordingly, the next day found him on the five-ten train bound for the shore.

His chum was surprised at his sudden advent. "Well, you see, old boy," Graham explained, "the store has been frightfully dull lately, and your descriptions of the—er—natural scenery down here were so alluring, that I thought I'd run down and see some of it for myself."

"H'mm!! Yes, I understand," Williams replied. "There *are* a good many delightful features—the extensive beach, for instance, and—"

"Come now, Jack, be a good scout and introduce me to her. You know what I'm driving at."

"With pleasure, my dear friend, but who is it you mean? Your speech is a trifle incoherent."

"Why, the girl in this picture (displaying the photograph), the one you wrote about, you know."

An expansive grin slowly overspread Jack's face, and, without

a word, he dragged the other clerk across the office and announced, "Mr. Edward Churchill, but lately acting the roll of Miss Dorothy Reed in the Windmere production of the 'Summer Girl.'"

. . . . . .

Graham decided that it would not endanger his health to return to the city next morning. M. H., '13.

A Friend to Tea

I have a very delightful friend, and one with whom my brothers and I have spent many pleasant hours. His name is Oliver Twist, and he often comes out of the bookcase to take tea with us. His coat, with rows of buttons up and down the front, fits his little figure tightly. The eyes, that look longingly at the tea cakes, are blue; but, when the lamp throws shadows on the wall, they become filled with fear, and we know that he is thinking of the "Artful Dodger" and "Bill Sikes." His lips tremble, and he moves his chair a little nearer to mine.

Then we ask him about Rose Maylie and the kind old gentleman. His face brightens immediately, and we all laugh as he shows how Mr. Bumble used to put the head of his cane into his mouth when nervous.

He is such a charming guest, and we expect him tomorrow about five o'clock. The tea cakes are ready and are waiting for his little voice: "Please may I have some more." H. v L.

Aesop's Fables Retold for High School Pupils

Fable I -- The Hare and the Tortoise

A Hare and a Tortoise were in the same class at school. One day the Hare jeered at the Tortoise, and said that he would finish school before him.

So the Hare skipped a class, while the Tortoise plodded steadily along. But the work proving too hard for the Hare, he was dropped back. So the Tortoise got through school first, and beat the Hare. Moral—Slow and steady wins the race.

Fable II -- The Fox and the Goat

A Fox had come into the examination room without having prepared himself, and was casting about for a long time how he should get out of his scrape.

At length he saw a Goat looking at him compassionately. So the Fox whispered to him and asked him the answer to certain questions which he did not know. The Goat foolishly turned around and told him, whereupon Reynard wrote them on his paper.

But the poor Goat was caught by the teacher and given zero, while the Fox escaped. After the lesson the Goat accused the Fox of tricking him, but Reynard colly said: "If you had half as much brains as you have beard, you would have looked before you leaped."

Fable III -- The Boy and His Teachers

A boy once went to his instructor in Greek, and, asking him how long he should spend on his lesson, was told two hours.

"But," said the boy, "in that case I shall have no time for my other studies."

"No matter," replied the teacher, "let them drop, but spend that time on your Greek."

Then the boy went to his Latin teacher and asked him how long he should spend on his Latin. He received the same reply as before.

After he had been to each of his teachers and received the same reply each time, he said to himself: "I will endeavor to study each of my lessons two hours."

But when he had studied three of his lessons two hours each, he became so tired that he fell asleep; and in consequence the rest of his lessons were neglected.

So the next day he received zero for his neglected lessons, and was so slow and stupid in those which he had prepared, that he was scolded by the very teachers who had told him to study.

Moral—It is impossible to please everyone. H. S., '14.

Bubbles

If Caesar's Commentaries
And all that other rot
Were translated into Turkish
Would it be a Turkey Trot?

M-n-ll—"What does 'warum' mean?"
Dr-sc-ll—"Why."
M-n-ll—"Oh, I just wanted to know."

(*With F. P. A.'s permission.*)
Reasonless rage assails me
And has me in its grip,
When I try to change my answer
And I make a good-sized rip.

Miss R--h—"What is the meaning of the Latin word 'ignoro'?"
N--g (helplessly)—"I don't know."
Miss R--h—"Correct."

There was a young soph in the school
Who never bunked gym as a rule;
"Six laps," said H. G.
But he left home his key;
Now, honestly, fellows, wasn't that too bad?

(*Another One of Tommy's Crimes*)
A skater on the river's ice
Thought skating was so very nice
Until he fell into the wet,
But then—he used an epithet.

Case, to Derr (who is writing furiously)—"Why the extraordinary haste in your writing, Tommy?"

Derr—"I want to finish this theme before my ink runs out."

Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble,
For hours through the night
I lay awake
And try to make
The meter turn out right.

Miss A-a-s (after putting a German sentence on the board)—"Class, do you see all your relatives up there?"

Voice from the rear—"Come down, Auntie."

Freshman—"How can I get on the Sagamore?"

Wise Senior—"Sit on a copy."

Sprinkle, sprinkle, gentle spring,
Every garden, everything;
Make us damp that we may swear,
But do not spoil the clothes we wear!

From a Sophomore's lips—"Latin is Rich, and mathematics is a Case."

Peebles, in I Physics A—Er—ah—oh—I—well—

Mr. Packard—"Very good so far, Peebles, but what is the rest of the answer?"

Miss Bailey—"Where does the lesson begin, page 8?"

Tyler—"Nein."

Teacher—"For the next lesson write a theme on some stationary object."

Studens Sapiens—"May we write it on writing paper? That's stationery."

THE NEW CHEER

Rah-rah German, rah-rah French,
Cause of athletes on the bench.

Freeman *would* say thriple in spite of Dr. Roberts.

Mr. Packard—"You may go to sleep over the first chapter, but do the second well."

Derr (to Spitz in a study period later)—"I'm going to sleep over this."

Mr. Brooks—"Please don't talk in your sleep, Derr."

Let us now be up and grinding,
Tho' the hour be e'er so late,
Not achieving, yet pursuing,
This is but the student's fate!

'97, Miss Sharpe, Smith '01, is assisting in the English department of B. H. S. this term.

'00. Charles Chandler, Harvard '05, was appointed United States delegate to attend the fifth International Congress of Chambers of Commerce, Boston.

'04. Dexter Young is engaged to Miss Algerine Davis of St. Louis.

'06. Walter Brownell, M. I. T., '10, was married in October to Miss Lillian Bowles.

Ex-'07. Charles Le Royer married Rhoda Young of Calais, Me., in September.

'07. Charles Hann is coaching the Harvard Freshman football team.

'09. William R. Mattson, M. I. T., '13, has been engineering for the town of Nahant this summer.

'09. Louis Keegan has been awarded a State scholarship at Tufts College, and has been elected secretary of his class for the third time.

'10. Louis Schwarz has been put in charge of a new branch of the Sullivan Machinery Co., in Montreal.

'11. Hilda Hedland, true to the Class Prophecy, is to become a nurse. She has entered the Deaconess Hospital Training School.

'11. "Jack" O'Hearn is playing end on the Cornell football team.

'12. E. Thurston Clark, president of last year's class, has entered Williams.

'12. Frances Hall, Florine and Lillian Williamson are at Smith.

'12. Henry O'Day was swimming instructor during the summer at Hotel Wentworth, Newcastle, N. H.

'12. Florence Eisenhardt is attending Wellesley Normal School.

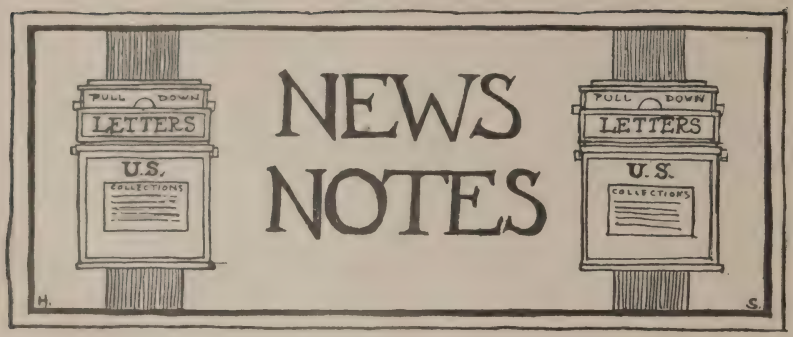
'12. Egbert Jenkinson and Alex Nixon are rooming together at Tufts.

Antonio Guimaraes, Stanley Potter, "Eddie" Manning, and "Dink" Dillon are representing B. H. S., '12, at Harvard.

Ex-'13. Joseph Hunt is attending Boston College High, where he says the Latin instructor converses in that language. Tough on poor Joe!

Ex-'13. "Jack" Kelleher has been playing a good game at third base on the St. Louis Nationals.

Ex-'13. Theodore Stewart plays on the Brown and Nichols football team.



B. H. S. Calendar for November

Nov. 5—First meeting of Girls' Debating Club.
Nov. 7—First meeting of B. H. S. Debating Club.
Nov. 8—Football game. Mechanic Arts vs. Brookline.
Nov. 15—Football game. Newton vs. Brookline.
Nov. 22—Football game. Cambridge Latin vs. Brookline.
Nov. 28—Football game. Newton vs. Brookline.

Who's What?

The Sagamore Board (See Title Page)

The B. H. S. Debating Club—Freeman Swett, '13, president; Thomas Derr, '13, vice-president; Robert Paine, '13, secretary; Rhetorical Committee, Julian Spitz, '13, chairman; George McLaughlin, '14; Victor Kramer, '14.

The Girls' Debating Club—Madeleine Hunt, '13, president; Dorothy Rhodes, '13, vice-president; Mary Knowles, '14, treasurer and secretary.

The Officers of the Senior Class—Robert Paine, president; Dorothy Rhodes, vice-president; Madeleine Hunt, secretary; Julian Spitz, treasurer.

The Officers of the Junior Class—Norman Kerr, president; Marga-

ret Wesner, vice-president; Eleanor Carlisle, secretary; Blake Cooley, treasurer.

The Officers of the Sophomore Class—Harmon Craige, president; Dorothy Wiggin, vice-president; Tsuya Matsuki, secretary; Gordon Stewart, treasurer.

The Officers of the Freshman Class—John Craig, Jr., president; Hilda Shepard, vice-president; Peter Rooney, secretary; James Taylor, treasurer.

The Officers of the B. H. S. A. A.—Franklin Dexter, president; Karl Thielscher, vice-president; Mr. G. P. Hitchcock, treasurer; Mr. H. G. Carrell, secretary; Mr. Chisholm, faculty member; Robert Paine and Thomas Newton, undergraduate members.

The Football Team—Franklin Dexter, '13, captain; George Clark, Jr., '13, manager.

The Baseball Team—Harry Denning, '13, captain; George McGillen, '13, manager.

The Track Team—Arvin Case, '13, captain; Radcliffe Stevens, '13, manager; John Hope, '14, assistant manager.

The Crew—Thomas Newton, '13, captain; manager, open.

The Tennis Team—Robert Talbot, '15, captain.

The Swimming Team—William Carolan, captain; Francis Jouannet, '13, manager.

The following people have been elected for the Senior Social Committee: Willard Hicks, chairman; Allen Potter, Merrill White, Marion Driscoll and Katharine Davis, members.

One of the interesting things to be given in the near future is a Pageant of the Seasons, which is now in preparation under the direction of Miss Spaulding, Miss Stone and Miss Barnes. For each season a sonnet is to be written by a member of the upper classes, and a hymn to Time must also be supplied. Poets will please pass their inspired pieces to Miss Spaulding. This is the time to show your ability. Do something!! Those not gifted in a poetical way *may* still make themselves famous by entering the competition which is now open for those who wish to design a poster for the

Pageant. The most interesting part of this contest is that the successful artist will receive a prize of five dollars. An outsider will act as judge, and all attempts must be in by the tenth of November. For full particulars, see bulletin board.

On October 4, we were all glad to welcome our first Friday morning speaker, Mr. Kimball, of the Massachusetts Savings Insurance League. His talk, very interesting as well as instructive, was on thrift and savings bank insurance. One of the points he spoke of was that the average American family spends more than its income, while the foreigners are very saving. He discovered that four-fifths of our pupils had savings bank accounts, but only thirty boys and girls had made deposits in the last four months. In conclusion he said that money was the universal key to everything except happiness and the universal passport to everywhere except Heaven.

Dr. Rihbany, a Syrian, spoke to us Friday morning, October 18, and told in a very interesting way the vast differences between the East and West, especially in regard to education. He mentioned his limited education received in Syria, his coming to America and his struggle after arriving here. He said that three things impressed him most in America—freedom, friendliness and the universality of education. He ended his talk by saying that we should make the best of, and fully appreciate our present opportunities.

On Friday afternoon, October 18, the Sophomores gave a charming reception to the Freshmen, to show them how great they really were. Harmon Craig, the Sophomore president, first gave a short address of welcome to the new comers, and Jack Craig, president of the Freshman class, replied in a well-delivered speech of thanks. Mr. Hitchcock then gave an amusing as well as interesting talk, after which the Mandolin Club played two very choice selections, "A Chain of Daisies" and a selection from "Little Boy Blue." Next, Robert Capron, the class comedian, showed off his talent to very good advantage by first giving a humorous reading entitled, "How Rubie Played." Then, being recalled, he sang the popular

song, "I'm the Guy," and finally, as the audience still clamored for more, he very cleverly cracked a few jokes. Tsuya Matsuki then played "Subois" and "Meditation" from Thais, exceedingly well on the piano; and last, but by no means least, Arvin Case, '13, closed this part of the entertainment with a violin solo which was greatly enjoyed by all. After being thus highly entertained, all joined in dancing until 5.30. There is no doubt that the youngsters were duly impressed and entertained.

The receiving committee were Julianne Doane, Dorothy Elden, Dorothy Champlin, Mary Fillebrown and Dorothy Lindsey. The floaters, whose duty it was to see that everyone met everyone else, were, besides the receiving committee, Beatrice Allen, Margaret Daniels, Caroline Mackey, Julia Bowker, Catharine Delabarre, Marion Piper, Evelyn Lincoln, Marion Cook, Genevieve Winans, Ruth Felton, Dorothy Wiggin, Tsuya Matsuki, Marguerite Ayers and Ruth Reizenstein. The ushers, who were useful as well as ornamental, were, Moore, head usher, Houghton, Lynch, G. de Forest, J. de Forest, Hayes, Salinger, Bird, Cobb, Wilcox, Montgomery, Priest, Fennessy, Kenrick, Homer and Lindsey. The music was furnished by Rose McCardle, Tsuya Matsuki, Marie Williams, '14, and Mr. Brooks.

Our (almost) artists among the Seniors, this year, will find themselves deeply involved in a new art course. About half of their valuable time given to the study of this subject will be spent in the museum library and in studying the collections of the various departments.

Another new art class has also just been formed, and this one is in interior decoration. So far it seems as if quality and not quantity counted, for the members consist solely of Ruth Damon and Irene Murrey.

A meeting of last year's Mandolin Club was held in Room 10, on September 20. The members of the club who still attend the school are, Merrill White, Robert Paine, Stuart Kaiser, Raymond Collerd, Dexter Hunneman, Edwin Newton, Harvey Jenks, James

Moore, Freeman Swett, Edward Cobb and Arvin Case. Case was chosen leader for this term and Swett was elected manager. It certainly looks as if the club would have a very successful season.

The Class of 1912 found itself to be so extraordinarily capable that several of its members have returned to help the High School along. Helena von Ladau is helping Miss Stone, Vienna Edwards is acting as assistant for Miss Smith, Cornelia Mossman and Edith Faxon are giving Miss Barnes much needed aid, and Nellie Woodward has spent much time with Miss Russell, straightening out the many and various difficulties of this year's mammoth Freshman class. So far, this looks bad for the 1912 boys, but their reputation is just saved by Rolf Schroeder, who is now assisting Miss Pease with the classification of her mineral collection. Thus you see the brilliance of the Class of 1912!

Martindale Shedden, '11, won one of the four "Freshman honors" at Yale for excellence in studies. "Mart" always was a bright boy at Brookline.

Alec Hammer, '10, and Hugh Knowlton, ex-'10, are two other Brookline sharks who have been distinguishing themselves at Yale. They have received the honors called Second Colloquies.

Jack Kelleher, '13, played two star games at third base for the St. Louis Nationals, on September 14. In the first game of a double header, he got one hit in four times at bat and accepted five chances without an error. In the second game, he got two hits including a double, in four times at bat, and he was robbed of another hit. He then accepted four chances without an error. Fortunately the game was played in Boston, so that many of Kelleher's friends saw him make a success of his major league debut.

Philip Gleason, '13, has left B. H. S. and is now pursuing his studies at Berkeley Preparatory School.

Harry Denning, '13, the regular pitcher on the B. H. S. baseball team, and captain-elect for this year, left Brookline High to go with Clarence Anderson, captain of the B. H. S. football team in 1911, to the Washington Irving School in Tarrytown, N. Y.

Julian Spitz, '13, is High School correspondent for the "Chronicle," and John Hope, '14, for the "Press."

Ruth Damon, '13, has been reappointed reporter on the "Chronicle."

On October 3, William Tufts, '13, returned from his travels abroad to our classic shades.

Miss Mildred Southwick, '13, gave a house warming at her apartment on Tappan Street, Friday afternoon, September 20. Those who enjoyed the festivities were Madaline Reed, Madeleine Hunt, Dorothy Rhodes, Hilda Marrett, Katharine Davis, Elizabeth MacNaughton, Louise Roberts, Helen Goodnow, Alice Burdett and Frances Coburn.

Dorothy Dignowitty, ex.-'14, entertained a number of her Harvard and B. H. S. friends at her home on October 14. The pleasant combination of cards and dancing gave her guests a very delightful evening.

Tsuya Matsuki gave a Heart party on her birthday, September 20. A few of the twenty girls present were Barbara Sherman, Genevieve Winans, Dorothy Wiggin, Dorothy Lindsey, Ruth Felton and Dorothy Champlin. Needless to say, all had a fine time.

On October 19, in the afternoon, Margaret Daniels gave a Heart party at her home. All enjoyed the cards and dancing.

Hark! "Cy" Reynolds has taken to entertaining. On October 21, he was only able to accommodate 28 of his friends, but he did very well for an amateur and all spent a very delightful evening. Hm—the refreshments were a special attraction.

Does everyone know that we are fairly overrun with chorus girls and *almost* actors at B. H. S.? Just so! Many of our boys and girls are taking part in the "College Hero" to be given at the St. James Theatre during the week of November 11, for the benefit of the Animal Rescue League. Among those taking part are Barbara Sherman, Dorothy Wiggin, Dorothy Lindsey, Ruth Felton, Genevieve Winans, Julia Bowker, Tsuya Matsuki, Caroline Mackey, Andrew Houghton, George and Jack de Forest, Harmon and Jack Craig, Edward Cobb, Edward Fennessy and many others. It is expected that with so many Brookline stars adorning the chorus the show will be an unqualified success.

Now is the time or never! We have a hard football season before us; not only must we give our financial support, but we must also consider it our duty to attend the games and give the boys some encouragement. We have tied three games, lost two games and won one, so now is the time that the support of the school has become vitally necessary. Every fellow with any idea of the game at all should come out and try to make the team, for a fellow can never tell whether he was made for a football player or not until he has at least made a try at it. The question whether this season will be successful or not depends fully as much upon each and every individual of the Brookline High School as upon the members of the team.

The first meeting for the football squad was held in Room 15 on September 9. Mr. Carrell spoke to those present concerning the general outline of the fall practice and laid particular stress upon the necessity of maintaining satisfactory marks in their lessons. At the conclusion of this meeting the "B" men of last season elected Franklin Dexter captain, to take the place of Captain "Jack" Kelliher.

As Karl Thielscher has returned to continue his pursuit of knowledge this term, we may rest assured that the position of left half back will be ably attended to. The position of quarter back seems to be the one that causes the most rivalry and anxiety this

year, but let us hope by the time of the league games practice and experience will have developed the aspirants of each position into first class players.

Brookline 7; "Kid" A.'s Team 7

As the first game of the season, which was to have been played with Lexington, was canceled, "Kid" Anderson, class '12, produced a team consisting of well-known players of former years. This game, after many a vigorous struggle, resulted in the score of 7-7. Every man on the squad was given an opportunity to play in this game and show his skill.

Brookline 0; Wellesley 0

On Tuesday, October 1, our team played the Wellesley eleven at Wellesley Capron played an exceptionally good game and "spilled" the opposing right half back, after the latter had made a run of about twenty-five yards, thus preventing a touchdown. Many times during the game was our goal in danger; but owing to the steady playing of the team Wellesley was unable to score. Hunneman, Captain Dexter, and Jounnet also played well for Brookline.

Brookline 0; Malden 26

Brookline met her first defeat of the season at the hands of Malden. It certainly was hard to see our team go down before its opponents, but let us hope that the defeat only tended to point out to our men the spots in which they are weak, and that they will benefit by it Our team showed its superiority in tackling but was not as strong is it has been in the past in other defensive work.

Several accidents occurred during the game. Jeffries of Malden was forced to retire with a broken collar bone in the last period. Benoit, also of Malden, and Dusossoit both sustained injuries in the

leg. Captain Dexter played a fine game and was aided by exceptionally good playing on the parts of O'Connor, Thielscher, Newton and Hunneman.

Brookline 6; Commerce 0

The football team celebrated Columbus Day by trimming the Boston High School of Commerce to the tune of 6-0. This victory served to encourage Mr. Carrell in his praiseworthy efforts toward developing a good team out of mostly inexperienced material, and gave our squad far more confidence for the future.

At the beginning of the game Commerce made a very poor attempt at receiving the ball and was forced to kick in return. The kick was blocked and Rowe caught the ball, making the only touchdown of the game, yet we were unsuccessful in kicking the goal. Emery played a very good game at left half back, as Thielscher has been spending his spare time recovering from injuries received in the Malden game.

Brookline 0; Boston Latin 14

Well! The cheering at this game was indeed a decided improvement, also the attendance, although the score was hardly what we expected. Boston Latin scored its first touchdown within the first quarter, but after Brookline once really did get started the game took on a different aspect. Sad to relate, one goal did not satisfy our opponents, for at the beginning of the second quarter they were again successful in scoring, thus attaining a total of 14-0.

Brookline 7; Pomfret 7

Hardly had Brookline kicked off when Harte, the Pomfret right end made a touchdown. The Brookline boys, however, showing excellent spirit, came back with a vengeance; and before the

end of the first period, by good line bucking and one forward pass, they carried the ball to the five-yard line where Thielscher put it over. Karl kicked the goal and made the score a tie of 7-7. Brookline was in trouble during the last period as Pomfret was within the five-yard line, but in four successive downs the best that she could do was to advance the ball four yards, thus making it Brookline's ball and saving the game.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE, 1912

		Brookline	Opponents
Sept. 25, Anderson's Team	at Brookline	7	7
Oct. 1, Wellesley	at Wellesley	0	0
Oct. 5, Malden	at Malden	0	26
Oct. 12, Commerce, 10 a. m.	at Brookline		
Oct. 16, Boston Latin	at Brookline	0	14
Oct. 19. Pomfret	at Pomfret		
Oct. 26, Waltham	at Waltham		
Nov. 1, Open			
Nov. 8, Mechanic Arts	at Brookline		
Nov. 15, Newton High	at Newton		
Nov. 22, Cambridge Latin	at Brookline		
Nov. 28, Newton High	at Newton		

Sophomores 37; Freshmen 26

The successful Freshmen of last year again showed their superiority on the track by defeating this year's Freshman track team, in a meet held on Friday, October 4, at 3 o'clock. Daley, Lindsey, Hicks, Snow and Craig starred for the Sophomore class, while Litchfield and Dow twinkled for the Freshman class, winning first places in the shot put and broad jump respectively.

Summary:

100-yard dash: 1, Daley, '15; 2, Johnson, '16; 3, Smith, '15. Time, 10 4-5 sec.

220-yard dash: 1, Lindsey, '15; 2, Daley, '15; 3, Johnson, '16. Time, 25 sec.

440-yard dash: 1, Hicks, '15; 2, Smith, '15; 3, J. Craig, '16. Time, 1 m., 1 sec.

880-yard run: 1, Snow, '15; 2, Daniels, '16; 3, McCarthy, '15. Time, 2:22:4.

High jump: 1, H. Craig, '15, height, 4 ft. 10 inches; tie, 2, Woods, '16, height 4 ft. 6 in.; 3, Shedden, '16, height 4 ft. 6 in.

Broad jump: 1, Dow, '16, distance, 17 ft. 3 in.; 2, Lindsey, '15, distance 16 ft.; 3, Daniels, '16, distance, 15 ft. 9 in.

Shot put: 1, Litchfield, '16, distance 21 ft. 5 in.; 2, Dow, '16, distance 31 ft. 4 in.; 3, Gleason, '15, distance, 30 ft. 6 in.

Judges—Clerk of course, Spitz; starter, H. G. Carrell; timer, G. Clark; scorers, Hope and O'Brien. Judges at the finish, Clark, Jouannet and Hayes; measurers, Paine, Dexter, A. Chandler, W. Chandler and Stevens.

Captain Case of the track team wishes to thank all those who helped him so ably in running off the meet. The meet brought out some athletes who, with proper training, can certainly make good.

Swimming Team

Manager Jouannet called out the candidates for the B. H. S. Swimming Team, Tuesday, September 24. To the twenty-five men who reported, Captain Carolan spoke about the prospects for the year. Manager Jouannet told of meets pending with Andover, Waltham and other such worthy opponents. Among the regulars of last year's team who reported were Wilcox, Prendergast, Kickham, Wales, Hutchinson, M. Untersee and Handy, the New England champion at 440 yds.

Here and There in Athletics

"Tom" Newton was elected captain of the Brookline High School crew for the year 1912.

Robert Talbot, '15, has been elected B. H. S. Tennis captain for this term.

Carter Fillebrown, "Tom" Newton and Charles Clark made the Boston Interscholastic crew last season.

John Craig, '16, has been elected class track captain.

At the close of last term, Robert Rowe, '13, was elected captain of the hockey team.

All those desiring football schedules may obtain them from Manager Clark, room 10.

On June 29, 1912, the Boston Interscholastic crew raced the Worcester High School crew on Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, and defeated it by a distance of about five lengths.

Ralph Chandler, B. H. S., '10, is coaching the Harvard Freshman track squad until the college secures a professional coach.

Last July 4, the Boston Interscholastic crew defeated the Union Boat Club crew in a race held on the Charles River and left it at about a distance of seven lengths in the rear. Cups were awarded the winning crew.

Pomfret apples have not deteriorated in the least. (Per information received from Mr. Carrell.)

Karl Thielscher was elected vice-president and Robert Paine undergraduate member of the Athletic Association, at a meeting of the Executive Committee which was held Monday, Oct. 7, in order to fill the positions on the board left vacant by Jack Kelliher and Harry Denning.

Arthur Jones has umpired the majority of our football games

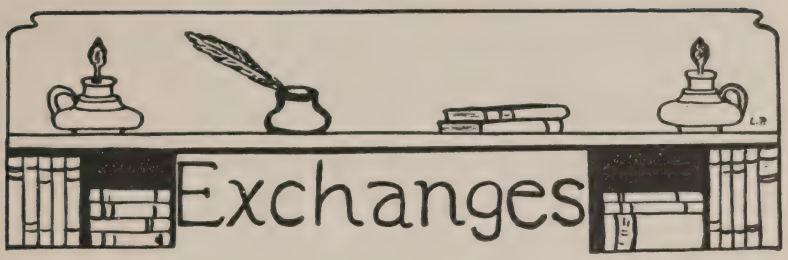
Oliver Johnstone, ex-'11, certainly did star in the Harvard Freshman meet. He won four first places, one second, one third and broke two Freshman records. The new records which he established are, a height of 5 ft. 10 1-8 in. in the high jump and a broad jump of 21 ft. 5 in.

"Jerry" Driscoll, B. H. S., '09, is playing on the 'varsity football team at Harvard.

Charley Hann, '07, is coaching the second team at Harvard this fall.

Sagamore

S is for **S**tories of pathos and fun,
Of mix-ups, adventures, and Cupid's work done.
A for **A**thletics, each kind in its turn,
About which, in reading this paper, we learn.
G is for **G**atherings, serious and gay,
Which News Notes describe in their int'resting way.
A for **A**lumni, at College or work,
We know all about them, wherever they lurk.
M for the **M**oney, and plenty we need
To finance this paper we all love to read.
O for the **O**utlines, the sketches so neat,
On cover and pages, artistic, complete.
R is for **R**hymes which, with Bubbles unique,
Both make up the funny part which we all seek.
E for **E**xchanges, and something else, too,—
Editorials! Give them the praise that is due.



In spite of the fact that school sounds far from alluring the first of September, there is, at least, one nice thing about return ing—we enjoy seeing our old friends again and making new ones In the same way, it is a pleasure to greet once more our intimate friends among the exchanges as well as to welcome the new ones.

The purpose of the exchange column this year will be, as in the past, to give helpful criticisms to other magazines, and it is hoped that in return the Sagamore may receive many suggestions for its betterment.

High School Herald, Westfield, Massachusetts.—You are to be congratulated, Herald, upon the promptness of your first issue. your cover design this year is a great improvement over last year's, and material within seems to attain to your old standard.

The Megaphone, Franklin, Massachusetts.—Your commencement number is made very attractive by the photographs of your board, teams, etc.

Latin School Register, Boston, Massachusetts.—This paper is a new arrival among our exchanges. The departments are well carried out in every case, but the alumni news and exchange column are entirely missing. Wouldn't it be well to add these?

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XIX DECEMBER, 1912 NUMBER 2

Editorials

IN a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly, there was an interesting article by Dr. Arthur Tracy Cabot concerning tuberculosis in the schools. In connection with this subject, our progressive town has made some interesting tests of the value of fresh air in the class room. Two supposedly normal classes were put under observation. One class had the ordinary schoolroom ventilation; the other enjoyed a room where all the windows were constantly open to admit a sufficient quantity of fresh air to enter, and during each day's session the pupils of the fresh-air room were given a glass of milk—not collectively, but a glass of milk for each pupil. The gain in weight, growth and general physical condition, not to mention the trivial matter of increased mental superiority, in the latter class was remarkable. All of which argues well for plenty of fresh air in the school rooms, and at the same time points out the benefits derived from spending recess out of doors. Fresh air never did anyone harm, although one would think, by the way it is avoided, that it was some terrible enemy to all mankind.

IF the pupils of the High School will lend a hand and pass in to The Sagamore facts, statistics or interesting bits of information concerning the instructors in our school, there will be a

"Teachers' Number" of the Sagamore, which will appear on al news-stands on or about February first. Send in your subscriptions early, as only one edition will be published.

ONCE again the red and blue has triumphed over the orange and black. Once again the two rivals have striven heart and soul; one team is exultant in its well earned victory; the other, broken in honorable defeat. The sun, leaving a red glow in the clear blue skies, set on a struggle that to those present was greater than the classic battles of Greece and ancient Troy. It seems as if no time were more fit to discuss the progress of the team which has chalked up one more victory to go down in history. Green material was largely responsible for the poor showing made in the early part of the season. Under the careful coaching of Mr. Carrell, and others who assisted him when he was disabled, the players put up a better brand of football as the season went on. Perfection was reached in the Waltham game. Then an unexpected slump took place in the Mechanic Arts game. Finally, on the fifteenth day of November, victory was wrested from Newton, and the season has been a success! "So here's to you, Henry Carrell and the members of the team!"

KINDLY regard our great puzzle contest which appears in this number of the Sagamore!

What I Found in a Tide Pool

THE tide had just gone out when Eleanor and I decided to take a promenade down the beach, in search of adventure. We two girls were spending the week-end with older friends of ours at Manchester-by-the-Sea, and at about three o'clock on this glorious afternoon of early June, we were obliged to find entertainment for ourselves.

We walked along leisurely, stopping every once in a while to draw fantastic figures or inscribe our names and residences on the wet sand. But no excitement appeared. Eleanor said she wished some wild beast, escaped from the circus, would come rushing toward us, and we should have to flee for our lives. I looked back at the nearest cottage—so near and yet so far,—and shuddered.

Just then I happened to see before me a little tide pool standing all alone in the midst of a wide expanse of smooth sand.

I sprang forward with a cry, "I've got it!"

"Got what?" Eleanor asked, amazed at my sudden leap.

I was all excitement. "Don't you remember that story we read 'way back in the sixth grade about the little boy who dug into the sand under a lonesome tide pool, and found a purple stone that brought him good luck as long as he kept it?"

"Yes, I do," Eleanor answered, still perplexed. "But what has ***that*** to do with this little puddle of water?"

"Why, we'll dig down under ***this*** one. It stands here all by its lonesome. Perhaps we'll find a treasure. Come on! We've nothing else to do."

I crouched by the side of the pool.

Eleanor made a grimace at the wet sand; then, with a look of absolute disinterestedness, she commenced gingerly working the sand out of the little hole where the water had lain. After about five minutes of steady work, nothing but pebbles and one quarter of a clam shell had appeared.

Eleanor arose stiffly. "Oh, come on back now. I'm not going to fool any more over that silly thing. My hands are a sight as it is."

"No, indeed," I said, digging harder than ever. "I'm not going to give up yet. Oh, for a big spoon, though!"

Probably thinking me the greatest fool that ever lived, Eleanor went off down by the water, and I dug on unassisted. I must have worked ten or fifteen minutes more, and the hole was becoming quite cavernous, when my finger-nail scraped something metallic. The usual shiver ran down my spine at this contact. Nevertheless, wondering if I had at last found my treasure, I worked the sand away around the place, and finally unearthed a small, rust-covered tin can, round, and tightly capped. How disappointing! But as I picked it up, something inside it rattled and something else rustled. Ah, my fortune found!

"Eleanor! I've found it! I've found it!" I cried, tugging away at the cover.

She returned immediately, and when she saw the prize, became as excited as I. To save our lives, we could *not* get the cover off. Consequently, there was nothing to do but go away back to the cottage and get a can opener. This we did in record time and after demanding a can opener from the astonished Bridget Eleanor and I dropped breathless into a hammock to examine our find.

Our surprise can be imagined when, on prying the can open, our eager fingers drew out a queer Spanish coin like some my brother had brought from South America two years before, and a slip of paper on which the following verses were written in fancy lettering:

Thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

In the lower left-hand corner of the paper was the date, June 3, 19—, and in the right-hand corner an arrow-pierced heart, was drawn in which were the letters *A. L.*

"Well, if that isn't the limit!" Eleanor ejaculated, while I stared stupidly at the sentimental bit of poetry. "Where's the fortune in *that?*"

"There isn't any that I can see," I answered. "But Eleanor, it's awfully romantic. Some love-lorn person whose initials are A. L. evidently buried the can,—nobody knows when I don't see what the coin was put in for, though. Who do you suppose 'A. L.' is? I don't know a soul with those initials, do you?"

Eleanor didn't. Moreover, our Manchester friends were unable to give us any enlightenment concerning the can or its contents, and were very much amused at the imaginary tales we wove about the burial of them.

When we returned to Boston we displayed our mysterious find to all our friends, but they too could not solve the mystery of its origin. Everyone had seen it except my older brother, who was away. The evening after he came home I made haste to show him our find. I knew it would interest him, for, like me, he loves mystery. Also, the sentimental verses would surely touch him, for not long ago he had fallen very much in love with a perfectly dear girl. They were engaged, and all was going beautifully when one day, while the rest of us were in New York, they had come to some great misunderstanding. I never knew what it was. The engagement was broken, the girl went off to Europe, and poor Arthur has since repented and moped about, trying to forget her, and yet loving her all the more.

The sight of the rusty old can did not interest Arthur in the least. However, when I said something about Manchester, he started visibly. As I slowly and impressively drew out the paper and coin, he suddenly turned white as a sheet, and, seizing can, coin, and paper, he fled from the room and up the

stairs, where I heard the door of his room shut with a bang.

I was so astounded that I couldn't move an inch. Why, I hadn't even shown him the verses! What ailed him?

Before long my everlasting curiosity compelled me to ascend the stairs and rap on Arthur's door. No answer. I knocked again, calling, "Arthur! you there?"

From within Arthur at last responded. "Leave me alone now, please, Sis. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow. Just keep mum until then."

He spoke in that low, sad tone I hated to hear. I went away, resolving to be patient, since my find had pained him in some way I could not understand. Could he have buried it? I didn't see how, for, so far as I knew, Arthur has never been to Manchester in his life, and, besides, his last initial is not L.

The next morning Arthur, looking as if he hadn't slept a wink all night, beckoned me into the den. Here he confided to me alone a tale which I, in turn, will relate briefly.

On June 3rd, a year ago, while Dad and Mother and I were in New York, Arthur and Louise (she's the girl to whom he was engaged) went from Boston down to Manchester-by-the-Sea to call on a relative of Louise's. It was a day as beautiful as that Saturday on which Eleanor and I were there, and in the afternoon Arthur and Louise started on a walk along the beach, just as we girls did. They happened to find a little empty tin can with a nicely fitting cover, and, feeling exceedingly sentimental, they fixed up a foolish little scheme. Sitting down in the sand, Arthur wrote on a piece of paper the verses they loved best, from their favorite poet, placed beneath the poetry the date, and drew a heart with their initials, A and L, side by side in it. They put the paper in the can, and Arthur added a Spanish coin which he had brought from South America, and had carried in his pocket for a luck piece. Then they covered the can and buried it deeply in the sand, noting the place, and resolving to come and see if they could find it a year from that day, when

they would be happily married and house-keeping. On the way back along the beach, the misunderstanding had taken place, and the lovers had parted, with angry words, the last they had had together.

"And so," Arthur finished wearily, to me, "the sight of those familiar objects just about finished me."

"Oh, Arthur!" I cried, filled with pity and sympathy for the poor fellow. "Can't you make it up again, somehow? Louise is home now. I saw it in the paper."

"Yes, I know it, Sis. You see—I, er," Arthur stammered, shifting uneasily in his chair. "Sis, would you mind if I didn't return those things right away? I—well—. Oh! hang it! I might as well tell you the truth. I've sent the can and its contents to Louise, together with a long letter, and this evening I'm going to try to see her. Do you forgive me, old girl?"

"Forgive you! Well, I should say so. I'm proud of you, Arthur! If Louise is the angel she used to be, that poor old tin can and the verses, besides your letter, will certainly win ner over." After a few more words of encouragement, I left him.

At about eight o'clock that evening I heard Arthur leaving the house and knew he was going to Louise. He took with him a sister's most sincere prayers for success.

By half past nine he had not returned, and, hoping that was a good sign, I made ready for bed. I simply could not sleep, though. I was so anxious; and, slipping on a wrapper, I went and sat by my window which was open to the warm, June air.

The big, old clock in the hall had just struck ten-thirty, and the house was quiet, when someone turned down our street, whistling loudly and sweetly.

Could that be Arthur? I had not heard him whistle for a year. He must have succeeded.

It was he. I stole out into the corridor and met him when he came upstairs.

"Arthur, I whispered. "It's all right?'

"Sis," he said joyfully, giving me an ecstatic hug which nearly left me breathless. The wedding will be October the 5th.

D. G. C., '13.

It Might Have Been Worse

"PINKY" Harmon, of course that wasn't his real name, but it was the gift of a person he held in a very ardent light, and therefore it stuck. But to resume, "Pinky" Harmon was a candidate for right half back, and the general opinion of the school was that he was "making good."

"Pinky's" name had been given him by Dot Southard, a young lady of sudden whims and dislikes, who noting that he was very fond of pink shirts bestowed upon him his name. Ah! how his mind had soared when he was presented to her at a select and exclusive party given by one of the Four-hundred at the High School. Why! he could see those eyes yet,—clear and cutting but mild and—but enough, quite enough!

Things dragged along for several weeks in the same usual order. "Pinky" kept playing half-back, and Dot ran Friday night sprees at her house. These consisted of making fudge, ably assisted by a group of four or five young men (?) who wore their hair combed straight back and whose ties and socks, although very vivid, always matched to perfection. Although he had been invited, "Pinky" never attended these sprees because he could not very well break training; and this he would have to do if he went, for who can resist a combination of fudge and a pair of eyes?

* * * * * * *

It was the night before the final game of the season. "Pinky" was perched in a chair, feet upon a desk, and telephone in hand

Needless to say, Dot was on the other end of the wire. Part of the conversation was as follows.

"Hello, is that you, Miss Southard?"

"Yes, this is Dot."

"Are you going to that game tomorrow?"

"Uh huh!"

"I may play."

"Oh, if *you* play, I'll be sure to go."

Conversation dragged along thus for half an hour and then finally "Pinky" "rang off."

* * * * * * *

"Harmon in at right-half back, sir," said "Pinky" in a voice which seemed rather weak for a hero of the gridiron. How he did play! He plugged and hit the line like a bullet. He tore through a straight-buck as if the opposition were tissue-paper: he rounded the end time and again for a good gain. He was a fighting machine, he was—! well, he did not win the game for them, but he helped.

That night, having received a brand new sweater which was black, with a white E on it, he betook himself to Dot's house. He timidly rang the bell and waited. Presently the maid appeared. Poor "Pinky," how he would like to have run, but no, he must not, no!

"Is Miss Southard in?"

"Step right in, she'll be down in a minute."

Five minutes later "Pinky" was ensconced in a chair, sweater over his knees, and opposite him, so close that he could actually gaze into those dark radiant,—whoa! we are wandering. As I was going to say, he was opposite "Her."

"Miss Southard,—Dot, I mean, I wish you would do me a favor."

"Oh! I'd just love to, for you," said the entrancing one.

"Well,—I wish you'd accept this sweater."

Of course she couldn't possibly think of this, but she did nevertheless.

All the school wondered whose sweater Dot was wearing now, but "Pinky" knew, (at least that is what he thought.) Life was for him a blue sea with golden clouds, etc. Dot was his now, so what did he care?

* * * * * * *

"I say, 'Pinky,' are you going to the Senior Social?" asked Rupert Van Mooder, a pale faced youth, who having a weak heart (according to his doctor) still stuck to the foot-ball squad, in the capacity of water-boy.

"I think I will," replied Pinky, and he added to himself, "I'll ask Dot to go."

Alas! how our hopes fall. It was a catastrophe, and little remains to be told. That night "Pinky" called up Dot.

"I say, Dot, will you go with me to the Senior Social?'

"Why really, Mr. Harmon, I can't as I am going with Mr. Van Mooder. Goodnight." Click! click!

And thus it all ended! Need anything more be said?

H. M. S., '14.

The Journey to the Li-bra-ry

Hear the tired, weary tapping of a foot upon the stair—
'Tis a Senior toiling upward and we've caught her unaware
Hear her panting, gasping breath,
She is worked almost to death,
For it's four years—two flights—
Climbing mornings—noons—nights.
Work—work—work—it will give you your degree,
But the Seniors hate the journey to the Li-bra-ry.

Hear the slow, uncertain shuffling of a foot upon the stair—
'Tis a Junior mounting upward, she has troubles, too, to bear;
Oh, they do pile up the work,
But a Junior is no shirk,
Tho' it's four years—two flights—
Climbing—mornings—noons—nights.
Toil—toil—toil—if a Senior you would be,
So the Juniors have the journey to the Li-bra-ry.

Hear the stealthy, creepy squeaking of the foot upon the stair—
'Tis a soph'more stealing upward for till now this thing was rare
But there's something now to do—
(She's afraid she won't get through)
And it's four years—two flights—
Climbling—mornings—noons—nights.
March—march—march—for you need it, all can see,
So the Sophs endure the journey to the Li-bra-ry.

Hear the mad hilarious racing of a foot upon the stair—
'Tis a Freshie prancing upward, and she has no earthly care;
She's just glad to live and grin,
And she doesn't care a pin,
For the four years—two flights—
Climbing—mornings—noons—nights.
Skip—hop—jump—for her dancing heart is free,
And the Freshies love the journey to the Library.

BUBBLES

I know a kind policeman who
Patrols on Greenough Street.
I call his club a billy doux
His round a sugar beat.

He's friendly from his stubby toe
Up to his helmet's brim;
He never takes me up, although
I'm taken up with him.

When life at Brookline loses zest,
I sally forth to see
My copper make a kind arrest;
It is a rest for me.

And yet, though curiosity
Is thought a deadly sin,
Whenever I run out to see
He never runs me in.

Sometimes we quaff the foamy cheer
Before he goes his round.
One day (alas) they'll take his bier
To Copp's Hill burying-ground.

Salinger—"I see by the paper that 40,000 Turks were killed.
Kaiser—"That's because it's getting near Thanksgiving.

Isn't it great to be a senior and be able to write such poetry as the following, found in the back of room ten?

I have read all the French books that ever have been wrote;
But "un espace" and "une espece" still always get my wgote

P.S. This is positively the worst thing we ever printed.

Mr. Carrell, (calling roll)—"Mullowney."
Mullowney—"Here."
Mr. C—"Ware."
Mullowney—"On the end of the line."

If there's anything that maddens me
Or anything that hurts
'Tis to see long jeans on a freshman
When he should be wearing skirts.

Mr. C—"What kind of a line is that, vertical, horizontal or oblique?"
Bemis—"Neither, it's straight."

E-re-h—"Who played quarter-back yesterday?"
W-tn-y—"Capron, Jouannet, Daniels, and Hyde."
E-re-h—"And with all those quarter-backs they couldn't win!"
W-tn-y—"Of course they couldn't win with only one back."
E-re-h—"How's that?"
W-tn-y—"Four quarters."

Said once a drill manufacturer,
"I can't stand this work any more,
I know that the money comes easy
But, the business is really a bore."

Derr, the omniscient, the wise one, wishing to prove himself a sport and blow the crowd to carfares, gently handed the conductor one dollar and five cents ($1.05) and calmly whispered, "three."

Stop! Look! Listen!

One year's subscription to the Sagamore for the pupil (or teacher) sending in the best reason why! Just draw on grey matter for a few minutes and slip the answer marked "Bubbles," through the Sagamore door or give it to any of the Sagamore board. This is on the level!

Polotski, Genius

"Open in the name of the Czar!"

No answer. Again the summons. Silence. Then the panels of the door crashed beneath the heavy butts of the muskets and the interior of the house lay open to the servants of the Czar. From attic to cellar, from cellar to attic, back again, searched the officers of the law, but explore as they would, they could find no traces of the counterfeiting machine which they had abundant proof was there. And while they investigated and tore down pictures and tapestry and tapped the walls in the vain hope of finding the hidden apparatus, the owner of the house, Ivan Polotski, lay concealed in a neighboring basement and chortled with glee—for were not the servants of the Czar making money for him? Ah! It was a huge joke, and had Ivan been content to leave well enough alone—but he wasn't.

* * * *

Seven years ago there was an epidemic of counterfeiting in this country. Especially numerous were the spurious silver dollars which found their way over the country until the government was forced to detail a corps of secret service men to investigate and lay bare the "plant" or "plants" which had set up in opposition to the government's mint. Under the skillful handling of Mr. B—— and Miss D——, of the service, the town of Westfield, Ind., was discovered to be the base of operations. Suspicion fell upon a foreigner, Alex Nevitch. The suspicion increased when it was learned that Nevitch was an Ivan Polotski, who had been invited by the Russian government to leave his native country for reasons best known to the imperial administration.

But, try as the ablest detectives would, the chase ended here. Time and again Ivan's home was searched by warrant. Always was Ivan affable; always was nothing incriminating found. Unable to push the case through lack of evidence, and at the point of acknowledging itself beaten, the secret service department was informed by

one Michael Metrophski, a recently arrived immigrant. It seems that Metrophski was Ivan's tool in the old country and that Ivan had refused to take the former with him to America, whereas, left in Russia, he had fallen on hard times and had nursed a grudge against his former employer.

Accompanied by a score of government officials, secret service men, detectives, and plain clothes men, he visited Ivan's house in his absence. The troop was led to the cellar by Michael. Scarcely had the cellar door been shut when Michael said:

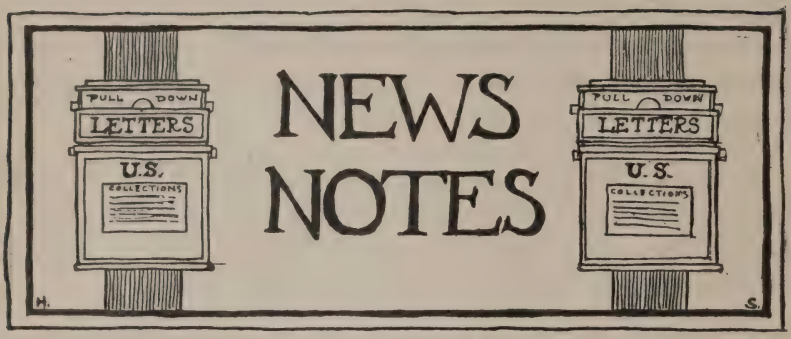
"You have now made money for Ivan."

At first it was thought that the fellow was insane, but when he seized an axe and, tearing piece after piece of plaster from the wall, disclosed a counterfeiting machine complete in equipment, his audience was ready to listen to him.

"You see these levers? Well, they are all connected by that giant spring. That is why the cellar door opened so hard. Every time the door is pulled open it bends the spring which releases the levers and then Ivan has some more money."

As Jack Smith, of the service, put it afterwards: "Gad, but it was simple, but believe this—it took a clever man to think it out." Was Ivan Polotski sent to jail? Not at all! He hired the best lawyer in the State of Indiana to defend him, and the lawyer proved that Ivan had not manufactured the money. He was a good lawyer and he proved his case so that the whole bunch of us, including Judge C—— of the Superior Court, who was along with us, was almost jailed for making the money. Besides, a genius like Polotski deserves to get away. Have I ever heard anything of him since? Sure. He went back to Russia to see his folks once more and the soldiers of the Czar pounced on him. He is in Siberia now—for life—and with him is the greatest counterfeiting idea that ever was.

J. H. S., '13.



Calendar for December

December 5—Reading by Miss Spaulding.
December 17—Meeting of the Girls' Debating Club.
December 19—Meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club.
December 19—Meeting of the German Club. (Open to all German pupils.)
December 19—Reading by Miss Spaulding.
December 20—Senior Social.

The Senior Social this year will be given the twentieth of December. It will be run along the usual lines, consisting of vaudeville, folk-dancing, and a one-act sketch. These features will be followed by dancing until 12 o'clock. The play is "A Proposal Under Difficulties," written by John Kendrick Bangs, the well-known writer of humorous plays and sketches. The talent of the Senior class is found in the cast of characters. These are Miss Hunt, Miss Hickey, Thode, Stevens and Newton. Miss Hunt and Stevens are well known to the dramatic world from their able acting in last year's dramatics. The admission will be only thirty-five cents, and it is hoped that all the school and as many alumni as possible will be present.

Another of our Friday Morning Talks was given in Shailer Hall, the eighth of November, by Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, the well-

known peace advocate. She took as her subject "National Dangers and National Defense." In an interesting and pithy forty-minute talk she showed the advantages of peace and the disadvantages of war, emphasizing the fact that our national virility lies in trade, not in war followed by an immense debt.

At the Senior class meeting held October 23, in Room 10, the following officers for Class Day were elected: Prophet, Julian Spitz; prophetess, Madeleine Hunt; orator, Freeman Swett; ivy orator, Allan Potter. Robert Paine was chosen chairman of the photograph committee and selected the other members as follows: Dorothy Conklin, Marion Driscoll, William O'Brien, and Carl Ward.

At a meeting of the Senior class held on Election Day, Wilson and Roosevelt were elected associate Presidents by thirty-two votes each, while Taft took third with fifteen, Chafin and Debs receiving none. President Paine of the Senior class refuses to affirm or deny the rumor that Roosevelt and Wilson will serve alternate years in the White House, the national election having been set aside in deference to the class of 1913. Wilson was the choice of the Junior class; Roosevelt came out ahead in the Sophomore class.

At the meeting of "The" (Boys') Debating Club held October 21, it was decided that the first debate should be held the second Thursday in November (the 14th), and every other Thursday thereafter. The Rhetorical Committee was elected as follows: Julian Spitz, chairman; George McLaughlin, and Victor Kramer.

On the first of November the two presidents of the debating clubs spoke in Shailer Hall. President Swett of the B. H. S. Debating Club spoke of the training the club gave in clear speaking and urged all boys to support it. President Hunt of the Girls' Debating Club asked the co-operation of all the girls, and spoke of the benefit and pleasure derived from debating and attendance at the meetings.

The first meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held November 5. Madeleine Hunt, as president of the club, welcomed the

old and the new members. Miss Churchill was unanimously elected faculty adviser in place of Miss Waldo, who has resigned. The Rhetorical Committee was then chosen as follows: Miss Roberts, chairman; Miss Matsuki and Miss Stearns.

The first debate of the B. H. S. Debating Club was held Thursday, November 14, in Shailer Hall. After the secretary's report the debate was opened, the question being, "Resolved, that Congress should provide for the immediate strengthening of our navy." Swett and Paine supported the affirmative; Spitz and Bemis upheld the negative. After a very spirited debate the house gave its decision in favor of the negative, eighteen to eight. Mr. Case as judge also awarded the victory to the negative, while Mr. Hitchcock in his capacity of critic gave some helpful suggestions.

Brookline in general and the High School in particular were well represented in the "College Hero," the highly successful musical comedy played at the St. James during the week of November 11. Alan Hay, class of 1911, took one of the principal parts. The Eta Beta Phi group, composed chiefly of High School students, was one of the features of the show in their song,"College Days." Among the High School students in this group were Barbara Sherman, Dorothy Wiggin, Dorothy Lindsay, Ruth Felton, Genevieve Winans, Julia Bowker, Tsuya Matsuki, Caroline Mackey, Carmen Harris, Andrew Houghton, William Tufts, Norman Kerr, George and Jack de Forest, Harmon and Jack Craig, Edward Cobb, Edward Fennessy, and others.

Some of the energetic girls of B. H. S. have been using their time to good advantage lately, by forming a Glee Club. With the valued assistance of Mr. Cole, twelve girls have finally been chosen, and they now compose the club. Of course many more are needed, so if you think you can sing, here is a good opportunity to show your talent.

Thanks to Edward Goodnow and the kindness of Miss Adams, a German Club has been formed, called "Das Deutsche Kranzchen." The meetings will be held on the third Friday of every month, and

the object will be to have as good a time, and incidently learn as much German, as possible. The officers are Edward Goodnow, president; Margaret Farley, secretary; Arvin Case, treasurer; Miss Adams, faculty adviser.

The first meeting of the "Kranzchen" was held on the evening of November 15 at the home of Edward Goodnow. Those present were forced to speak German by being under the penalty of paying a one-cent fine every time they used English. In spite of the not very fluent conversation, the evening was most pleasantly spent in playing German games and singing. About 9 o'clock refreshments were served and a little while afterward the members left, all feeling that the first meeting was a huge success.

A meeting of Le Cercle Gaulois was held on November 18, at which the following officers were elected: Stuart Kaiser, president; Louise Johnson, vice-president; Alice Duffy, secretary; William O'Brien, treasurer.

Marjorie Owen, '15, gave a most enjoyable party to many of her friends, on the evening of October 31. All played Hallowe'en games and enjoyed themselves immensely.

Helen Gohl, '14, entertained a number of her friends at a most delightful Hallowe'en party on October 31. All were highly entertained by the games, and the favors were especially charming and unique.

Dorothy Price, '14, gave many of her friends a most enjoyable time on Hallowe'en by entertaining them at a "Progressive" Hallowe'en party. Those present enjoyed the usual festivities of that evening and had a delightful time.

Miss Stone recently completed a series of talks which she has been giving on "Art in the Home." The first talk was on "Color and Line in Houses"; the second, "Design in the Home"; and the third and last, "Table Decoration." All those who availed themselves of this excellent opportunity to learn something more about the practical side of art were greatly benefited by Miss Stone's helpful suggestions.

Miss Spaulding is now giving a series of readings on alternate Thursdays which last but one hour and for which stories are chosen from the best authors. Here is a good chance for the members of the two upper classes to be entertained and instructed at the same time (a thing which doesn't happen often), and as many as possible ought to attend these delightful meetings. The first reading was held on November 7 and those present greatly enjoyed two of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's short stories: "A Gala Dress," and "The Revolt of 'Mother'."

On November 21, Miss Spaulding gave the second of her readings, selecting stories from George W. Cable's "Stories of Louisiana and New Orleans."

At a meeting of the Glee Club, held November 19, the following officers were elected: Margaret Farley, president; Ruth Damon, manager; Caroline Mackey, secretary.

Madeleine Hunt, '13, and Katherine Hunt, ex-'12, gave a small informal dance at their home the evening of Saturday, November 16. All present enjoyed themselves greatly.

Freeman Swett, '13, president of our Debating Club, has been elected president of the Triangular Debating League, consisting of Brookline, Newton and Somerville.

Bryant Hawes, ex-?, is blossoming forth as a dancing master, being the promoter of four assemblies to be held at the Riverdale Casino this winter.

Lincoln Cummings, '14, delightfully entertained a number of his friends on Hallowe'en, by ghostly proceedings which were followed by dancing.

Elizabeth Macnaughton gave a delightful informal dance at her home on the evening of November 4.

On November 6, Barbara Sherman, '15, gave a Heart Party at her home in honor of her birthday. Tsuya Matsuki distinguished herself by winning first prize, and Marguerite Ayers, by winning the "consolation."

Lowell Almy, '16, entertained a number of his B. H. S. and

grammar school friends at his home, on Friday evening, November 8.

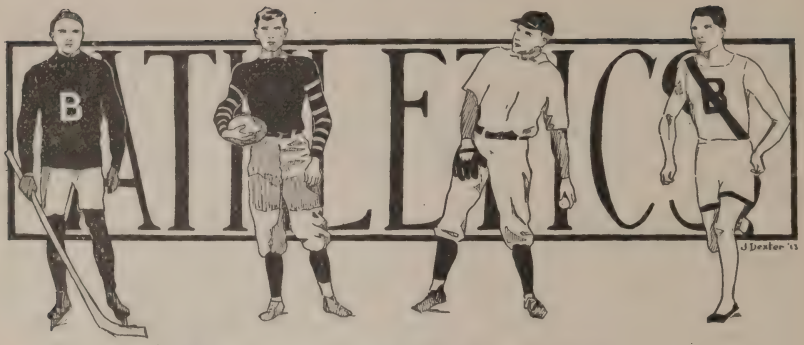
Also, on November 8, Charles Hyde, '14, felt the need of company, and so (successfully) amused, at his home, a number of his B. H. S. friends. The unanimous report was that all had "a great time."

Dorothy Champlin, '15, gave a whist party to many of her girl friends, on Friday afternoon, November 8 Cornelia Head, Genevieve Winans and Barbara Sherman showed their ability as whist players by receiving prizes, but of the three Barbara Sherman deserves especial credit for capturing the first prize.

We were all glad to welcome Lois Carver, '14, when she returned home from abroad a few weeks ago.

Bernice Fisher, who attended Brookline High in her senior year, will take the part of the Doll in the "Tales of Hoffmann" and Marguerite in "Faust."

The many friends of Arthur Whitney, '14, will be glad to know that he has found himself able to return to Brookline for a short time, and is greatly improved in health.



Barney on the Gridiron

(With apologies to "Casey at the Bat.")

It looked extremely doubtful for B. H. S. that day,
The score stood 7-7 with 3 minutes left to play.
McNeilly threw a forward and Dexter caught the same,
A mighty howl went skyward from the patrons of the game.
Then Joey gave the signals, O'Connor passed the ball,
The B. H. S. defenders held like a mighty wall;
Six hundred lungs were working
When Barney raised his hands
And gave the ball a whack that sent
It squarely o'er the stands.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land
The sun is shining bright.
Oh, somewhere boys are shouting
For their team, with all their might.
And somewhere men start cheering
That is heard from pole to pole,
But
There is no joy in Newton
Mighty Thielscher kicked the goal!

L. L.,'14.

Football

We have trimmed Newton! In turn, have been defeated by Cambridge Latin. The championship now stands a three-cornered tie since Brookline, Newton and Cambridge have each won and lost a game. With the exception of our games which have resulted in a tie score, we have won and lost alternately, and it appears that in our struggle with Cambridge Latin, we were unable to break the set order of events and win. Although we have been beaten by Cambridge Latin we still have the victory over Newton to our credit, without which we would not have had even the opportunity to gain the championship which is still left us.

Mr. Carrell produced a team able to defeat Newton, from green material. In the Pomfret game, we showed the first signs of life. We held the very strong Pomfret eleven to a tie. Then we trimmed Waltham. Our defeat of the Watch City boys was a surprise. Mr. Carrell happily has the faculty of springing surprises, this being the third consecutive year that he has turned out a combination able to turn aside the heretofore unbeaten Waltham eleven. This victory was greater than any we have scored this year, except that in the Newton game, especially because the injury to his knee compelled Mr. Carrell to give over the handling of the team to Mr. Jones and Dr. Cook.

This handicap, together with the fact that many of the team are new to the game, is sufficient evidence of Mr. Carrell's remarkable ability as coach. In the game with Cambridge Latin our team seems to have had an off day, and the loss of the support of Thielscher during the game was a great discouragement.

We must extend our thanks to Freeman Swett for his fine speech at Friday's mass meeting.

How it hits the nail on the head:

"The Seniors will be there because it is their last chance as members of the Brookline High School to witness a football game with Newton."

"The Juniors will be there because two years in this school has taught them what a game with Newton, won or lost, means.

"The Sophomores must be there to set a worthy example for the Freshmen.

"The Freshmen will be there."

"Team! you will have the support of the school."

Captain Dexter, the president of the B. H. S. Athletic Association, presided at the mass meeting, where Mr. Chisholm and Manager Clark also expressed there strong belief that the team would be well supported by the school at the league games this year. At the conclusion of the speeches, Cheer-leader Radcliffe Stevens put the assemblage through the various school cheers in fine style.

Brookline 3; Waltham 0

Waltham's chain of victories certainly did lose one of its desirable links when our team gave it the first defeat of the season on October 26.

At the beginning of the first period our team showed its superiority over Waltham both in aggressive and defensive work, and continued to do so throughout the game.

The ball changed hands frequently during the first period, but neither side showed any signs of scoring, except when Pendlebury, Waltham's left half back, recovered a punt and ran it about 45 yards after the time was up. The gains made by Thielscher and Emery, backed by the good interference of Dexter, O'Connor and Daniels, were the features of this period.

The second period was not much of an improvement upon the first as far as scoring was concerned.

Oh, that third period! It was just like a spring shower descending upon arid soil. Thielscher kicked the first field goal, but was forced to forfeit it because there were twelve Brookline men on the field. The kick was made after Brookline had advanced to the 2-yard line, was penalized 15 yards for holding, and thrown

back on an attempted play. In the fourth period our team advanced well into Waltham's territory, and, upon being held three times for downs near the 25-yard line, quarter back Hyde worked the swing play. Thielscher again made a field goal, and this time it brought us victory.

The defeat of the Watch City eleven seems to have been a great surprise to the athletic reporters of the various Boston papers, when their predictions of the game are considered, and let us hope that we will continue to upset their "dope" throughout the remainder of the season.

Brookline 6; Mechanic Arts 14

Mechanic Arts' trip to Brookline resulted in the defeat of the B. H. S. team with a score of 14 to 6. Brookline started the game in whirlwind style, and it seemed as though Mechanic Arts would be eventually swept off the field. The first touchdown was made by Brookline on straight rushes, but they were unsuccessful in kicking the goal. The visitors then scored their first points by Morgan, the Mechanic Arts right end, intercepting a forward pass and, with an open field, scoring a touchdown. The goal was then kicked by Morgan, and the ball sailed squarely over. Moulton scored the other points for his team. In the fourth period Brookline apparently revived, but without favorable results. Thielscher tried two goals from the field without success. Hunneman, Snow and Dexter played well for our team. The line-up and summary:

B. H. S.	M. A. H. S.
Dusossoit, l. e.	r. e., Morgan
Mealey, l. t.	r. t., Husk
O'Connor, c.	c., Piper
Dexter, r. g.	l. g., MacCauley, Bolton
McGillen, l. g.	r. g., Brown
Rowe, r. t.	l. t., Shepard, Westman, MacCauley
Capron, Johnson, Willard, r. e.	l. e., Bourne
Hyde, Jouannet, q. b.	q. b., Cutler

McNeilly, Emery, Snow, l. h. b.....r. h. b., Shea
Hunneman, r. h. b.....l. h. b., Mewnider
Theilscher, Newton, f. b.....f. b., Moulton

Score—Mechanic Arts, 14; Brookline, 6. Touchdowns—Hyde, Morgan, Moulton. Goals from touchdowns—Morgan, 2. Umpire—Courtney. Referee—Jones. Head linesman—Priest. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

Brookline 10; Newton 7

When so much was at stake, it was indeed with relief that the Brookline "rooters" witnessed the defeat of our worthy rival, Newton.

Hunneman kicked off; then Thielscher began to set his pace, which resulted in his scoring all the points made during the game. Neither side scored during this first period, although Brookline advanced the ball to the 1-yard line. "Flo" Dusossoit's eagle eye repeatedly picked holes in the Newton line, and three times he came within an ace of intercepting the play.

In the second period, our team, by steady gains, carried the ball to the 5-yard line, and in three rushes put the ball over. The cheering of the Brookline section at this moment was only exceeded by the playing. The referee made this success of Brookline easier for the Newtonians to endure through his clever tumbling. McCraw of Newton made a 30-yard run during the latter part of this period, but Newton's backfield was unable to follow up his good play. Thielscher, on attempting a goal from the field was blocked, but Hunneman quickly recovered the ball. Again Thielscher tried, but failed. Then the second period came to a close.

At the beginning of the third period, the Newton boys tore through our line for long gains. Brady, Newton's speedy right tackle, made a run of 30 yards, evading every member of the team with the exception of Jouannet, who prevented their sorely needed points. However, on a punt formation, Hyatt made a beautiful forward pass to Harris, who, being on the goal line, put the ball

over. Now both teams were out for blood, as the score was a tie and the third period nearly at an end.

With the ball on the 35-yard line, the fourth period started in. Brookline, after a hard struggle, advanced the ball to the 30-yard line; then Jouannet gave the signal for "Barney" to fall back for a drop kick. This time the ball went sailing over the cross bar and there were no bounds to the wild enthusiasm of the Brookline followers, yet Newton was still there with her dogged persistency. Upon receiving the kick-off, she rushed the ball to about the middle of the field, and then Harris gained 15 yards on a double cross play. Brady, not to be outdone, made 10 yards more on a cross-tackle play.

Now dead silence reigned in both the Newton and Brookline sections, as the signal for a goal from placement was given. For some unknown reason Hyatt, after the ball had been placed in position for him, did not kick; the ball was then passed to him. It was too late, our ends rushed down upon him and smothered him in his tracks. This spoiled Newton's last chance for scoring, as Brookline held her for downs, and, upon obtaining the ball, saved the day by carrying it away.

Had Newton won this game, the championship of the league would have gone with the victory. The line-up and summary:

B. H. S.	N. H. S.
Dusossoit, l. e.	r. e., Wilbur
Mealey, l. t.	r. t., Brady
McGillen, l. g.	r. g., Cunningham
O'Connor, c.	c., Taffe
Dexter, r. g.	l. g., Gardner
Rowe, r. t.	l. t., Roquemore
Johnson, r. e.	l. e., Harris
Jouannet, q. b.	q. b., Hyatt
McNeilly, l. h. b.	r. h. b., McCraw
Hunneman, Thielscher, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Gould, Wellman
Thielscher, Newton, f. b.	f. b., Ellison

Score—Brookline, 10, Newton, 7. Touchdowns—Thielscher, Harris. Goal from field—Thielscher. Umpire—Courtney, Lafayette. Referee—Carpenter. Linesman—Boyson. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

Brookline 0; Cambridge Latin 10

On Friday, November 22, Brookline was defeated by Cambridge Latin School by a score of 10 to 0. The game was held at Volkmann Field, and quite a large crowd attended. Cambridge threatened to score at the very beginning of the game and continued to do so until she successfully made a touchdown in the last period. During the latter part of the third period Brookline just barely prevented a touchdown. Not satisfied with a score of 7 to 0, Cambridge, through the brilliant playing of her left half back, McNamara, succeeded in making a goal from the field, thus making the final score 10 to 0. Carl Thielscher was injured during this game and compelled to leave the field. His brilliant playing was sorely missed, both by the team and the Brookline followers. The line-up and summary:

B. H. S.	C. L. S.
Willard, Johnson, r. e.	l. e., Thomas
Rowe, r. t.	l. t., Ward
Dexter, r. g.	l. g., Derry
O'Connor, c.	c., Cowen
McGillen, Phillips, l. g.	r. g., Wells
Mealey, l. t.	r. t., Sheehan
Dusossoit, l. e.	r. e., Jones, Sanborn
Jouannet, Hyde, q. b.	q. b., Dee
Hunneman, Snow, r. h. b.	l. h. b., McNamara, Pierson
Emery, McNeilly, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Sands
Thielscher, Newton, f. b.	f. b., Bradley

Score—Cambridge Latin, 10; Brookline, 0. Touchdown—McNamara. Goal from touchdown—Cowen. Goal from field—Sands. Referee—Courtney. Umpire—O'Brien. Linesman—Fred Hoey. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

Ex-'06. John Comerford is doing very well in athletic meets around Philadelphia with his pet shot.

'09. Thalia Marion has gone abroad to tour Europe.

'09. William R. Mattson has been elected president of the Senior Class at M. I. T.

'10. Madeline Creesy and Margaret Dow are attending Miss Wheelock's school of kindergarten.

'10. George Hall is now a Sophomore at Amherst Agricultural, and highly recommends this college to his friends.

'10. Gladys Brown, Katharine Hunt and Josephine Appell, ex-'10, are among those "coming out" this winter.

Ex-'11. "Bill" Nagle is at Colby College this year but expects to go to Dartmouth next year.

'11. Albert Pollard is working at the Brookline Trust Co.

'12. Ruth Hudnut, Esther Richardson, "Betty" Bouve and Katharine Tappan are at Simmons.

'12. Frances McCormick is attending Dr. Sargent's School of Gymnastics.

'12. Mary Warren is at school in town.

'12. Christine Ayars and Margaret Plimpton, having been in Europe all summer, are now at Boston University with Frances Jefferson.

'12. Mary Healy is stenographer at the office of A. C. Burr, Boston.

'12. Adolphe Becker is at Worcester Polytechnic.

'12. Helen Leard, Anne Gibbons and Marie Kelly are at the Framingham Normal School.

'12. Eralsey Ferguson is at Amherst.

'12. "Buzz" Nordell entered Dartmouth this fall and immediately made the Freshman tennis team.

'12. Mary Morris, Helen Hastings and Doris Halman are representing their class at Radcliffe.

'12. Esther Albee is stenographer at Palmer's, the florist, Brookline.

'12. Ernest Little has obtained a position at the Cochrane Chemical Co., Boston.

'12. Charles Bentley is working at the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston.

'12. Charles Wyman has left Dennison & Co., and is now working for the Bay State Trust Co.

'12. Christine O'Niel has a position as stenographer at Russell's real estate office, Brookline.

'12. "Max" Crory is stenographer at the Warner-Swasey concern, Boston.

Ex-'12. Francis Fisher was at Dana Hall last year and is now in town at school.

Ex-'12. Cyril Reynolds is at an engineering school in Boston.

Ex-'13. Ruby Jacobs is at Wheaton Seminary.

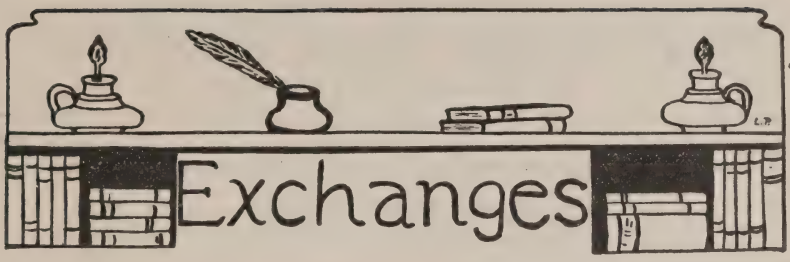
Ex-'13. Antonio Salemne is in Florence working for the Prix de Rome. One of his pieces of sculpture, "Head of Christ," is in the library at Simmons.

Ex-'13. Hamilton Condon is in the costume designing business.

Ex-'13. "Betty" Slade is taking an art course at the new School of Design.

Ex-'14. Felix Dowsley has left the classic rooms of Brookline High and is now increasing his knowledge in the Arlington High.

Ex-'14. Julian and Sumner Veazey have made the football team of Parker High School, Chicago, Ill.



The Chronicle, Hartford, Connecticut. You have set yourselves a high standard, and if every number is like that of October, it will be well worth while.

The Oracle, Jamaica High, New York. Your cuts are good but your stories do not come up to as high a standard as in previous years.

Harvard Monthly, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Every one of your articles was full of interest, and best of all, your peoms were real and human.

We are also glad to acknowledge the following Exchanges: "Latin Scheol Register, "The Sphinx, "The Orient, and "School Life.

A farmer once named his cow Zephyr,
She was such an amiable hephyr
When the farmer drew near
She bit off his ear
And now the old farmer is dephyr.

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Volume 19 JANUARY, 1913 Number 3

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XIX JANUARY, 1913 NUMBER 3

Editorials

IN 1910 the debating team from this school defeated Newton; in 1911 it performed the same feat; in 1912 the affirmative team won from Newton, and the negative trio were victorious over Somerville, thereby becoming champions of the Interscholastic Triangular Debating League. Surely the showing which the Brookline High School Debating Club has made warrants the support of the school, pupils and teachers alike. But it has not received the support. Despite the cordial invitation that the club gives to all boys to attend its meetings, despite the success of the interclass debates, despite the opportunity offered to the fellows to increase their proficiency in argument, logical reasoning, and poise, the attendance this year at the semi-monthly meetings has so far been much below what it should be. The club was organized by the boys of our school, it is managed by the boys in our school, and its purpose is to benefit and entertain the boys attending our school. Every fellow—Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman—in the school is invited to attend the meetings of the debating organization; every fellow is eligible to membership. Turn out to the meetings, fellows; give the club a square deal!

"Last year's track team was a disgrace to the school," said many and prominent people. It is true that track men did not make an enviable record for themselves, or for the school; but they did their best, which, unfortunately, was not as good as others' best. The men on the team are not to be blamed for the team's showing, for the fault lies with the student body which was content to watch and criticise while others worked. This year, a promising band of material has turned out for practice. With the help of these candidates and with the support of the school, there is no reason why last year's misfortune shall not be retrieved.

In these times, to be a hero, one must be an athlete. Before the conquering football gladiator the school bows its head and sucks in its breath; eyes turn in rapt admiration upon the fleet track man as he haughtily struts by; the stalwart crew man and the hard hitting baseball player in turn receive homage. Do not begrudge the athlete his glory, but let us not forget the other hero, the man who works away at his books, struggling and fighting for his education. There are more ways to fame than by the path of athletics. In the list of first group scholarships at Harvard for the year 1912-1913, there are forty-eight men entitled to "very high academic distinction." Among these honor men are found two from B. H. S., a fairly respectable proportion. These two graduates from our school are Stanley Truman Barker, '11, and Edwin Seymour Smith, '09. The second group scholarships is made up of students entitled to a place thereof because of marked excellence in studies. In this set are found four B. H. S. boys, Adolph A. Berle, Thomas G. Gleason, Joseph D. Hickey, and Charles Schweinfurth. With our graduates making such a showing, is there any wonder that this High School holds an enviable record for scholastic and athletic prowess?

"A Letter From Radcliffe"

To the Editor of the Sagamore:

Do you like surprises, you and the others at B. H. S. ? If you do, I can tell you how to find a very jolly one. From Harvard Square, in Cambridge, walk up Garden Street as far as Washington Elm. There you will find yourself near a big gray house, perhaps just in front of the tiny back gate that leads into its back yard. Go through that gate, no matter how uninteresting it looks and how intrusive you may seem. No watch-dog will rush at you from the back steps, for those steps lead into a busy office and its adjoining classrooms,—not a kitchen. f you do not believe me, go a few steps farther—and see ! This oack yard does not grow tomatoes, as most polite Massachusetts back yards do, but it offers suddenly to your skeptical sight a neat semicircle of imposing buildings. This is Radcliffe, about which you asked me to write !

I wish you had waited in that asking ; for as yet my college does not stand exactly in the light of an *Alma Mater* to me. With far more truth, I should say that it performs the function of an incubator. That is, it educates me without any personal interest, because it was founded for that specific reason ; while I defend it on every occasion, partly because I chose it for my college, and partly inasmuch as it is a good thing, in proof of which I chose it ! I hope I have not given anyone a wrong idea in speaking so frankly. I think this feeling is always true at first, and it does not worry me a bit, because I know that the proper worship will come later.

With the first plain girl-life, it is different. A splendid spirit of democracy and intimacy begins at once, not only among the Freshmen, but in interclass relations. And it is ***not*** a thing of shame to be a Freshmen ! For a long while I

have preached in themes about how wonderful it is to have a child heart. That is what Radcliffe tries to impress upon its Freshmen! It gives them funny, clever parties on Saturday afternoons all the autumn long, until one—I mean, until I—almost forget that once I used to spend such afternoons in a mad pursuit of the drama. Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores really go out of their way to make friends with the new comers, and each Freshman has a Senior advisor who helps her make her acquaintances and choose her courses and find her way.

I ought to say a word more about the semicircle of buildings that made up my surprise, for to many of us who come from B. H. S., they mean the whole of Radcliffe life. The gray office building is Fay House, and there are two others for recitations and laboratory work. Then three red brick structures stand close together, the Gymnasium, the Library, and Agassiz House where prayers are held, plays presented, posters displayed, and luncheons provided.

But the girl who wants to have the true spirit of college life, with the jolliest pranks and the fastest friendships, should live in a little room in the middle of an enormous hall. There are three dormitories to choose from now—Bertram, Eliot, and Whitman Halls. Next year, the James and Augusta Barnard Hall will take its place beside them; and I hope that many, many of the girls of B. H. S. will respond to the allurement of living in a place of so noble a name!

In closing, I should like to say just this:—that Radcliffe is not quite like Brookline High. And I hope that any member of Radcliffe, seeing this, will take it as a simple statement of fact. But you of B. H. S., you may consider it differently if you choose!

Sincerely,

D. F. H., '12.

Where Chance Acquaintance Leads

Leighton wandered aimlessly through Central Park. He was rich, handsome, had nothing to do, and everything he wished for; therefore his interest in life had diminished greatly, Suddenly his attention was arrested by the sight of a small boy, clad in brown, who sat on one of the benches in an attitude of deep dejection. With his cap in hand, his chubby legs crossed, he surveyed with great disapproval his small brown shoes which were very shabby and worn.

The young man sat down beside him and said.

"Hello, son."

The little fellow lifted his beautiful face, framed by short brown curls, and gravely answered, "Good morning."

"Well, why do you look so sad this beautiful morning ?" questioned Leighton.

With a deep sigh, the child said; "I was jest wishing I was a big man, so I could earn some money and help my sister. She works hard and still nobody buys anyfing from her."

"What does she do ?"

"Oh, she paints the most beautiful pictures you ever seen. If she can sell some, I can have a pair of nice new shoes. Sister says I'll have to get horrid ones like those rag-muffins wear, if she can't sell some of her pictures," he said, pointing to some urchins, playing nearby.

"Don't you think they're horrid boys ? I wouldn't play with them. 'Fore my father died I used to play with the nicest little boys, and now I have no one to play with. You know," and he moved nearer the young man, "after my father died we had to move out of our beautiful house to a horrid old place way over there, and then my mother died, too, and sister and I are left all alone."

"How old is your sister, son?" Leighton asked.

"She is a great big lady. I guess she's about twenty years old. Wish I was as old as that."

"Well, won't you take me home with you and let me look at her pictures? Maybe I'd like to buy some."

The little face lighted up.

"Do you think you'd really buy one, if they was good? Come on, then! Hurry up!" and firmly grasping Leighton's large gloved hand in his own small grimy one, he led the way.

Before long, the little fellow informed the young man that his name was Tom Wesner; and Leighton, in turn, told his name. Tom, however, decided to call him "Uncle Bill."

After a short walk, they reached a tenement house and mounted several flights of crooked stairs. Tom ran ahead calling, "Dorothy," at the top of his voice.

Leighton followed him into a room, scantily but neatly furnished. A young girl stood near the one small window busily working on a canvas. Without looking up, she said in a low sweet voice, "Don't make so much noise, Tom dear."

"But Dot," cried Tom, "I've brought a man to buy your pictures."

The girl turned quickly and walked toward Leighton. He noticed how very beautiful she was, and how well her soft hair framed the delicate face.

"Dot, this is Mr. Leighton," announced Tom, in a triumphant voice. "He's going to buy some of your pictures."

Dorothy brought out a large portfolio and Leighton began to examine its contents. He was astonished to think she had never sold any of them and declared he knew a dealer who would be delighted with them, especially the landscapes. Presently he came upon a picture of Tom, which so delighted him that he purchased it at once.

After choosing a dozen of the landscapes, he departed, saying he would let her know the next day if they were accepted. When the door closed behind him, Dorothy caugh Tom in her arms and hugged him tightly.

"Oh Tom," she sobbed, "if they're only accepted!"

"Then I can have a nice pair of shoes, Dot, can't I?"

"Yes, yes, of course you can, you dear."

Dorothy Wesner could hardly wait until morning, and you can imagine her excitement, when she received a letter by first mail. Her pictures had been accepted and Leighton sent the address of a friend who had seen Tom's picture, and wished Dorothy to paint her little daughter.

After this, Dorothy received many orders. Also many visitors came to see her pictures, and one of the most frequent of these was Leighton.

One morning, about two months later, Tom sat on the floor of his little room talking to a tiny puppy, which he had received from "Uncle Billy."

"Do you know, Spark, last night Sister put me to bed awfully early, but I couldn't go to sleep. By'm bye I heard someone knock and I knew it must be "Uncle Billy." And I waited awhile, and I wanted to see my "Uncle Bill" so awful much, I jumped up and ran into the front room. Dorothy was all smiling and "Uncle Bill" caught me up and called me little brother" and said something like this: "If it hadn't been for you, I never,"—and just then Dot she took me quick and carried me back to bed! And what do you think she had on her finger,—why, the most beautiful diamond ring I ever saw. And don't you tell, Sparky, but I just know my Dot is going to marry "Uncle Bill."

Tom in his joy gave the dog such a squeeze that the puppy took it as an insult and ran away, and dear little Tom, laughing merrily, ran after him.

W. O' B., '13.

Duty

A new school year approaches us—
We one and all start equal now,
And time alone is what can tell
In June who'll for diplomas bow.

Then fill each hour with golden ore—
And grasp the moments while they stay,
For pictures can be drawn at home,
And inkwells were not made for play.

A duty every moment holds,
And yet how many fail to see
The dictates of their inmost souls,
And, consequently, get a "D."

A——.

His First Call

Tom was going to call on her for the first time, and although he was vaguely uneasy as he approached the house, he thought of many remarks he would make which would show his superiority over all the other fellows. In fact, he practically planned his conversation.

First, he would give her a compliment. He was not sure what it would be, but he had hazy recollections of hearing about "the imprisoned sunlight" or something "beaming out" on some kind of a night. He was not sure of the words, but he thought it would be very appropriate to say when She opened the door. Also, he did not need to trouble about so small a matter as

remembering the words now, for no doubt they would come to him in a flash the minute he saw Her. At least, that is what Tom thought.

Next he would make a remark about the weather. Not the old, time-worn phrase, but something new and humorous that only he could think of.

Then, after the overture concerning the weather, he might mention something about music: Beethoven's sonata in B flat, and somebody else's Mass, in some other flats.

Finally, he thought it would be well to talk on art and poetry, or to drop a few wise words on science and philosophy and then to bid Her such a graceful good evening that she would wish him to come again, soon.

That seemed very easy to Tom, as he walked up the street, but when he reached the steps his ideas showed alarming signs of breaking up; as he approached the door he realized that he was almost in a panic, and as he rang the bell the greater part of his thoughts vanished entirely.

When She opened the door, instead of paying Her the compliment which was to come in a flash, Tom gasped,

"O yes! to be sure, to be sure."

Then, feeling that he had not said anything especially brilliant, he attempted to do better, and as he stepped into the hall, added,

"Oh! good morning, good morning!"

Perceiving that this was not very successful, he asked,

"How is your mother?"

And then thinking he had about exhausted the subject, he entered the parlor. As he sat down, he proceeded wholly and successfully to forget everything he ever knew (or thought he knew.)

When he came back to earth he found himself, much to his amazement and equally to Her amusement, carrying on a conversation as to the best policy for the President to pursue, upon which subject he was about as well informed as Her cat.

He attempted to turn the conversation and inquired if she had gone to the last Country Club dance.

"No," She replied sweetly, did you ?"

"Oh, yes, yes," he replied absently, trying to think of what he would say next. "I went,—or, that is to say, no not exactly,—in fact I stayed at home."

He stole a glance at Her from the corner of his eye and noticed that Her face was unaccountably red, and although it made Her all the prettier, yet he wondered what was the cause.

He remarked for the twentieth time that evening,

"You know, I am awfully fond of music." (That was a lie, he hated it.) "Won't you play for me ?"

"Oh, I simply *can't,*" She replied, trying to steady Her voice, "I haven't touched the piano for ages, and I am awfully out of practice."

In the silence which followed, a window was distinctly heard to go down with a Bang! So, seeing Her trying to stifle a yawn, and not being exceptionally dense, he rose to go.

But he did not go! He wanted to, but he didn't know how He began by saying brilliantly :

"Er—er—good night!"

Then, seeing a smile flit across her face, he put in a foot-note,

"I've had a da-er—that is, a delightful evening."

Then he shook hands—a second window went down with a crash that startled him so, that he reached the door. As he stood there, holding to the knob, as if he were afraid someone would run away with it, a voice called down stairs,

"Breakfast is served at seven."

Tom, at the hint implied in these words, delivered in a deep masculine voice, glanced reproachfully at Her, and noticing the color of Her face, had a sudden inspiration as to its cause. He seized his hat more firmly, said "Good-night," and bolted out of the house

All the way home he thought of what a fool he had been this time, but consoled himself by thinking of the brilliant conversation he would carry on next time—if there was a next time.

M. D. T., '14.

Burglars! Hist!

The town clock struck eleven as I sped up the path with stealthy and cat-like tread. If it had not been for my new shoes, I would have stepped boldly, but vanity is not without a few annoyances. Let me inform you, dear reader, that I do not wear my best, favorite, five dollar tan shoes every evening. But tonight I had been making a few calls, I do not think it necessary to say where, but at all events, when Editha suggested that we play a game of cards and send dear old Uncle Billy off to the post-office with a letter, I could not resist.

As a result when I said goodnight to Editha and left for home, I found the house dark as pitch, and silence reigning everywhere. My fingers scratched along the woodwork until the knob was reached, when I cautiously and carefully turned it. It did not yield. I said some nice, complimentary things to the moon before I tiptoed away and tried the cellar door. Why will grandmother lock up the house as if a horde of wild barbarians were about to descend upon our gentle town in the still watches of the night? I clenched my fist and tickled the lock of the cellar-window. Ha! it moved, and gave under my touch. I raised it, and carefully inserted one leg.

Oh, horror of horrors, my new shoe was in the lard-barrel. This time my remarks were addressed to our kind Katie, who no doubt saw the necessity of placing it there.

When within the house and out of the lard, I began

my travels anew. Indeed, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and I found that the lard effectually softened my footsteps.

The door between the kitchen and shed was fast. I groped about until I found a stout piece of wire. I inserted it, and after half an hour's work entered the sacred precincts of the kitchen.

The odor of apple pie greeted me, and I fell upon one and devoured a half thereof. Really, it was almost worth the trouble.

Sleep now overtook me, and I started for the stairs. Another lock. Oh that blessed piece of wire. Henceforth it shall lie over my heart, a constant nightly companion.

No sooner had I put my foot on the first tread, than I heard a din, as of falling swords, knives and utensils. Half-buried under a five-and-ten-cent store, I discovered that I had unwittingly walked into a burglar-trap.

My disturbance was followed by fearful sounds. A bell rang violently, (the bell beside grandmother's bed) and shrieks as of a tortured being, rent the still air.

My good common sense told me that I must not stay where I was, so again I fled. I thought of the closet under the back stairs, and made my way thither. No sooner had I entered then I ran into the arms of Katie, who was taking refuge there. A speedy retreat, this time up the front stairs. But alas, I was again baffled by locks. No time for the wire, no time for anything except to crouch in the shadow.

Grandmother sped past me, a bell in one hand, a pincushion in the other. My reverence for my elders went to the winds. I felt my mouth growing wider and a laugh was knocking against my teeth for air. But let it always be said of me that I am self-controlled. Inscribe on my tomb-stone (for a few more nights like this will place me under one)

"He was a maltreated being. Grandmothers, locks, and

apple pie united to add spice to his short span of years. Do not pass this grave without a tear for him who is now gathered unto his forefathers. He was an unusual man."

When the tinkle had become fainter, and the cries had lessened, I deemed it safe to slip into my own bed-room. A few seconds, and I was with the "Rock-a-bye-Lady" and 'Wynken, Blynken, and Nod."

How beautiful is sleep. The face and hands are in repose, the deep breathing indicates a guiltless conscience, and the stars beam lovingly into the room.

And the next morning they tried to make me believe that burglars had been abroad. I was escorted down to the kitchen, and shown the dishpan and cutlery in a heap.

"How dreadful," I said, "grandmother, some one has been attempting to murder us. Most likely one of those peddlers who knocked at the door yesterday morning. You do not lock up enough. Do you think I wish to wake up and find two hands upon my throat? No thank you," and I departed gaily whistling, "I'm Afraid to go Home in the Dark."

H. v. L.

Bubbles

Latin Number

(At the Fall of Troy)
Panthus, a priest of Apollo,
While dressed in his fillets cerise,
Heard in front of his dwelling,
The relentless warriors of Greece.

With heaving, and pushing, and groaning,
They finally smashed in the door,
But, there stopped, abashed and astounded,
For Panthus loudly had swore!

Yes, sir, plainly and clearly
Had that priest of Apollo said:
"Beat it, you all-fired Greek looters!
Can't you see I'm preparing for bed?"

Our notion of the best example of zeugma is, "She gave him his book and the deuce." Can you beat it?

Merrill (translating Virgil) asks if "gaping chinks" are any relation to yawning Chinamen

We can read without halting;
We can write without blots;
But we can't translate Latin
Without a shelf-full of trots.
(Apologies to Dr. Roberts.)

If you don't like your Latin
And the Greek that you have read,
Think what you will, but please don't speak
Unkindly of the dead.

Mr. P.—"Swett, you may recite."
Swett arises but says not a word.
Mr. P.—"That's good, Swett, but a little louder, please."

Our friend and fellow-schoolmate Thomas Sieger Derr, has long held an enviable reputation for humor. The following, we believe, is one of the best, hitherto unpublished, "bons mots" of this master:

When questioned one morning if he had finished his Latin, he immediately replied, without, as it seemed, a moment's hesitation, "Yes."

II Latin A (translating), "Let us die, and rush into the fight."

Dr. Roberts, "That's preposterous."

It isn't everybody who can make up a Latin pun, or see it either; (think it over.)

IF

If you can work a bluff when all around you
Are failing flat, or sitting down to flunk;
If you can make them think you know your Latin,
And come to class when most of us might bunk;

If you can come to school quite unprepared,
And get right by in English with an A,
Or get a C in German translation,
Or get a B in Science for the day.

If you can talk, and all the time say nothing,
And passing, never boast of what you've done;
Believe me, then, you'll get by all the teachers,
And what is more,—you'll pass the year, my son.

Miss Rich—"Mealy, what kind of an ablative is "in oppido?"
Mealy—"Place when."

Boundless joy o'erwhelms me,
And my heart with gladness sings
When I can't recite in Latin,
And the bell for filing rings.

Miss Ross,— 'For the next time you may go down as far as the top of page 89."

Found, a freshman Latin paper dated, "a. d. IV. Kal. Nov.—W. Tafto, consule."

Dr. Roberts. "The second time you fail on a Latin verb you will have to write it ten times, and the third time you wil double up."

(Maybe he thinks II Latin A is a side show)

Student—"I 'd like a Caesar Trot."
Clerk—"Here they are, sir."
Student—"Is this a free translation ?"
Clerk—"No sir, twenty-five cents apiece.

Myers—"What is dinner a la carte ?"
Ramsey—"Lunch served in a night wagon.

When in Rome, roam as the Romans roam.

Extra ! Whitney wins world's series in the pebble league by default !

N.B. That last was more properly a news note, but the New Editor wouldn't print it.

Oyez ! Oyez ! Oyez !

The winner of our great puzzle contest ! !

The bacon was brought home by Thomas Derr.

Tom says, he did it because all future great men show early signs of absent mindedness. Well, he ought to know.

J. S. Myers says, "So he could get 90c change."

H. Strauss thinks he did it because he didn't know any better Well, maybe not.

D. C. Jackson thinks he wanted 80c change and a dime

R. B. Salinger says he doesn't think he did do it.

Driscoll says, he wanted to sport his cash.

E. P. Ramsey thinks that the nickel was a lead one.

J Reinherz says the nickel was to tip the conductor.

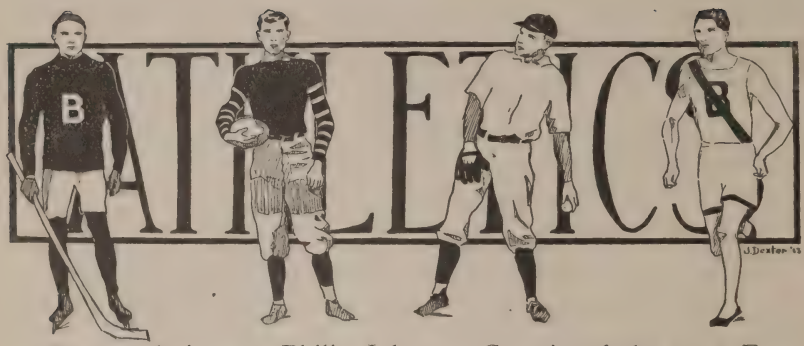
Heard in Room 8.—"And this fate would remain to our future ancestors."

Miss Spaulding says that the mountains inspired the poets with high ideals and lofty thought.

Miss Rich—"What is the third person singular?"
Nevins—"Iubet."
Miss Rich—"Is that right?"
Nevins—"Iubet."

Heard at the last debate—"I'm sure we all enjoyed Mr Hitchcock's speech and we would be glad to have him attend all previous debates."

Merrill—"Have you read De Profundis?"
Ramsey—"No, it's too deep for me."



Congratulations to Philip Johnson, Captain of the 1913 Football Team! The honor of the captaincy was given to him because of his consistently good—never spectacular—work. Two years ago, he was a candidate for the team, and, although he did not "make" it, nevertheless he gained experience which was invaluable to him later. (Moral: there is a place on any team for the man who goes out for it in his freshman year. Or, as Arthur Duffey says, "The early bird gets his B.") Last year he put up a fine game on Captain Anderson's team. His playing this year was the climax of a career that well merits the reward of the captaincy. He will have four of this year's "B" men, together with several of this year's promising candidates, for the basis of his team next year. They are Dusossoit, Willard, Jouannet (who intends to take a post-graduate course), Hunneman, Snow, Hyde, de Forest, and Daniels. Here is the foundation of a team that, we hope, will bring the championship to B. H. S.

The first meeting of the track candidates was held Tuesday Dec. 3, 1912, in room 14. The number which attended this meeting was quite promising. Mr. Carrell told the fellows that unless a sufficient number came out there would be no track team formed to represent the High School during the 1913 season. He also announced that an inter-class track meet would be held in the latter

part of January, and that those who received first, second and possibly third places in this meet would be qualified as members of the B. H. S. track team. Capt. Case urged the fellows to keep up in their studies. He also requested the captains of the different class track teams to bring out the fellows who showed any running ability.

The following Friday, light practice began. Cross-country runs have been taken once or twice a week under the leadership of Julian Spitz. Regular practice will begin immediately at the close of the Christmas vacation.

In answer to a call for hockey candidates issued Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1912, about 30 students responded. The meeting was held in room 15. Captain Rowe told of the games which had been arranged for the coming season by Manager Phillips. In his short talk, he stated that only those who showed up faithfully to all the practice would be picked to play in the games. Mr. Carrell suggested that all the men who were out for the team had better join the cross-country runs taken by the track team in order to start training.

The B. H. S. Athletic Association awarded sweaters and "B's" to the following men, in recognition of their work on the football team: Captain Franklin Dexter, Dexter Hunneman, Florimond Dusossoit, Morton Emery, Mathew McNeilly, Thomas O'Connor, Tom Newton, Edward Mealy, Robert Rowe, Francis Jouannet, Everett Phillips, Karl Thielscher, Egbert Willard, George McGillen, Philip Johnson and Manager George Clark. They also decided that the playing of Homer Snow, Charles Hyde, and George de Forest should be recognized by the association.

Exhibition Game

The exhibition game with Newton on Nov. 28 was hardly in accordance with our expectations as our football players received

rather a severe beating on that day. In justice to the team, however, it must be said that Brookline was not represented by her full strength, the absence of Thielscher, O'Connor and Hunneman being sorely felt.

Brookline scored its two points on a safety at the end of the first half, and thereafter they were not in striking distance of the Newton goal line.

In the first period Hyatt scored a safety for Newton. Shortly after, Brady, on a cross-tackle play, scored Newton's first touchdown.

As for the remainder of the game, to describe it by means of a suitable English expression, it might well be termed a "comedy of errors," from the Brookline standpoint, and a howling success by the Newtonians. The steady fall of snow by no means improved the condition of the field or the activity of the players. After a score of 33 to 2 had been run up by Newton, the announcement of "time up and game at an end" made by the referee, mercifully saved the lives of the dampened Brookline section.

To cap the climax; the car line on Commonwealth Avenue, with typical forethought, ran open cars in this nice, bleak, drizzly, cloudy and far from enjoyable weather. Those who had not caught cold on the bleachers were quite successful in obtaining something along that line.

After all, as this game counted for naught as far as the championship was concerned, let us drop the dismal thought and hope for a clean win and victory for the team of 1913.

Freshmen, 13; Sophomores, 7

Heaven help the school if the Freshmen ever trim the Newton Freshmen again in anything! The reports of their victory over the Sophomores covered the sidewalks of every street leading to the school. In order to play in the game, Jouannet, '13, took a Freshman study period and therefore was eligible.

The Sophs scored once and never again was the Freshman goal-line in danger. In the first period Dow, '16, ran 40 yards for a touchdown, after receiving a forward pass. Johnson kicked the goal. In the last period, Jouannet pushed the ball over the line again, but the try for the goal was blocked. Witt circled right end in the second period for a touchdown. Jouannet and Atkinson starred for '16, while Gleason and Witt played well for the losers.

The summary:

Atkinson, l.e.	r.e., Wilcox
Hald, l.t.	r.t., Field
Woods, l.g.	r.g., de Forest
Boyden, c.	c., Woodbury
Cornell, r.g.	l.g., Gleason
Amsden, r.t.	l.t., Meader
Craig, r.e.	l.e.,Daley
Johnson, q.b.	q.b., Hyde
Litchfield, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Capron
Jouannet, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Snow
Dow, f.b.	f.b., Witt

Score—'16, 13; '15, 7. Touchdowns—Witt, Dow, Jouannet. Goals from touchdowns, Johnson, Wilcox. Umpire, Rowe. Referee, Emery. Linesmen, Thode and Wordell. Time—8 minutes periods.

B. H. S. Tennis

Eighteen men entered the tennis tournament and were eliminated one by one until there remain only five men to play for the championship of the school. These matches will be played next spring on account of the poor condition of the courts just now. The results:

1st Round	2nd Round	3rd Round	Semi-Finals	Finals
	Kerr	Shedden	Atkinson	
	Shedden	by default	by default	
	Atkinson	Atkinson		
	Kittredge	6-4, 4-6, 6-4		
Nelson	Nelson	O'Connor	O'Connor	
Brown	6-1, 6-4	5-2, 6-4	7-5, 6-1	
O'Connor	O'Connor			
Peebles	by default			Winner of
	Lyman	Lyman		Tournament
	Massy	6-1, 5-7, 10-8		
	Kimball	Kimball	Newton	
	Wirt	-5, 6-3	6-2, 6-3	
	Morrison	Newton		
	Newton	by default		
	Stewart	Stewart		
	McLaughlin	4-6, 6-4, 9-7		
	Mahler	Talbot		
	Talbot	6-3, 6-1		

Annual Plea for Track

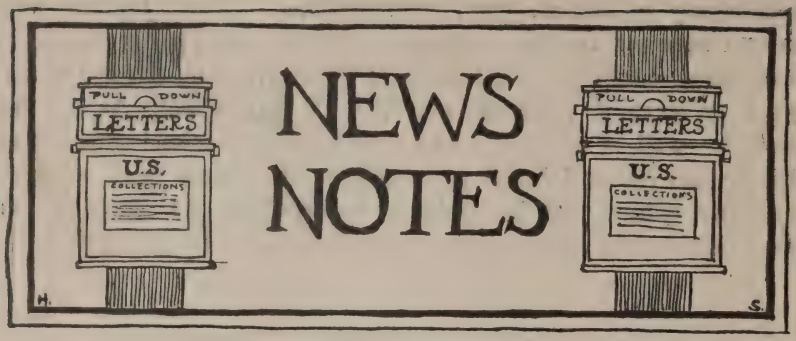
Come on! you fellows who have just rested your weary limbs by enjoying an almost two weeks' Christmas vacation, and join the B. H. S. track squad. Don't be bashful! Just because you have been told that So and So can fly along the track like a whirlwind, don't allow your spirits to be dampened. You may be able to run like that some day.

Freshmen, now is your chace to come out and begin a systematic training for track, which, by the time you are Seniors, will have developed you into first class runners. Sophomores, if you have any ambition to be sprinters or jumpers, you still have an

opportunity to become good track athletes. You Juniors, who haven't been out for the track team and have any sporting blood in your veins, ought to be ashamed of yourselves and cover the disgrace by learning to outdistance it with your speed. As for the Seniors,—well, if there is a single Senior in this school who knows that he can run and hasn't possessed enough school spirit to show the other fellows that he could, by representing the school in her track contests, in all these three previous years, he is hopeless.

Wanted! News!!

The Sagamore editors can hardly be expected to cover all the less important events of the athletic world. So if you hear of any of our track men who do a 100 yds. in 9 flat—on a motorcycle, or if you see any of Mr. Carrell's amusing antics; if there is anything new in the Court League; if you attend the meetings of the "Bull Gooses," just write it up and hand it to one of the athletic editors. It need not be a literary masterpiece. Just let them know about it, and your paper—not to mention the miserable lives of the editors—will be the better for it



January 6—Reading by Miss Spaulding.
January 7—Meeting of the Girls' Debating Club.
January 7—Meeting of the Glee Glub.
January 9—Meeting of B. H. S. Debating Club.
January 17—Meeting of the "Kranzchen."
January 23—Meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club.
January 28—Meeting of the Girls' Debating Club.

Clubs

The B. H. S. Debating Club held its second debate on Thursday, December 5. The question before the house was, "The Federal Government should own and operate the railroads." George McLaughlin and Victor Kramer, speakers for the affirmative, together with Thomas Derr and Henry Merrill, who upheld the negative, set forth many interesting and well thought out points. Julian Spitz, Lyman Lehrburger and Stuart Kaiser spoke from the floor before the rebuttal was taken by Derr and McLaughlin. The House voted in favor of the negative, but Mr. Atticks, who acted as judge and critic, gave his decision to the affirmative.

The first regular meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held on November 26. The question read: "Resolved, Honor systems in

examinations would improve conditions at B. H. S." The affirmative was upheld by Ruth Damon and Evelyn Asbrand, the negative, by Alice Stewart and Muriel Hudnut. Many interesting points were made by both sides in the debate and also in the rebuttal which was taken by Ruth Damon and Alice Stewart. The vote of the House went to the affirmative both on the merits of the debate and of the question, but Mr. Packard in his capacity of judge, gave his decision to the negative. Miss Sharpe, as critic, gave helpful suggestions.

The next meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held on Wednesday, December 11. As this is a very busy season there was no regular debate and the meeting was given over to Parliamentary Practice and one minute speeches. For Parliamentary Practice, Madeleine Hunt, the president, gave the chair to Caroline Potter, who in her turn gave it to Dorothy Isenbeck. The subjects for the one minute speeches, which greatly added to the interest of the meeting were, "Women should follow the fashion"; "The paying of 10 cent fines should be enforced in the Girls' Debating Club"; "How can the girls of the Club be made to speak more freely?" "The Rhetorical committee has too much power." It was also decided at this meeting to hereafter limit the number of members, and all desiring to join the club were, and are now, requested to give their names to Mary Knowles, in room 8.

A meeting of Le Cercle Gaulois was held on December 11. It was mainly a business meeting but the latter part was made more exciting (?) and interesting by the playing of a rather intricate game.

Owing to the fact that there have been so many successful applicants for membership, the club will be under a different management from that of previous years. "Les Ainés," the seniors, will form one part, "Les Cadets," the juniors, the other.

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" This was the question most heard about the middle of December, and those brilliant (?) pupils replying in the affirmative were informed that they might attend the

German Christmas Party given by the "Kranzchen" on the 19th. Some overjoyed at the opportunity, went,—others didn't, and so missed a good time. Arvin Case began the entertainment with a very pleasing violin solo, and then the presents were taken from the Christmas tree which, beautifully decorated, held the place of honor. Edward Goodnow officiated as "Weihnachtsman" in the absence of the *real* one, (Mr. Brooks), and many of the presents he gave were *so well* fitted to their possessors that all were kept continually in gales of laughter. Next came the event for which many were anxiously waiting,—refreshments were served! The girls who worked over these certainly deserve a vote of thanks, for they were *great*. Nothing more need be said, for those present know how good they were and as for those who weren't, well,—there's no need in "rubbing it in." The hall was then darkened and the Christmas tree lighted. When all were seated around the tree, German songs were sung, and Mr. Brooks, who was the accompanist, gave two delightful selections. The very pleasant afternoon closed with a grand march under the direction of Clarence Thode, and dancing until 5.30.

Special credit is due to Miss Adams, Mr. Brooks and Clarence Thode for this most enjoyable entertainment, also to the "Floaters" who were Margaret Farley, Madeleine Hunt, Katharine Davis, Dorothy Rhodes, Karl Thielscher, Raymond Bemis, Julian Spitz and "Rad" Stevens.

Personals

Francis Wyman gave a few of his latest slight of hand tricks at Whitney Hall on December 7.

On the same evening, Sherwood Blodgett succeeded in mystifying the same audience at Whitney Hall by a few card tricks, the

turning of paper into milk, coffee and sugar, and many others which showed his ability to very good advantage.

Ruth Damon, '13, entertained a number of her friends at a chafing-dish party on Saturday evening, November 30.

Irene Murry, '13, has been showing particular interest in New York lately. Hm——— anybody know the reason *why?*

At the German Party, Karl Thielscher and "Rad" Stevens both received presents especially suitable for them. The question now is, How could anyone possibly know *just* what they needed?

Many of the friends of Ethel Schneider, '14, spent a very pleasant evening on December 1, at her home.

Florence Wheeler, '15, gave a party to some of her friends on Thanksgiving evening. All had a "great" time and especially enjoyed the informal dancing.

Helen Gohl, '14, recently entertained a number of her B. H. S. and Exeter friends at a delightful party at her home.

Marion Feely recently took part in Rostand's operetta, "Pierrot Who Laughs and Pierrot Who Weeps," one of the several dramatic productions given by the students of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Donna George is now playing in the "Little Millionaire" in Detroit.

We were all glad when Miss Spaulding recovered from her illness and was able to be with us again.

A number of our graduates have been capturing honors at Harvard to such an extent as to call forth a letter of congratulation from the dean to Mr. Hitchcock. Those receiving the honors were as follows: Thomas Gleason, '13; Charles Schweinfurth, '13; Stanley Barker, '15; Adolphe Barley, '13; Joseph Hickey, '15; and Edwin Smith, '15.

Senior Social

To the class of 1913 belongs the honor of one of the most enjoyable Senior Socials ever run off. No small share of the glory is due the committee which helped make the whole affair such a tremendous success. The committee is as follows: Miss Lewis, faculty advisor; Wm. Merrill White, chairman; Miss Katharine Davis; Miss Marion Driscoll and Allen Potter. Miss Barnes also deserves great credit for teaching the girls the fancy dances.

The evening started off with the fancy dancing by some of the Senior girls. They danced two numbers, Tarantella and Varsovienne, the latter especially calling forth much applause from the crowded house. The second thing on the program was "Henri's Jumbo," the marvel of two continents, ladies and gents." This wonderful elephant performed various evolutions and gyrations under the expert direction of Francis Jouannet dressed as a clown. Rumor would have it that this remarkable beast was not the "real article" but that he consisted of two component parts, namely, Thomas Newton and Karl Thielscher. All who saw the pachyderm perform were satisfied that he was a genuine elephant, however, despite the fact that one of his tusks most inopportunely fell off.

Next on the program came some solo work by Miss Ida Claire, alias Mlle. La Merle, alias Arvin Case, '13. His beautiful falsetto notes "brought down the house" with screams of laughter, while his or her beautiful Parisian gown was the center of all eyes. He ably rendered the "Serenade" by Charles Gounod and "Standchen" by Franz Schubert, and then gave "I am Tired of Violets" for an encore number. His graceful imitation of Miss Julia Sanderson and his remarkable resemblance (?) to her was the hit of the evening.

After the last echo of applause had died down, the lights were snapped out and the stage set for the one act farce, "A Proposal Under Difficulties" by John Kendrick Bangs.

The cast:

Robert Yardsley	Suitors for the hand	Radcliffe Stevens
Jack Barlow	of Miss Andrews	William Thode
Dorothy Andrews, a much loved young woman		Madeleine Hunt
Jennie, a house maid		Gertrude Hickey
Hicks, a coachman who does not appear		Thomas Newton

Time—Present. Place—Library of Miss Andrew's house. Elizabeth Macnaughtan, prompter. Edward Goodnow, Stage Manager.

Rumor has it that the four principals in the farce are to be offered engagements on the professional stage as a result of their good work. The girls who performed in the two fancy dances may make an extended tour over the United States, appearing in all the principal cities. These springhtly dancers are, or were, Dorothy Rhodes, Elizabeth Macnaughtan, Dorothy Conklin, Frances Coburn, Hilda Marrett, Marion Driscoll, Louise Johnson, Susie MacDonald, Madeline Reed, Edith Driscoll, Alice Duffey, and Miss Moran. The ushers who contributed to the success of the evening by their charming appearance were: Robert Paine, head usher, Julian Spitz, Freeman Swett, Robert Young, Franklin Dexter, Blake Cooley, James Moore and Frank Fennessey.

There were plenty of dances for all to enjoy—about fifty in all. After two and one half hours of "tripping the light fantastic," the time honored signal for departure was executed. The patronesses were Mrs. George P. Hitchcock, Mrs. Arthur E. Davis, Mrs. Dennis Driscoll, and Mrs. Ellsworth Hicks. The Senior Social committee should receive the greatest of praise for the time and effort which was spent to make the social the best ever.

Alumni Notes

'02. Hatherly Foster Jr., is in the Boston Stock Exchange.

'02. William Quigley is traveling for a New York clothing concern.

'04. Clifford Bartlett is an electrical engineer in Pasadena, Cal.

'04. Carl Wetherall, Harvard '08, is the head of the English department in the Chelsea High School.

'06. Ralph Torrey, M. I. T. '10, is working in the Cunburson Hydraulic Construction Co., of Boston.

'06. Alice Driscoll is teaching in Jamaica Plain.

'06. Ralph Marshall is working for N. W. Harris, Brokers.

'06. "Don" Williamson, M. I. T. '10, is in Saint John's working in a nail factory.

'06. Arthur Truette, M. I. T. '10, has a position in the Goodyear Rubber Co., in Akron, Ohio.

'07. The engagement of Helen Slagle to Mr. Luther Graham McConnell of Chicago has recently been announced.

'07. Helen Mossman is doing secretarial work in the Y. M. C. A. in N. Y.

'07. Grace Allen, Radcliffe, '11, is teaching in Nahant.

Ex '07. Daniel Sharpe has a responsible position in the Standard Oil Co., at Shanghai, China.

'07. Joyce Knowlton is secretary to the Private Secretary of G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, Worcester.

'07. Elizabeth Warren, Normal Art School '11, has a splendid position at Pomfret, designing patterns for leather work.

'08. Branton Kellogg, Williams '12, has entered Harvard Law School.

'08. Thomas Moran is working for the Brookline Engineering Department.

'08. Wellsley Seligman is in New Mexico as a mining engineer.

'08. Wesley Reynolds is in business in New Jersey.

'09. Fred McDonald is at the Lowell Technical School.

'09. Rebecca Phillips is at Bryant and Stratton.

'10. Mose Carr is in business with his father.

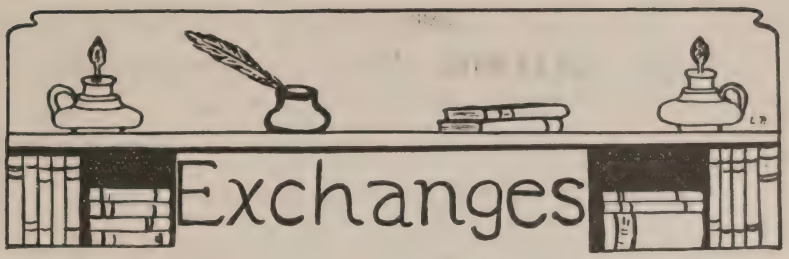
'10. Gerard Driscoll won his "H" in the Harvard Yale game.

'10. "Jim" McGrath is a Sophomore at Harvard Dental.

'10. Allan Blackhall is at Amherst Agricultural College.

'10. Mildred Page is a Junior at Wellesley.

'10. Stanton Slocum and Wallace Taylor '11, are working at Crimens and Pierce, Wool Dealers.



The Racquet, Portland, Maine. "The Tiger Lady" is one of the most refreshing stories we have read this month.

Harvard Monthly, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Again between your covers we find a truly good set of stories and articles.

Latin School Register, Boston, Massachusetts. An Exchange column would make an excellent addition to your paper. By the way is it not wiser to label jokes "Ex." which are borrowed?

We are also glad to acknowledge The Sauperdian, Redding Ridge, Connecticut, The Gondolier, Keramos, The Vexillum, The Dean Megaphone, School Life, and The Bulletin, The Dynamo and The Artisan.

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Volume 19 FEBRUARY, 1913 Number 4

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XIX FEBRUARY, 1913 NUMBER 4

Editorials

TEACHERS? What are teachers? Are they mere machines whose only aim in life is to drill knowledge into the resisting minds of the pupils in their charge? Are they inhabitants of a different world; have they other thoughts and pleasures than those of average men and women of intelligence? If so, this issue of the Sagamore is a failure, and its contents will not be deeply appreciated by either teacher or pupil. On the other hand, if they are what they really are, "most remarkable like you and me"—they can not fail to enjoy the paper this month and take the number as it is meant to be taken—in the best of spirit towards them.

The Teachers' Number is an entirely new idea with us, a change from the monthly routine of the ordinary. We hope that anything which has been written between the two covers of the magazine offends in no way any member of the faculty. We trust that increased knowledge of the life of the instructors in this High School will further cement the ties of friendship and good will which should always exist between the faculty and the student body.

On Saturday evening, February the fifteenth, the Minstrel Show is to be held at the Town Hall. If for no other reason than the good purposes to which the money from last year's performance was put, everybody in the High School should attend the show. Not only did the minstrel show of 1912 provide amusement for those who witnessed it, but the managers presented one half of the net receipts to the Brookline Gymnasium A. A., and the other half to the B. H. S. track team. It was due to this gift that the track men were sent to represent the School at Amherst, and it was due to this gift also, that medals were provided for the outdoor interclass meet. This year's production, we have been told, will more than rival last year's in the excellence of its entertainment. The principal parts are to be taken by our leading local talent, which embraces Francis Capper, Wallace Taylor, Max Crory, Karl Thielscher, Cyril Reynolds, Henry Carrell, Chester Goldberg, and Mr. Cameron. It is everybody's duty to attend the minstrel show of 1913, to do whatever he can towards making the event a success, and to bring as many people through the doors of the Town Hall as he is able. Remember the date—Saturday evening, February the fifteenth.

Our Family Album

Hitchcock, George P. Amherst '92. Residence, 64 Brington Road. Height 5 ft. 11½ in. Weight, 155 lbs. Nicknames, "George P," "Hitchykoo." F. O., singing, reading notices, hypnotizing Freshmen in the Hall. Favorite expressions: "Well, as there are no more announcements to be made, the chorus is now dismissed." "I am sure we appreciated Mr. Blank's talk, and we hope he will come again." "The applause shows we appreciated the speaker."
Why we love him?—Because of his socks.
Motto: Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!

Packard, John C. Wesleyan '86. Residence, 14 Searle Ave. Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 140 lbs. Nickname, "Johnnie."
F. O., Telling good jokes.
F. E., "I want to tell you a story I heard the other day, which has no bearing on the object at hand." "Well, let us hear from the girls now." "Very good so far, but a little louder, please." "We physicists—" "Harvard College says—"
Why we love him? Because of his little red stamp.
Motto: Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk! —*M. Lee.*

Barnes, Bessie L. Residence, 19 University Road. Height 5 feet, 7 inches. Weight 160. Nickname: "Barnesy."
F. O., Using the figure of speech rhetorically known as Irony.
F. E., "Form two ranks in the centre." "You'd be my best class if you'd only be attentive."
Why we love her? Because we don't have to recite.
Motto: Early to bed and early to rise, Will make a girl healthy, attentive, and wise

Young, Maud. Residence, 62 Cypress St. Height 5.08¼. Weight 121 lbs. Nickname: "Mrs. Gloom."
F. O., Giving D's.
F. E., "Consequently, the result is, you don't know what studying is."
Why we love her? For those encouraging "D's."
Motto: Talk louder, girls, for equal suffrage.

Mr. Hitchcock

Mr. Case

Miss Liden

Miss Churchill

Waldo, Dorothy. Mount Holyoke '08. Residence, 64 Cypress St. Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 138 lbs. Nickname: "Dot."
F. O., Giving classes oral themes, playing the violin.
F. E., "You!"
Why we love her. Because she does not consider English instructors infallible.
Motto: If thou would'st have me sing and play.—*T. Moore.*

Russell, Helen B. Mount Holyoke, '06, Simmons '07. Residence, 72 Cypress St. Height 5 ft. 1 in. Weight 105 lbs. Nickname, "Tiny."
F. O., Finding study periods for teachers and pupils, embroidering, playing secretary.
F. E., "I want this room quiet right now!"
Why we love her. Because she is O.K.
Motto: Good things come in small packages.

Case, Elmer. Brown '85. Residence, 5 Harvard Ave. Height 5 ft. 11 in. Weight 180 lbs. Nickname, "Pa."
F. O., Playing with his watch fob, teaching afternoon classes, riding a "bike."
F. E., "Those who sit back in their seats (tra la) will never succeed in this world (tra la)" "That's the trouble with most of you." "Sit down!"
Why we love him? For his afternoon classes.
Motto: I am, sir, a brother of the Angle.—*I Walton.*

Spaulding, Alice H. Radcliffe '00. Residence, 105 Stedman St. Height 5ft. 8 in. Weight 135 lbs. Nickname: "Pallas Minerva."
F. O., Throwing the harpoon into I Eng. A, attending the drama (n. b. theatre.)
F. E., "You may look it up for next time." "You don't mean to tell me that you are whispering?" "As a matter of fact."
Why we love her? For the interest she shows in the indifference of the younger generation.
Motto: Consider that I labored not for myself only, but for all them that seek learning. *Old Testament.* The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. *New Testament.*

Marshall, Bertha C. Wellesley '93. Residence, 38 Orkney Road. Height 5 ft 4 in. Weight 125 lbs. Nickname, "Bee."
F. O., Telling tales of Old Mycenae, walking.
F. E., "We won't discuss it." "From where do you get your authority?"
Why do we love her? She is so "historic."
Motto: O Rome! my country! city of the soul.

Churchill, Marion. Radcliffe '06. Residence, 146 Crafts St., Newtonville. Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 135 lbs. Nickname, "Queenie."
F. O., Riding horseback, coaching baseball teams, taking the part of a man in the Idler plays, automobiling.
F. E., "Why—."
Why we love her? Glance below.
Motto: Ne'er did Grecian chisel trace, a nymph, a naiad, or a grace of finer form, or lovelier face.

Sharp, Marion. Smith '01. Residence, 12 Fairbanks Street. Height, 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 110 lbs. Nickname: "Missionary."
F. O., Talking.
F. E., "Miss Spaulding will be here later." "We seem to be wandering away from the subject."
Why we love her? Because of her smile.
Motto: Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye.

Liden, Anna R. Radcliffe 1904. Residence, 21 Danville St., W. Roxbury. Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 140 lbs. Nickname, "Ann," "Nancy Lee."
F. O., Arranging flowers, waiting for the ship to come in.
F. E. "See that?"
Why we love her? We don't dare to (n.b. who sends the flowers?).
Motto: Watch and wait!

Cole, Samuel W. New England Conservatory of Music. Residence, 56 Thorndike St. Height 5ft. 6 in. (?) Weight 180 (?) Nickname: "Sammy," "Anthracite."
F. O., Attending Symphony Concerts.
F. E., "More noise, basses!" etc.
Why we love him? Because he's musical.
Motto: His very foot has music in it.—*W. Mickle.*

Pease, Elizabeth De K. College for Women, Western Reserve Univ., '96. Residence, 38 Orkney Road. Height 5 ft. 7½ in. 170 lbs. weight. Nickname, "Sweet."
F. O., Caressing toads, driving bugs to extraction.
F. E., "You make so much noise, children, that I suppose you couldn't hear the bell ring."
Why we love her? Because of her kindness to dumb animals (not saying who the dumb animal is.)
Motto: Leave no stone unturned.

Carrell, Henry G. Springfield Training School '07. Residence, 277 Washington Street. Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 173 lbs. Nickname, "Heinie."
F. O., Playing whist, mimicing celebs.
F. E., "What in Sam Hill," "For cat's sake," "Twenty laps for you."
Why we love him? "He has the patience of Job."
Motto: "Make the best of what you've got:" (This applies specially to B. H. S. athletics.)

Wiswell, Elizabeth F. Radcliffe '03. Residence, 48 Columbia St. Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 145 lbs. Nickname, "Wishwish."
F. O., Roughing it.
F. E., "I will see you at 1.30."
Why we love her? For her love of tramping.
Motto: Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven. It was my hint to speak.—*W. Shakespeare.*

Chisholm, William J. Clark University '05. Residence, 844 Beacon Street. Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 158 lbs. Nickname, "Chauncey."
F. O., Automobiling, attending football games, making speeches, joshing Mr. Packard.
F. E., "Dearie." (n. b. This from Mr. Packard's lips.)
Why we love him? For his neat attire.
Motto: A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Atticks, Kelsy C. Residence, 195 Davis Avenue. Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 140 lbs. Nicknames, "Casey," "Garrets."
F. O., Traffic-policing, talking.
F. E., "I calculate—" "What's that?" "What we did in business college."
Why we love him? For his easy tests!! For interrupting us, when we are busy.
Motto: Don't stop working until you are told.

Rich, Sophronia. Boston University, Bryn Mawr '92. Residence, 20 Sargent St., Newton, Mass. Height 5 ft. 3 in. Weight 135 lbs. Nickname, "Sophie," "Richie."
F. O., Walking.
F. E., "A little more, please."
Why we love her? Because of the awful lessons she gives us.
Motto: Give what you can, without you we are poor; And with you, Rich, take what you will away. (Apologies to Cowper.)

Doc. Roberts

Miss Spaulding

Miss Adams

Mr. Carrell

Stone, Elizabeth. Radcliffe 1904. Residence, 31 Gordon Ave., Hyde Park. Height 5 ft. 5 in. Weight 135 lbs. Nickname, "Betty."
F. O., Tearing up Salinger's chef-d'oeuvres.
F. E., "Balance, rhythm, and harmony."
Why we love her? Because she's a "brick."
Motto: All nature is but art.—*A. Pope.*

Bailey, Mabel P. Tufts '96. Residence, 1862 Beacon St. Nickname, (we know of none.) Height 5 ft. 1 in. Weight 110 lbs.
F. O., Every time she opens the drawer she puts her foot in it.
F. E., "Class—."
Why we love her? Because her reposeful calm does not disturb us.
Motto: Patience and shuffle the cards.—*Cervantes.*

Snow, William L. Wesleyan? Residence, 1577 Beacon Street. Nickname, "Billie."
F. O., Quoting the Bible, enacting the classics with his own makeup, singing tenor.
F. E., "Oh-o-o-o—this is terrible." "I can't have you doing this."
Why we love him? Because he wouldn't let us fail in Latin.
Motto: In man's most dark extremity, Oft succor dawns from Heaven.—*W. Scott.*

Hutchinson, Edward P. M. I. T. '88. Residence, 1 Sparhawk St., Brighton. Height 5 ft. 11½ in. Weight 160 lbs. Nickname, "Hutch."
F. O., Digging in the dirt.
F. E., "The country—."
Why we love him? For his love of the country and out-door life.
Motto: God made the country, and man made the town.—*Cowper.*

Miller, Alexander. Mass. Normal Art School, Mass. Institute of Technology. Residence, 116 Fuller St. Height 5 ft. 11 in. Weight 170 lbs. Nickname, "Alex."
F. O., Walking, enjoying the country.
F. E., "Boys,—."
Why we love him? Because all is grist that comes to this miller.
Motto: Then he will walk—good gods! how he will walk! (Apologies to N. Lee.)

Bridgham, Minot A. M. I. T. '95. Residence, 17 Hillside Avenue, Arlington Heights. Height 5 ft. 10½ in. Weight 185 lbs. Nickname, "Minot's Light."
F. O., Tennis, running hotels.
F. E., "Come and see me later."
Why we love him? Because we may live at his hotel next summer.
Motto: Bridgham the great, Himself a host! (Apologies to Pope.)

Miss Hayden

Miss Waldo (left) Miss Churchill (right)

Miss Lewis

Miss Bailey

Hayden, Ruth S. Smith '07. Residence, 50 Madison Avenue, Springfield, Mass. Height 5 ft. 3 in. Weight 117 lbs. Nickname, "Baby Hayden," "Ruthie."
F. O., Letting the youngsters "off easy."
F. E., "If you do that again, I shall have to send you to the office."
Why we love her? Because of her youth?
Motto: "Where are the days of my fleeting youth?" Esse non videre.

Lewis, Celina H. Boston University. Residence, 19 Stetson St. Height 5 ft. 7 in. Weight 125 lbs. Nickname, "Salome," "Cleopatra."
F. O., Dancing, quoting Shakespeare, Tennyson, Byron, etc. etc. etc.
F. E., "Beauty is its own excuse for being."
Motto: "And Shakespeare at her side."—*W. Wordsworth.*

Ross, Christine D. Residence, 1254 Commonwealth Ave. Height 5 ft. 5½ in. Weight 120 lbs. Nickname, "Betsey."
F. O., Trying to become angry, telling of the virtues of others.
F. E., "Have you read—?"
Why we love her? We love a lassie,—words and music by Lauder.
Motto: When angry, count ten, When very angry, ———.

Schwind, Anna M. Residence, 78 Cypress St. Height 5 ft. 5 in. Weight 140 lbs.
F. O., Running a machine.
F. E., "Now do this nicely, won't you?" or "make this your masterpiece, won't you?"
Why we love her? Because we don't have to prepare home lessons for her.
Motto: A stitch in the manual training building saves you from a recitation in Room—.

Davison, Ruby W. Height 5 ft. 7¼ in. Weight 119. Nickname, "Rubbles," "Rubie."
F. O., Trying to look serious. Hustling into school at 8.31. Catching Clark erasing.
F. E., "I wouldn't be 'tall s'prised."
Why we love her? For her sweet manner.
Motto: Never be late on the job.

Adams, Lulu G. Wesleyan '95. Residence, 4 Oak St., Belmont. Height 5 ft. 4 in. Weight 129 lbs. Nickname, "Babe," "Jerry."
F. O., Studying the youth of today.
F. E., "My dear young friends." "Pin back your ears."

Why we love her ? For the way she winks.
Motto : There is no rule so general but what it admits of exception.

Smith, Lillie C. Boston Normal School of Household Arts. Mass. Institute of Technology. Residence, 1 Winchester Street. Height 5 ft. 6 in. Weight 135 lbs. Nickname, "Lil."
F. O., Teaching.
F. E., "Make your notes while you are performing the experiments."
Why we love her ? For letting the girls give us candy when we bring around notices.
Motto : — a homely fancy, but I judged it to be sugar-candy ; yet to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy.—*C. Lamb.*

Roberts, Arthur W. Harvard '81. Residence, Griggs Road. Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 160 lbs. Nickname, "Doc."
F. O., Writing Latin texts, playing golf and tennis.
F. E., "I am going to let you off easy tonight, only 75 lines." "A little more air, Kaiser, a little more air." "I am afraid the bell will catch us." "How about that, Young ?"
Why we love him ? Because of his seventh period tests.
Motto : The days of peace and slumb'rous calm are fled. After death the "doctor." —*G. Herbert.* Let's do it after the high Roman fashion.—*W. Shakespeare.*

Brooks, Maro S. Tufts '92. Residence, 51 Gorham Avenue. Height 5 ft. 10 in. Weight 190 lbs. Nickname, "Brooksie."
F. O., Showing off, giving private lessons, writing grammars.
F. E., "C'est dommage," "oui, oui, oui, oui, oui, oui," "Oh, la la !"
Why we love him ? For the way he parts his hair; for his kindly sarcasm.
Motto: Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many jokes had he.—*O. Goldsmith.*

B. Shaw says :

Those who can, do;
Those who can't, teach.

But from the above it can easily be seen that our faculty both does and teaches.

A Letter from a Graduate

To the Editor of "The Sagamore."

Dear Sir :

As a graduate of the High School who is keenly interested in all of its activities, I am submitting this communication for "The Sagamore."

During the last few years, the extreme length of the football schedule arranged for the members of the squad has attracted considerable attention. As conditions are at present, the candidates for the team are called out soon after the opening of school in September, and the schedule is not completed until Thanksgiving Day. This makes a season extending well over two months, which, it seems to me, is by two weeks at a minimum longer than it should be. In connection with this statement it may be well to mention that many of the colleges, such as Princeton, Williams, Dartmouth, Amherst and many others, end their season two weeks before Thanksgiving Day ; Harvard, Yale and nearly all the other colleges who have not closed their season earlier complete them the week previous to Thanksgiving Day ; while among the largest preparatory schools, Exeter and Andover close their schedule about three weeks before that time and Groton and St. Mark's even earlier. In addition to this, the majority of these teams are not called out for their practice until the middle or even the latter part of September. It is well to note also that the football teams representing the four preparatory schools mentioned here are almost invariably composed of fellows who are larger, stronger, and older than those on our school team. It may be argued on the other hand that there are other schools around Greate Boston that do play football just as late in the year as our team does at present. This is very true, but it is hard to see what is gained by so doing. Moreover, I believe that a great

deal is to be gained by a shorter season and following the example set by these older and higher institutions. In the shortened season, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the players will keep in much stricter training than during a season which extends so late in the year; and this is almost sure to mean that there will be fewer injuries, for, although not always the case, a player is usually much less likely to be injured when in strict training and in good condition than when otherwise. In short, such a change should mean that the players will play far better football while the season lasts than in the long-drawn-out season, and we all agree that when a man plays football he should play with hammer and tongs every minute and for all there is in it. Moreover, if conditions are right, the game should never be drudgery, but rather a contest that he should be just tingling with eagerness to get into and most reluctant to leave.

If the above suggestion is carried out, it will of course mean omitting the second game with Newton that is now played on Thanksgiving Day; and this I strongly urge. There is absolutely nothing to be gained from such an exhibition game unless it be a few dollars in the treasury of the Athletic Association, and we are certainly not in athletics for the money there is in it. This should always be a secondary consideration. Unfortunately, however, it has too often not been the case and many managers of our teams have been lured into playing on Newton's grounds simply because of the expectation of larger gate-receipts. In other words, they have gone a long way toward helping Newton gain the victory before the game itself has even started. Yet, on the other hand, how many of us would be only too glad to go poor for some time to come for the sake of defeating our greatest rival. It is regrettable that this matter has not been given more attention in time past. To return to the point, the Thanksgiving-Day Newton game is an anti-climax to a season already too long.

There has been talk at the High School since time immemorial to the effect that the necessary spirit and support of the athletic teams has been lacking. Whether or not this has been true any time in the past, it certainly does not seem to be true at the present time as regards the members of the school. With one exception, I have seen every Brookline-Newton football and baseball game since 1901, and I do not believe there is a school of its size around Greater Boston which gives its teams better support in the way of attendance at games and cheering than the Brookline High School. But there are few things for which there is not room for some improvement; and if the spirit of the Brookline High School is to be improved, I believe the channel through which it can be done is through the players themselves rather than the spectators, and this I believe can be brought about as above suggested. A shorter season with strict training, thus causing fewer injuries and the men playing while the season does last for all they are worth, cannot help but result in the players putting up a better grade of football. This in turn will be bound to result in a better spirit all around, for "nothing succeeds like success." The comparison between a season of this sort with a long drawn out one lasting from early September to late November, which is a bore to players and spectators alike, is at once evident. Moreover, the scholastic standing of our athletes would, I believe, also be bettered by such a change. It is indeed an argument of but very little weight to state that some of the graduates want a contest on Thanksgiving Day, for any graduate who has at heart the welfare of the school would willingly withdraw his desire to see a game at that time.

I believe that a great deal of good could be accomplished regarding the athletic policy of the High School by the establishment of an advisory committee, such a committee to consist of three graduates, these to be men who have been in close touch with athletics while in High School and have followed the

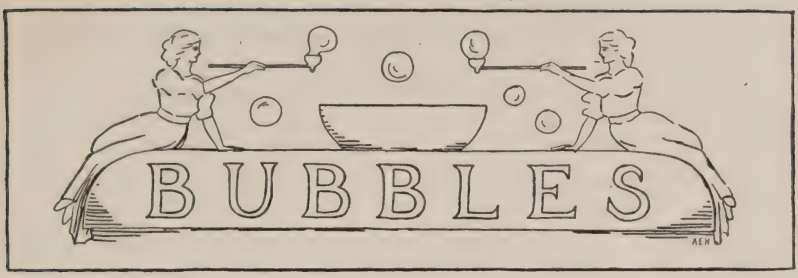
situation closely since graduating and who, while in college, have been closing connected with athletic affairs there. Such a committee would, of course, hold meetings from time to time with the officers of the Athletic Association. Matters of importance are bound to come up every little while in the affairs of the School, in which I believe that such a committee, if composed of three men of the right type, who have had the necessary experience and kept in close touch with High School affairs, could be of inestimable value.

It is indeed regrettable to note that the Alumni Association, which the B. H. S. Club of Harvard worked so hard to reestablish three years ago, following a long period of non-existence, again slumped last year, after giving so much promise during its first two years of rejuvenation. It is unnecessary to point out the numerous alumni associations of many years standing of other schools, which have been a power of good to their respective institutions, to prove how much could be gained by such an association here. This is only one more direction in which such a graduate committee as mentioned above could exert its influence, and I believe if this committee were composed of the right members and given the place it would deserve, it could be a connecting link between the school and the Alumni Association and be of as much service to the latter as it unquestionably could be to the former.

Sincerely hoping that these suggestions may prove to be of real vaiue, and may materialize, I am

Very truly yours,

Richard C. Floyd.



A Pome

(This poetical spasm was contracted while making up a gym period.)

One morning about half past eight
  Without having looked at my Latin
Fearing that I might be late
  I rushed for the seat which I sat in.

Without having looked at my Latin
  And not having done any Dutch
I rushed for the seat which I sat in,
  And I knew that I didn't know much.

And not having done any Dutch
  And my English was all unprepared
I knew that I didn't know much
  But I hoped that perhaps I'd be spared.

And my English was all unprepared;
  My math. book I never had seen,
But I hoped that perhaps I'd be spared,
  Though the eyes of the teachers are keen.

My math. book I never had seen,
  I flunked in four classes that day,
For the eyes of the teachers are keen
  And I couldn't get by in that way.

I flunked in four classes that day
And came back every day for a week
For I couldn't get by in that way
As the teachers were hep, so to speak.
—*I. W. W.*

L-m-b-r: "Where shall I write?"
Mr. Case: "Right here."

Miss S.: "For the next time you may learn one of Wordsworth's sonnets. I'd rather you would take the one on page 268."
Kramer (innocently): "I'll bet she gave us that one, because it's the longest."

III History A: "In this battle there were twenty thousand killed and eleven thousand slain."

Capron (translating German): "The glacier went over the mountain with two baskets of glass on his arm."

From a Freshman's theme: "The bear came out to get her bearings."

When I go into room nineteen
And, perchance, can not recite,
I never fear the outcome
For, I know 'twill be all right.

But when into seven I chance to go,
I hardly dare to fail,
For the female of the species is
More deadly than the male.
(Profuse apologies to R. K.)

Tom says he doesn't want us to print any more bubbles about him, so we won't. Not this time anyway.

Myers asks if you take triggernometry so as you can join the rifle club.

Miss Marshall: "Now let me stop you before you begin."

Found on an Eng. theme: "She proudly tossed her head and the gentle summer breeze caught her golden locks."

There is a young freshman in High
Who thinks "Henry V." is quite dry.
He couldn't wade through it
For no one can do it
But when he reads Cranford,—Oh my!

Mr. Case: "What do we get at the intersection of two straight lines?

Voice from the grave: "A transfer."

Heard in room 7: "The use of elephants in battle was not a success as they trampled down more of their own men than the Carthaginians."

Another from room 7: "Darius was stabbed in the fields."

Mr. Case: "No, you can't combine; what do you do next?"
Capron: "Alter the situation."

Athletics

The Athletic news for this month must, of necessity, be rather scarce, as there are no Hockey notes, and only one Track Meet has taken place up to date. Dame Nature, having obviously frowned at the possibility of allowing ice to last longer than two days in succession, has, according to poetical 1913 phraseology, thus far queered the Hockey season; unless Mr. or Mrs. Nature, whichever has the upper hand in this year's weather works, soon repents and allows matters to return to their normal state, the editor of this section of the paper fears that tennis, baseball, hockey, track, and perchance a second harvest of football will all find their place in the March number.

The Track team, although its ranks have been noticeably depleted by the last issue of monthly marks, still keeps the fellows busily at work with their 1.30 practice. If anything interesting concerning the Rifle or Swimming Team has happened of late, it has all been accomplished on the Q. T. and as a result no astonishing announcements can be made. Captains of the various athletic teams of this school, when meditating anything horribly exciting relating to their respective teams, would be highly appreciated if they would intrust such secrets of state to the B. H. S. A. Editor.

Lynn Classical-Brookline Meet

A closely contested meet from start to finish was the impression made upon the large assemblage in the Lynn Classical gymnasium, Friday evening, Jan. 24, 1913.

The first event of the evening was the 20-yard dash. In this event many of our men, who we had hoped would be place winners, were crowded out, but the pleasantest surprise of the evening occured when Sullivan finished inches ahead of Harris and Wensley of Lynn in the final heat.

The next race, the 300-yard dash, was a very fast one when one takes into consideration the conditions, namely, the poorness of the track and the necessity of running without spikes. Harris of Lynn won this event, with Sullivan second, and Newell of Lynn third.

Next on the program was the 1000-yard run. In this event, Potter, one of Lynn's best runners, was, according to Lynn predictions booked to win, but Spitz ran a beautiful race from start to finish, and won in the fast time of 2 min. and 30 secs. At several times during the last two laps of the race, Potter tried his best to get by Julian, but Julian's good judgment, grit, and determination combined to thwart this man's plucky attempts.

In the High Jump our men were not very successful as we only tied for a third, the medal for which H. Craig happily won the jump off.

According to the old adage, "Bad luck seldom comes singly," just so with this athletic meet. Dusossoit pulled a second in the Potato Race and first and third went to Lynn.

In the Shot Put our all star athlete, "Barney" Thielscher, decided that he preferred to compete rather than officiate. The result of this unusual decision was that Karl heaved the "pill" 39 ft. and won the event. "Flo" Dusossoit won second and Harrington of Lynn third.

The final competition race, the 600-yard run, came next. As the score was Lynn 28 1-2 points to Brookline 25 1-2, it was absolutely necessary for our team to win first place in order to stand any chance for winning. Capt. Case, Phillips and Keefe ran for Brookline, while Capt. Newhall with two other Lynn men ran for Lynn. At the crack of the pistol Capt. Case jumped into the lead, with Lynn's best 600-yarder next, then Phillips and the three remaining in close pursuit. Phillips put up a beautiful fight with the second man and finally wrested the position from him, only to be passed in turn by the Lynn captain as the tussle had proved too much for him. Capt. Case finally won out, with the opposing

captain second and Phillips third. The score was now a tie at 31 1-2 points each. The Relay, the closing event, next took place, and much to our disappointment we had to hand the victory to Lynn, but only after a hard struggle. The final score was Lynn 36 1-2 to Brookline 31 1-2. Summary :

20-Yard Dash

Final Heat—Sullivan, B. H. S., 1st; Harris, Lynn, 2nd; Wensley, Lynn, 3rd. Time, 2 4-5s.

300-Yard Dash

Won by Harris, Lynn; 2nd, Sullivan, B. H. S.; 3rd, Newhall, Lynn. Time, 37 2-5s.

1000-Yard Run

Won by Spitz, B. H. S.; Potter, Lynn, 2nd; Price, B. H. S., 3rd. Time, 2 m. 30 s.

High Jump

Won by Harrington, Lynn; Ring, Lynn, 2nd; Height, 5 ft. Craig and Dusossoit, B. H. S. and Winston, Lynn, tied for third. On the jump off Craig won.

Potato Race

Won by Wensley, Lynn; Dusossoit, B. H. S., 2nd; Harrington, Lynn, 3rd. Time, 36 s.

Shot Put

Won by Thielscher, B. H. S.; Dusossoit, B. H. S., 2nd; Harrington, Lynn, 3rd. Distance, 39 ft.

600-Yard Run

Won by Case, B. H. S.; Newhall, Lynn, 2nd; Phillips, B. H. S., 3rd. Time, 1 min. 25 s.

Relay Race

Won by Lynn (Wensley, Potter, Murphy, Harris); B. H. S., 2nd (Smith, Daley, Sullivan, Spitz).

Track Notes

Brookline had four first-place winners in this first meet of the season, which is quite encouraging. They were Sullivan, Spitz, Thielscher and Case. Swell medals awarded.

The next track meet of the season will be a dual meet with

Noble and Greenough, February 12, 1913. This will take place in the afternoon at the Noble and Greenough track on Dexter Field.

Brookline High will, with all probability, race Newton in a relay contest in the B. A. A. Indoor Interscholastic Meet on March 1.

Acknowledgement

The Sagamore is very much indebted to Lewis Webb, 1914, for the pictures of the different teachers. Webb has become highly proficient in the art of photographing and printing, and is a good man to go to when anyone wishes to have camera pictures taken and developed.

News Notes

Those who went to the Minstrel Show last year will certainly want to go to this year's show, which promises to be as successful as its predecessor. It is under the direction of Cyril Reynolds, Ex-'13, who managed last year's entertainment. Harry Hutchinson, '14, and George DeForest, '15, are business and stage managers respectively. There are more boys needed for the chorus, so turn out everybody! Remember the chorus men get in free and it may be your only appearance behind the "glare of the footlight." The show will consist of songs, jokes, hits, and funny dialogue. After the show is over there will be dancing until twelve. The performance will be held at the Town Hall, February 15th at 8 o'clock and the tickets are 50 cents each.

The Sagamore should certainly extend Mr. Hitchcock in behalf of the school their thanks for a remarkably good choice of Friday morning speakers this year. We had with us Friday morning, January 10th, Mr. Joseph Walker, the Republican candidate for Governor, ex-speaker of the Massachusetts legislature, etc., etc. Mr. Walker spoke on the advantages we have in living in such a town and state. He declared that politics should not be played as a game nor as a means of personal gain as is so often done today. He further remarked upon the advantages and benefits that Brookline citizens receive from the town form of government. In ending his speech Mr. Walker gave some wholesome political advice to the boys, which, if followed by the coming generation of voters, will make Brookline one of the best governed towns in the country.

On Friday morning, January 17th, Dr. Joel Goldthwaite addressed the school on the proper carriage of the body, illustrating the talk by pictures and various postures which he assumed. He said that the person who sat and walked erect was able to think

clearer, digest his food better, and be in better physical condition than the individual who slouched and slumped through life. In comparing the body to a machine, Dr. Goldthwaite declared that, with the body erect, the machinery of the body would run true and be better for use; but when the body sagged, the machine was out of true and would not run well.

The French department of our school was well represented at a soiree de lecture, given at the Conservatory of Music, on Jan. 10, by M. A. D'Avesne. The reading which was thoroughly enjoyed by all, was "L'ete de la Saint-Martin," by Meilhac and Halevy. This is the first of a series of similar soirees which will be held in the following order:—

Jan. 31, Madame H. Slatof-Portier: "L'ame des heros," by P. Bilhaud.

Feb. 7, Mlle. H. A. Forrest of Wellesley College: "L'Enigme," by Paul Hervieu.

Feb. 28, Madame H. Slatof-Portier: "Le Luthier de Cremone," by F. Couppee.

Mar. 14, Mlle. Carret of Wellesley College: "Il etait une Bergere," a comedy by Andre Rivoire.

Mar. 28, M. Camille Thurwanger: "L'Etincelle," a comedy by Edouard Pailleron.

These lectures are very entertaining as well as instructive and all French pupils are urged to attend.

The German Club had its third meeting in the art room on Thursday, January 16th. After the members had sung a German song to start things going they were entertained by Frau Kagen who recited with wonderful expression a number of short poems from Goethe and Schiller. The affair ended with refreshments, and the club voted that it had had a very enjoyable time

The Girls' Debating Club

An interesting meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held on Tuesday, Jan. 7. The question read, "Resolved, That the American Indians have been treated justly by the United States." The speakers for the affirmative were Dorothy Conklin and Carolyn Potter, while those who upheld the negative were Hilda Marrett and Elizabeth Taber. The speakers from the floor, Dorothy Rhodes and Mary Knowles, were followed by Hilda Marrett who took the rebuttal for the negative, and Dorothy Conklin, who took it for the affirmative. The negative speakers gained a clear victory, as the vote of the house, both on the merits of the question and the debate, and also the vote of the judge was for their side. Miss Spaulding, who acted as critic, gave the most valuable criticism that the club has had this year.

On Jan. 13, Miss Spaulding gave the most interesting reading that she has given this year. The author this time chosen was Bret Harte; and after giving a short resume of his life, Miss Spaulding read three of his poems, "Dickens in Camp," "Plain Language from Truthful James," and "In the Tunnel." Then followed the charming little story, "Miggles," and a very humorous one, "Muck-a-Muck," a burlesque of one of Cooper's novels.

Wednesday evening, Jan. 15th, the Brookline High School Club of Harvard had a meeting for those Seniors from the High who were thinking of going to Harvard. The meeting was held at 126 Westmorely, the rooms of Lothrop Priest and Cyril Jones, two of our former Brookline boys. Alan Hay, B. H. S. '10, presided and introduced Mr. Packard and Mr. Chisholm as speakers. Mr. Packard spoke upon the value of meeting and mixing with men; while Mr. Chisholm chose for his subject the temptations of college life, emphasizing the fact all depended on the fellow himself. After the speeches, the affair wound up with ginger ale, sarsaparilla, cookies, and pretzels.

The Sigma Phi Upsilon fraternity held its annual dance at the Riverdale Casino, December 31st, all present dancing the New Year in.

The Gamma Delta Psi fraternity held a dance at Gardner Hall, January 17th.

Personals

Marie Williams, '14, was recently maid of honor at the wedding of her sister Esther.

Bryant Hawes, ex (?), held the second of his popular assemblies at the Riverdale Casino on December 28.

A few of the B. H. S. friends of Dorothy Lindsay, '15, enjoyed a box party at the Shubert Theatre on January 2.

Cora Strickland, ex '14, has recently been admitted to the McDowell Club.

Rose McArdel delightfully entertained a number of her friends at her home on New Year's eve. All present thought the coming year could not have been more pleasantly begun.

Miss Spaulding recently gave a delightful talk on the methods of dramatic study at B. H. S. before the Department of Literature and Library Extension of the Federated Clubs of Massachusetts.

Dorothy Wiggin, '15, was given a very pleasant surprise party on her birthday, January 9.

Edwin Newton, '14, has left our classic shades, and is now attending Stone School.

William Montgomery and Harvey Jenks are to be congratulated on their success in winning the positions of assistant business managers of THE SAGAMORE.

Marjorie Owen, '15, entertained a number of her friends at Hearts on her birthday, January 16. Dorothy Elden received first prize, Cornelia Head, second, and Genevieve Winans captured the "consolation."

The French Club held one of its most enjoyable meetings on Monday afternoon, January 20. President Kaiser opened the festivities with a short but neat speech. Then everybody joined in the game "Les Personnages Fameux," which occasioned many a hearty laugh. Mr. Brooks next wrote a short story in French with adjectives suggested by the different members of the Club. Needless to say, "le petite histoire" was decidedly interesting and amusing. About this time it was thought best to break up, and the meeting was adjourned.

The third regular meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club was held in the Physics lecture room on January 9 at 3 P.M. The question before the house read: *Resolved*, That the United States should take immediate steps to establish a Postal Telegraph System. The affirmative was supported by Pevey and Johnson, while Kimball and Montgomery upheld the negative, Miss Bailey, who kindly acted as judge, gave her decision in favor of the negative. Mr. Hitchcock gave general valuable criticism.

Freeman Swett, Robert Paine, and Victor Kramer will represent Brookline at Somerville in the intescholastic debate. Thomas Derr, Julian Spitz, and George McLaughlin will support the negative in Brookline against Newton.

Alumni Notes

Ex-'09. Paul Gifford is working in a gold mine in Mexico.

10. Ansel Cady is working at Esterbrook & Co., Bankers.

Ex-'10. Arnold Edgerly has been flying in Connecticut.

'11. Evelyn Comer is engaged to Mr. W. E. Smith.

'11. "Junior" Stewart is working at Esterbrook & Company, Bankers.

'11. James Flood is working for the Santa Fe Railroad.

Ex-'11. Jane Newton is a member of the graduating class at Abbott Academy.

Ex-'11. Milton Havens is attending Newman's School in Hackensack, N. J.

'12. Egbert Jenkinson and Alex Nixon, Tufts '16, have been initiated into the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

'12. Horace Bickford, M. I. T. '16, has been elected vice-president of his class.

Ex-'14. Raynold Berkowitz is working in the coat department of Jordan Marsh Co.

Ex-'14. Dorothy Beach has moved to California.

'11. Elinor Driscoll is treasurer of 1915 at Radcliffe and also of the Catholic Club.

'11. "Jack" O'Hearne is president of 1915 at Cornell.

Ex '11. Sherman Sawtelle has a responsible position in A. Shuman's credit department.

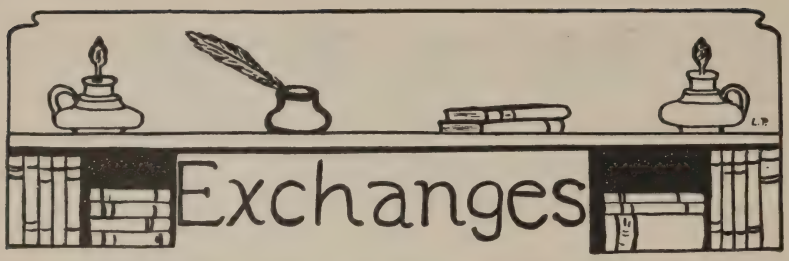
Ex '12. Donald Macnaughtan played on the Battery A football team this fall.

'12. Emily Bridges is at Smith.

Ex '12. Hilda Vallandingham is in Geneva for the winter.

'12. "Alex" Nixon is on the Tufts Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

Ex '15. David Haven Mason, commonly known as "Kid," has been working in San Francisco since last spring and is getting along very well.



The Clarion, Arlington. Your stories are good, particularly the one entitled "Specifications for a Baby." It is decidedly original and well written. We hope to see you again next month.

School Life, Melrose. Again let us congratulate you on the interest and efficiency of your paper. However, would it not be better to have your list of editors precede your stories?

Keramos, East Liverpool, Ohio. A most excellent Christmas number came to us between your covers,—not overdone nor underdone, but just the right amount of Yuletide spirit.

The Olympian, Biddeford, Me. We extend a cordial welcome to you, and bid you come again.

We wish to acknowledge the following as well, some good and others not so good: The Latin School Register, Harvard Monthly, Chronicle, The Orient The Oracle, The Sassamon, and The Megaphone.

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Volume 19 MARCH, 1913 Number 5

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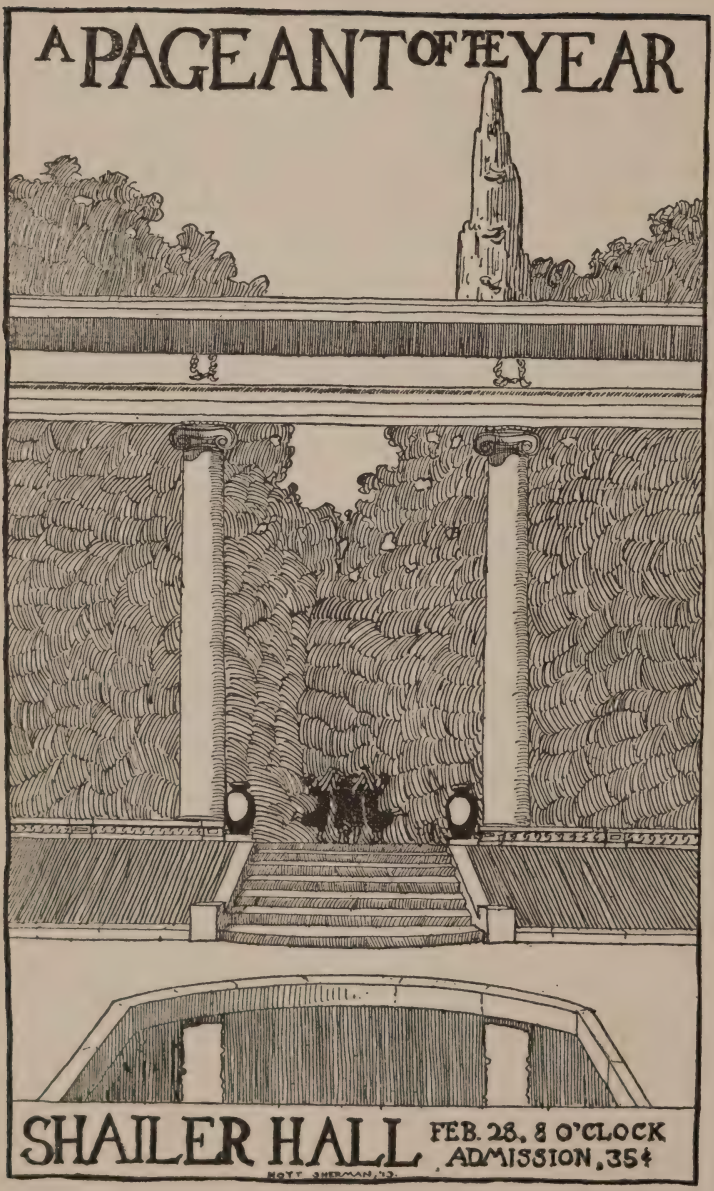
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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XIX MARCH, 1913 NUMBER 5

Editorials

"TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN" is a saw that dates from time immemorial. Four years ago, after one of Brookline's graduates—then at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—had spoken concerning the point system, in our hall to the assembled students, The Powers That Be were published in the Sagamore, and a movement was started by which a fairer distribution of athletic and social honors should be made. Unfortunately, nothing came of this plan, and it died a natural death after the custom of most reforms. But today, more than ever, it is apparent that the lion's share of the honors should not go to the lion but should be divided among many. This is, for many reasons, obvious. In the first place, it is not right that out of six hundred students less than two per cent should have control of the majority of the offices in the school. It is neither fair to the two per cent nor to the remaining ninety-eight per cent. It is unjust to the man who has these honors, because the duties involved, however pleasant and gratifying, must and do infringe upon his studies, his outside work, and his moments of leisure; it is unjust to the man who has no social or athletic office because, as a member of the school and as a participant in its activities, he has

no voice or power in the direction of these activities. For everybody concerned it is far better that one individual should not control more than—say ten points of offices. The arrangement and distribution of the offices are listed below.

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A Letter from Wellesley

Wellesley, Mass., January 6, 1913.

Dear Readers of the Sagamore :

When your editor-in-chief asked me to write this letter, I was glad, — glad because I felt that I could tell you about a part of a well-known institution with which you are not so well acquainted. Not Wellesley College as it is usually thought of with simply its academic life ; but Wellesley College with its new branch, the department of physical training and hygiene. In this department the students are prepared for a professional life in two years' time.

It seems hardly necessary to enter into a detailed description of the college surroundings, since Brookline is so near. Besides, there would be no room for anything else, if once I started on this subject. The buildings and grounds are so beautiful! Everywhere, there is so much room, and air, and freshness ! The buildings are more or less scattered over the three hundred acres which Wellesley calls her own. You can imagine what a variety of scenes such a large estate can yield : impressive structures, inviting dormitories, winding paths and drive ways bounded by trees, short stretches of woodland, tennis courts, and hockey fields. Then the lake! with canoes banked around the shore, the land sloping up on all sides just covered with trees, and glimpses of College Hall towering over the tree tops. This is a picture !

I have said this much about our surroundings because I believe that they influence our lives to a great extent. Environment is a strong element in forming careers, don't you think so !

In the department of hygiene and physical education, where all our work is based on "the righteous way of living," we realize how fortunate we are in having such a splendid, broadening atmosphere for our study. Oh, girls, we do not simply go through stunt-work in the gymnasium, and we do not think of

ourselves as becoming "gym" teachers. "Gym" teacher *is* the common expression, *isn't* it? I know I always used this term before beginning my course at Wellesley. But in these past four months my ideas have changed, and I will try to explain how and why by telling you a little of the work we do.

In the first place, we study the human body so carefully that we learn to know what is beneficial for it and what is not, from a hygienic standpoint. We study lateral curvature of the spine and round shoulders; the joint mechanism of gymnastic movements, which gives us a knowledge of every bone, muscle, and ligament; the feet and proper kinds of footwear; massage and many more useful, practical things which everyone ought to know. The very best part of all this studying is that it can be applied to everyday life. You know how facts stay fixed in your mind when you can use them in some practical way, and you also know how interesting they become.

Perhaps the athletic side of our life would appeal more to some of you. It is fun! We do so many interesting and exciting things in our beautiful gymnasium – from dancing to teaching our own classmates. People who come from Brookline have quite an advantage over most of those who come from other towns and cities; for Brookline pays so much attention to gymnastics and athletics in the schools. The outdoor sports are varied enough to suit each and all. Just imagine going out in your athletic costume at different times to enjoy such sports as: Archery, Basket ball, Baseball, Hockey, Rowing, and Tennis. These, of course, come in the spring and fall, but do you wonder that we enjoy and thrive in such healthful work?

Perhaps, from this brief description of the work, you will understand why we expect to *be* more than "gym" teachers, to *do* more than stand in a gymnasium and give commands. You will understand that to make people rest is just as much a part of our duty as to make people exercise, and you will also understand that we will not give people this exercise totally ignorant of its

effect upon the different parts of the body. These facts are impressed upon us daily to such an extent that they become a part of our lives at Wellesley, and help us to live the sane, hygienic life which we later hope to teach others to live.

Before I close, I want to say that all our time is not spent in this department, or in writing long English themes (you know what they are); for the social life at Wellesley is splendid. In fact, there are always so many club meetings, concerts, dramatic productions, cozy teas, and entertainments of all sorts, besides big events like the Sophomore Promenade and Junior Play, that one has to use discretion in accepting the kind invitations.

Perhaps, if your editor had waited just a little longer before asking me to write this letter, I could have put more Wellesley spirit into it; but as it is, I am still so full of the memories of dear old B. H. S. that no new spirit has as yet walked in beside my old one. Time will change this state of affairs as the new work has already begun to do, and as I think time does with most people.

To those of you who would be interested to see the many things of which I could not write, we send a cordial invitation. I, personally, would consider it a great pleasure to show these things of interest any Saturday morning.

Sincerely,

Florence M. Eisenhardt, '12.

Get-Rich-Quick Alcott

One fine morning in a hot July, a gentleman presented himself in Brunswick, a small New England town. This gentleman took a cab at the railroad station, rode for about five minutes in the rickety old chaise, and, alighting at the principal hotel, passed to the surprised cabby a two-dollar bill.

Entering the hotel, he immediately walked to the saloon, placed a five-dollar bill on the bar, and asked for "une piece de fromage."

"What'n thunder's that?" demanded the bar-keeper.

"My dear friend," said the gentleman in a superior tone, 'une piece de fromage is my favorite beverage."

"We don't carry none of them fancy drinks. We only got plain whisky and 'barbed wire' at that. We'll serve ye that reas'n'able, ef it 'll suit ye."

"Never mind, my friend, I'll wait till I get back to the city. I just came out to size up the country."

"Beautiful, ain't it? They all says 'tis, all the city folks."

"No doubt it is. But the cares of business have completely destroyed my aesthetic sense."

"Business, hah? Be you in business?"

"Yes, I'm a banker. At least I'm private secretary to a banker."

"Banker, hah? Them people has lots er money, don't they?"

"Yes. Our firm, the 'Carnegie-Alcott Company,' is the richest banking house in America, capitalized for something like fifty millions."

"What are you doin' out here?" quizzed the news-gatherer eagerly.

"Well, you see, we need a local manager—. But I won't weary you with my personal affairs. How does the election suit you?"

"Say, what about that manager job? What's your company goin' to do out here, anyway?"

"Well, it's something of a secret, but you seem to be a sensible fellow, so I think it will be all right to tell you. You see, my boss sent me out to look over the country. Says he 'll set up a factory here, or perhaps he'll open an immense store, selling all the necessities of life. He wants to try out a plan of his for reducing the cost of living. You appear to be the local agent I'm looking for. The boss would also like to live a few months in the country, away from the noise and hubbub of business life. Of course it will mean the loss of much money, but Alcott won't mind that. Think I'll take a walk about town to get a few ideas. If I report favorably, Mr. Alcott will be down himself in a week or two. So long!"

"Be good! Hope you'll find the place all right. Remember me for that manager job. I'm cap'ble, all right. The folks all wanted me to be a lawyer, but I always said I was made for a manager. So long!"

Right then and there started the stories to which every idler, gossip, and loafer added his mite. The truth loving people in Brunswick heard how James Alcott was going to build libraries, institute a pension for the aged, find a husband for every girl and vice-versa, find jobs for the loafers at fabulous salaries, and last, but not least, share his money in some business enterprise.

Therefore, when Mr. James Alcott, with his private secretary, came to Brunswick the following week, the whole populace turned out with a brass band, in response to a call from the fire-bell.

After parading the streets for two hours, the crowd went to the Town Hall to hear Mr. Alcott speak. The latter, gorgeously attired in a flashy waistcoat and with a diamond on his hand whose only rival was the sun, explained elaborately how he wanted to get away from the business cares which

naturally follow one who, controls as it were, the strings of the nation's purse. Consequently he came to this quiet little town, where he intended to pursue his banking business, no longer in the millions, but in the thousands.

His philanthropic spirit prompted him to offer two dollars annually for every one dollar deposited. He showed how anyone with deposits amounting to $250 would receive $10 a week for the remainder of his life, an income to be admired in that modest little town. Larger amounts would give larger incomes. The bank would be open in a week. He closed with a wish that all would take advantage of his generosity.

Cheers "raised the roof." The people went home determined to turn all their unnecessary belongings, such as heirlooms, jewelry, and treasured organs into ready money, to obtain interest at the new bank.

The bank opened in a week, with a tremendous rush of business. In three days, the total deposits from that town of 20,000 reached $200,000.

Mr. Alcott carefully collected all the dollar bills which were in good condition. He then took the old and worn dollar bills, together with those of higher denominations to the nearest large cities to be changed into new one-dollar bills.

Now it happened that the private secretary to Mr. James Alcott was an expert engraver. From photographs of a ten and twenty dollar bill, he could make a perfect engraving of each. Then the banking-clerk, as it happened oddly enough, had been a printer before he was recruited to Alcott's service.

On the eve of the day that the one-dollar bills were returned from the cities nearby, President Alcott of the Brunswick Bank said to his private secretary,

"Guess we'd better get to those ones right away."

"The sooner, the quicker," came the response.

"Better get a big wash-tub at the grocer's. Be sure and get one of zinc; the acid will eat wood."

"All right. I'll have it sent up to the house, and then I'll hike it down myself tonight in the dark. The bills ought to be all fixed by morning. So long!"

"So long! Don't hurry. He won't be back with the acid before eight. The train starts at 6.35 and is due at 7.28, but it is always late. So make things sure."

The next night the three men stood on the platform of the Brunswick railroad station. Mr. James Alcott, ostensible philanthropist and miniature U. S. mint, remarked, "Gentlemen, let us congratulate ourselves. A Valentine get away, and we're millionaires in the bright lights of New York. Oho, the way of the transgressor is hard—ly as bad as it's cracked up to be."

And well he may chuckle when he thought of the fire-bells and the brass band!

W. O'B.

Athletics

On February 15, the B. H. S. A. A. sent two representatives of this school, Leo Handy and Francis Jouannet, to a swimming meet at Princeton, where were assembled the best high school swimmers in the country. The B. G. A. A. sent Mr. Mann with the boys to coach them. The party arrived at Princeton at twelve o'clock Saturday. Two hours later the elimination trials were held. Thus the boys had only two hours to rest in, before they must meet the representatives of twenty other schools. Nevertheless they stayed in for the finals.

Handy easily won his event, although not being pushed, he did not make record time. In the diving, however, Jouannet was up against a different proposition. Out of the twenty-six competitors, his most worthy opponent was Dave Suttle, the all-Western diving champion, a man who has beaten the present and past national champions. Jouannet had to compete, immediately after a long tiresome ride in the train, on a diving board with which he was unfamiliar, against the all-Western champion, who had been practising all the year on the board. Our "champ" was beaten by only five points. It seems to us that if conditions had favored neither contestant, Mr. Dave Suttle, notwithstanding his remarkable ability, would have had his hands full in beating Francis Jouannet.

The meet at Princeton showed the friendly relations existing between the B. G. A. A. and the B. H. S. A. A. The fine showing made by the Brookline boys was due in a large measure to Mr. Mann's instruction and encouragement. We wish to thank the B. G. A. A. for their kind aid, and we hope that both our organizations will be mutually helpful in the future.

Nature has finally smiled upon Captain Rowe to the extent that the following games have been played:

M. A. H. S., 1; B. H. S., 1. N. H. S., 7; B. H. S., 0. C. L. S., 8; B. H. S., 0. Stones, 0; B. H. S., 4. St. Mark, 12; B. H. S., 1.

Noble and Greenough-B. H. S. Track Meet

Owing to the thinning out of the B. H. S. Track Team, due to sundry causes, with which every individual that attends High School becomes familiar sooner or later, Noble and Greenough quite outclassed the track representatives of this school. Dusossoit and Thielscher, two probable point winners in the shot put were also a minus quantity, one owing to illness, the other representing the school at hockey.

The winning of the 1000-yard run by "Mel" Price, closely followed by Spitz, was the feature event of the afternoon. During the latter part of the race, Price, in attempting to pass the Noble and Greenough man, who was then second in the race, tripped and fell, removing not a little skin and arousing his righteous wrath. He pluckily picked himself up and started after his Noble and Greenough opponent in such a manner, that nothing less than a wholesale massacre could possibly have resulted. Having successfully removed this victim from second place, "Mel" headed for Spitz who was then leading, and, passing him on the last stretch, won the race.

Captain Case, contrary to expectations, did not run the 600. This, combined with the peculiar manner in which the dash events were run off, certainly did cause the much wished for points to pile up in our opponents' score.

The B. H. S. point winners of the meet were Price, Spitz, Smith, Mealy, Case, Keefe and H. Craig. The final score was Noble and Greenough, 41 2-3, to B. H. S., 12 1-3.

Brookline Freshmen vs. Newton Freshmen

Friday afternoon, February 7, 1913, the B. H. S. Freshman Track Team (?) was defeated by the Newton Freshies, the score being 31-23. As only five of our "hopefuls" composed our so-called Freshman Team, the score was really quite respectable.

Summary :

30-yard dash—Won by Adams (N); Dow (B), second; Grant (B), third.
30-yard hurdles—Won by Adams (N); Dow (B), second; Smith (N), third.
300-yard dash—Won by Adams (N); Dow (B), second, Barofsky (N), third.
1000-yard run—Won by Keefe (B); Wiley (N), second; Grant (B), third.
Shotput—Won by Dow (B); Patterson (N), second; Woods (B), third.
High Jump—Won by Jackson (N); Patterson (N), second; Woods (B), third.

B. H. S. Crew

The first meeting of the crew candidates was held February 14, and regular practice began the following Tuesday. Those who are left from last year's crew are Captain Tom Newton, Charles Clark, Everett, Phillips, Flo Dusossoit, Blake Cooley, and Robert Young. It certainly looks as though we are booked for a crew fully as successful as that of last year.

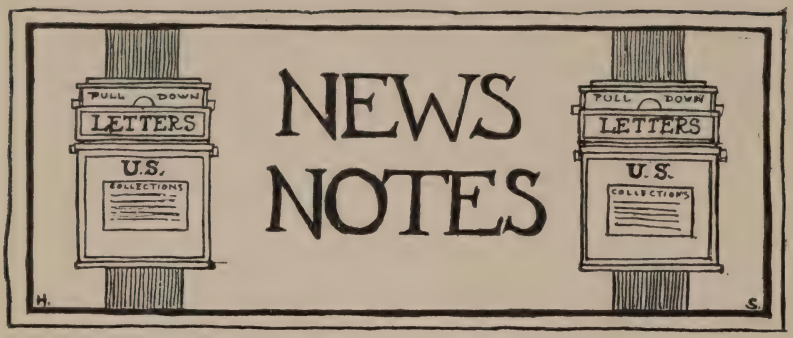
B. H. S. Girls' Basketball Team

On February 7, the girls held a meeting the purpose of which was to organize a basketball team. Those who will be able to play on this team are Hilda Marrett, May Hicks, Ruth Russell, Ethel Schneider, Marion Driscoll, Louise Johnson, Madeleine Reed, Gertrude Hickey, Rosamond Flanders, and Dorothy Rhodes.

Irving Perry, '11, President of the Court League, is looking for some noted person to throw out the first ball of the 1913 season. Last year Harry Denning filled the bill. President Perry would like to get in touch with either Thomas Derr, Taber Mahler, or Charlie Townsend for the same stunt this year. The official standing of the clubs for 1912, as compiled by the secretary, is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Per cent
Owls	58	17	.773
Tigers	48	26	.649
Wild-Cats	38	37	.507
Pilgrims	5	69	.068

All players who want to join one of these clubs must sign up before April 4, or pay his own railroad expenses to the training grounds.



The Pageant of the Year

A production, unique in that it was conceived, written, staged, managed, costumed and performed by pupils of the Brookline High School, was presented to a delighted audience on the evenings of Feb. 28 and March 8. When a performance, because of its beauty and originality, is of such worth as to necessitate its being given again, when the same people who saw the first presentation are attracted to the second, little need be said in praise or justification of the work.

The Pageant of the Year was the creation of Miss Evelyn Asbrand, and to her should the greatest glory go. Miss Mildred Mason was director of dancing; Louis Keegan, director of choruses; Gladys Gordon, pianist; Arvin Case, violinist; Cyril Reynolds, business manager; Evelyn Fisher, costumer; Lewis Webb, electrician; George de Forest, stage manager; Marion Nagel, pageant mistress.

The Sonnets to the Seasons were the inspirations of Helena von Ladau, author of Spring; Gladys Gordon, author of Summer; Dorothy Conklin, author of Autumn; Louise Roberts, author of Winter.

"Barney" Thielscher, adding acting to his other deeds of fame, took the part of Father Time; Madeleine Hunt, the part of

Spring; Estelle Krieger, the part of Summer; Mildred Southwick the part of Autumn; Elizabeth Macnaughtan, the part of Winter.

The Months—January, Frances Coburn; February, Mary Knowles; March, Georgia Churchill; April, Madelon Chandler; May, Dorothy Page; June, Helen Goodnow; July, Margaret Wood; August, Helena von Ladau; September, Ruth Lyman; October, Dorothy Elden; November, Adelaide Aiken; December, Carmen Harris.

March Breezes—Mary Hickey, Josephine Kraft, Dorothy Lindsey, Ruth Reizenstein, Eleanor Sheldon, Hilda Shepard.

April Raindrops—Katherine Andrews, Dorothy Champlin, Margaret Daniels, Marion Dooley, Alice Kilmer, Marion Lawson, Margaret Tuttle, Dorothy Wiggin.

May Flowers—Dorothy Amsden, Olive Amsden, Marguerite Ayers, Maude Barrett, central figure, Esther Emery, Marie Kaan, Marion Neal, Margaret Wesner.

June Graduates—Helen Badger, Helen Carvell, Evelyn Fisher, Marjory Kaan, Katherine Lally, Charlotte Little, Mildred Strong, Alice Stewart.

July Athletic Dance—Members of Brookline High School Tumbling Team.

August Poppies—Helen Bauer, Marguerite Duffy, Katherine Gibbons, Gertrude Hickey, Dorothy Manson, Madeleine Reed, Barbara Sherman.

September School Children—Ethel Driscoll, Mary Hickey, Louise Johnson, teacher, Helen McNamara, Esther Sands, Jessie Southwick, Grace Stearns.

October Witches and Ghosts—Witches—Eleanor Carlisle, Marion Cook, Edith Driscoll, Mary Houghton; Ghosts—Helene Kornfeld, Helen Kaan, Caroline Potter, Frances Souther.

November Indians—Ruth Damon, Margaret Arnold, Marion Forbes, Helen Gilmore, Edith Hutchins, Lillian Hoeffner, Dorothy Isenbeck, Evelyn Kelleher, Mildred Price.

December Holly and Christmas Bells—Elizabeth Cantwell, Dorothy Conklin, Alice Duffy, Marion Driscoll, Mary Moran, Susie MacDonald, Ruth Russell, Dorothy Rhodes.

January and February Winter Sports—Julia Bowker, Alice Burdett, Katharine Davis, Margaret Farley, Mary Joyce, Caroline Mackey, Hilda Marrett, Tsuya Matsuki, Elise Nelson, Florence Putnam, Louise Roberts, Elizabeth Taber.

Ushers—Harmon Craig, head usher, Frank Fennessey, Blake Cooley, John Craig, Jr., Andrew Houghton, John Brainerd.

The memory of the pageant is still fresh in our minds, but when it has faded there will yet remain the pleasant recollection of a production worthy in every respect of all the praise which was showered upon "The Pageant of the Year."

There has been a feature added to our Fridays in Shailer Hall. Mr. Hitchcock is to give a brief account of some current event on those mornings when there are no lectures. In pursuance of this new idea he gave an interesting outline of the Balkan War on the morning of January 24. Everyone agrees that this is "an awfully clever idea."

The Senior Dance is to be held in Shailer Hall on April 25. Miss Rhodes, as vice-president of the class, is chairman. She has chosen for her committee: Miss Hunt, Miss Hickey, Allen Potter and Lincoln Cummings. The dance is run under four conditions—only the waltz, two-step and Boston may be danced; all objectionable dancing must be stopped, the dancers must leave the floor on refusal to stop, and Mr. Hitchcock may stop the dancing at any time he sees fit. The Seniors, at a meeting on February 25th, expressed their willingness to accept these conditions. At this same meeting, nominations were made for class day committee. At a later meeting these were voted on, and George Clark, Jr., was made chairman, while Miss Marrett, Miss Johnson, Allen Potter and Francis Jouannet were elected members.

On Friday, the twenty-seventh, Mr. E. F. McSweeney, former Emigration Commissioner, gave a talk in Shailer Hall on the "Workmen's Compensation Act." Mr. McSweeney is one of the board which arbitrates all claims between the employee and insurance company for accidents sustained by the employee. He went on to state that for the last fifteen years the price of foods and other necessities have been surely rising. The class most affected by these increased costs is the middle class, living on limited incomes. Its wages have increased only one-half in proportion to the "increase in the cost of living." Thus the workman has small chance to save, so when he is injured all his previous earnings are wiped out. Hence, "The Workmen's Compensation Act." Before this act, the workman could not recover damages if he were engaged in a dangerous profession, if

he were injured at his own fault or that of a fellow workman. Now, this law compels the employer to take accident insurance for his employees and the insurance company pays all the bills. In case of disputes, the case is arbitrated before the aforesaid board. This law eliminates expensive delays. The plaintiff needs no lawyer and a member of the board acts as judge.

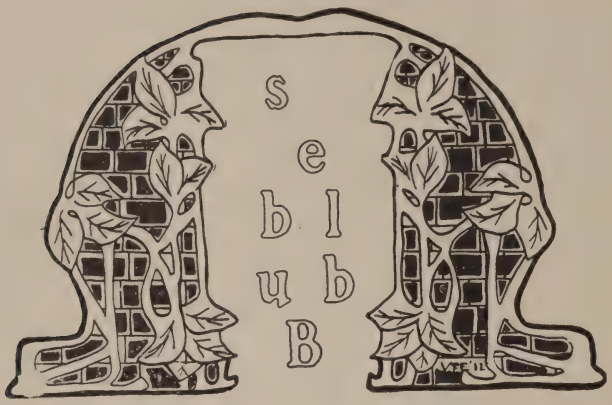
In closing, Mr. McSweeney remarked that the law was by no means perfect, but that other and fairer legislation could grow from this.

On February 14th, Dr. A. E. Dunning talked on his travelling experiences. He spoke particularly of a year's trip he made around the world. He also pointed out the advantage of a college education. This, he said, he found was a key for him everywhere. Even in China, the leaders of the revolution were American university men. He spoke of how proud he was of the American surgeons, doctors, and teachers, who were making their influence felt all over the Orient.

He said there were many odd games in the Orient, but that, perhaps, the most popular in China was American baseball. The picture he presented of this was very ludicrous.

Dr. Dunning also spoke of a college in India, where he had quite a chat with the Senior Class. In concluding, he declared that wherever he travelled he felt "mighty proud" of the Americans for their splendid interest in aiding others.

The minstrel show this year was as successful in bringing a large audience together as any performance of its kind. After spending a very pleasant evening in watching and hearing the show, and in dancing, everybody went home satisfied.



The Would-Be's Soliloquy in F

To train or not to train, that is the question,
Whether it is better on track, or in the field to pose
And win the plaudits of the fair co-eds,
Or buckle down at once to serious study
And gain a diploma in the end?
To train—to cram,
If by this means one could win a bunch of medals
Plus approbation of long-suff'ring teachers—
Expressed in a continuous row of A's—
'Tis a thing devoutly to be wished.
To study, to train, to grind, perhaps to flunk,
Aye, there's the rub; for by reason of that flunking
An outraged parent might, in his wrathful reprobation,
Bid me, hie me to the haunts of trade, and go to work.

Heard in the gym. "Don't make any noise when you bring your hands down.—There, that sounds better!"

(Heard at the last dance.) C.—"May I have the next dance?"
Miss W.—"Oui."
C.—"What does that mean?"
Miss W.—"Oh, you and I."

L.—"I saw an auto today with Massachusetts license No. 1 on it.
Ramsey.—"Yes, it's a "Premier."

I get up about six in the morning,
And sit through five hours of school;
I generally flunk one recitation
And stay back until four as a rule.

I study until half past nine
Then banish each care and each sorrow.
Gee!
But
You're
A happy
Guy!
Yep, nothing to do till tomorrow.

M.—"Gee, what big feet! Do you buy your leather by the mile?"
D.—"No, by the foot."

Rnhz.—"What is the math?"
Jkn.—"Examples four to six, write out four."
Rnhz.—"How can we write out four when there are only three examples."

Slgr.—"Why do they call these new autos self-starters?"
Ksr.—"Because you generally have to start them yourself!"

Mr. C.—"Turn to the right and look at Jackson's figure."

Miss M.—"The only advance for next time is to review the first two chapters."

(From room seven)—"Hannibal drank poison and that was the end of the war."

Driscoll told us that, "Today was opera night."

Frmn speaks of "Clapping the music with their feet."

Mr. P. "In centrifugal force you find the reason that David killed Samson."

Found on an English theme—"Having completed his affairs he sailed for N. Y. on the midnight train."

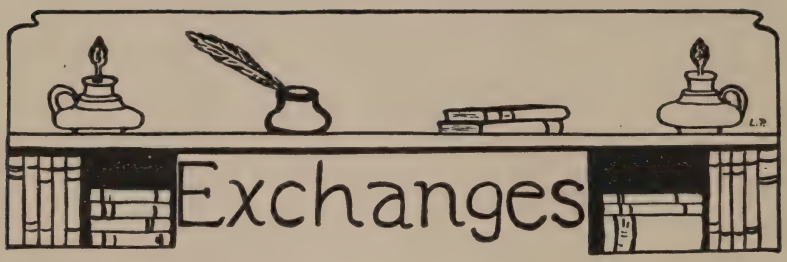
Doctor R. tells us to take more time and dig out the Latin roots.

Rmsy—"Come on down to the corner."
L-b-g-r—"I can't, I've been making up a gym. period and I am hungry. I haven't had a bite since this morning."
Rmsy—"No, but you've been lapping up the track."

Mr. C.—"What line shall I draw?"
Cprn—"B C."
Mr. C.—"Be seated."

Bob Young is responsible for putting the following on the board in room 8.
Then too they saw Tityon the offspring of mother earth his body is stretched over nine iugera and a huge vulture on his curving perch tearing at the immortal liver and the entrails fertile for punishment snatches at his banquet and he lives in the huge breast and no rest is given to the regrowing vitals.

Mr. H.—"A book has been lost, Kidnapped by Stevenson, I believe."



The Vexillum, Volkman School, Boston. Your January stories are interesting and good. In fact, all of your departments are well handled, especially the Exchanges.

The Shuttle, High School of Practical Arts, Boston. Your paper is a very charming size without, and contains some quaint stories within.

High School Herald, Westfield, Mass. Would it not be better to change your Editorial Staff as to its position in the paper? The cover is neat and artistic.

Newton High School Review, Newton, Mass. "The Rise and Fall of the Matinee Idol" is distinctly original and has a moral which is only too true. The rest of your paper is good, although a few more cuts would make it better.

The Berkeley Folio, New York City. Welcome to our column! Your paper is neat and interesting.

We gratefully acknowledge the following, as well. Keramos (East Liverpool, Ohio), The Latin School Register, (Boston), The Student, (Marinette, Wis.), School Life, (Melrose, Mass.), The Chronicle, (Hartford, Ct.) and The Harvard Monthly, (Cambridge, Mass.)

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Volume 19 APRIL, 1913 Number 6

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.

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JAMES R. MOORE, '15 — *Business Manager*

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XIX APRIL, 1913 NUMBER 6

Editorials

THE season of year is now at hand when the birds sweetly warble on rustling tree-tops, the earth puts on her green robes, and every place is flooded in sunshine. With Nature so kind, it behooves man to be happy. Be happy above all things! Mid-years are over; baseball has begun; outdoor track has called forth candidates on the cinder path; the crew men are prepared for the halcyon days on the river; the boat houses are opening on the Charles; the balmy, restful, lazy days are here! Cast aside all dull cares of today and tomorrow. Forget those of yesterday. Be cheerful! What if lessons, athletics, society do not go exactly as they should! Don't worry. If you can remedy them, go out and do it; if you can not, what is the use of worrying? A cheerful countenance has carried many a man over the rough places. For a change make believe everything is a joke. You will enjoy the blessings that are given you all the more. The season calls upon you to rejoice with her, to enjoy her pleasures. Put aside your troubles, or if this is impossible, store them away for a rainy day next winter. April is neither the time nor the place for loathed melancholy. Joys, even the vain, deluding sort, have come into their own again. Be happy, be cheerful, be joyous! Smile, even if it hurts!

The sun, as usual, was sinking in the west. In the High School all was still. No slamming of desks, dropping of books, rush of feet, or subdued whistling disturbed the peaceful surroundings. Suddenly a voice spoke up, the owner of which was the first floor staircase.

"Oh! my poor back! Although I have been beautifully covered, I fear I will not be able to stand the strain much longer. I do not mind or feel the sedate tread of teachers and scholars, but when people walk (?) up me three steps at a time I could collapse. Indeed I could."

"And I," softly murmured the stairway leading to the girls' basement, "although I really am not in the least proud, feel forced to hide my head in shame. No matter how spick and span I may be at 11.35, at 11.55 I am—well I'm a mess. Now that the playground is beginning to look better I have become the receptacle for papers, strings, remnants of lunches, etc. I do wish that girls were more careful."

"And I," growled the front stone steps, "after being forced to gaze day after day on the field of carnage opposite me, have papers of all sorts dropped by my sides. Also, I do not particularly enjoy the dancing which is done on me."

"But how can these evils be remedied?" asked another set of stairs.

"Let us speak to the Sagamore and plead with him to state our case before the school."

The last speaker's proposal was agreed upon, and, as you have now seen, the Sagamore has set before you the grievances of the stairs in the hope that you will hereafter give them a fair show.

A True Boston Maid

A COMFORTABLE bed hammock swung leisurely to and fro on the piazza of a cottage overlooking picturesque Lake Neshobe. The slow moving of the hammock and the distant sound of an axe swinging against wood were the only signs of life around the place. It was early in one of those warm, still afternoons of late July, when the water lay clear and unbroken, like a great mirror, and not a leaf stirred in the beautiful, sun-lit woods. Few boats were on the lake, as the hot noon sun had driven away the fishermen, and it was yet too early for the afternoon motor-boat riders.

Half in the hammock, and half out, as one foot rested on the floor to do the swinging, lay Bob Freedly. His head was comfortably pillowed on numerous cushions, and he was ideally settled for an afternoon of reading. In his left hand he braced the novel which deeply held his attention, but his right hand and arm were bound to his side in a sling. A week ago he had broken his arm, and this accident was the only reason for his laziness.

Suddenly the quiet of the place was broken by the tune of "Hail Pennsylvania" whistled loudly within the cottage, and in a moment Bob's brother Harold appeared in the doorway, dressed in unusual costume for the camp—street clothes.

"I say, Bob, is Gladys ready yet? Where's Uncle Pete, anyway?"

"How do you think I know? For Cat's sake, what are you dressed up like that for? Expect company?" Bob looked much annoyed at this interruption.

"We three are going over to Cavendish," Harold answered. "Uncle Pete's got some money to spend, as usual, and Gladys and I are going to call on our relatives. Gee, I don't like the idea, either! It will be the first time I have seen them since the engagement, and I don't know how they've taken it. We'll

go across in the motor-boat, if you think it will get us over alive. Every time we took it out last week, the engine balked. Sure you fixed it up all right, the other day? I say it's about time you built that new one we've heard so much about."

"Yes, I look like it, don't I!" Bob exclaimed, glancing ruefully at his crippled arm. "And didn't I get this darned bandage trying to stand on my head to fix the old boat? Oh, yes, it's safe enough now. Here comes your lady-love, so vamoose, and leave me in peace. So-long!"

"All right, here goes. Here's Uncle Pete, too. If you get lonesome, you can go over and see Marian." As he said this, the older brother grinned mischievously, and was rewarded by a glowering look and a threatening shake of the head from the boy in the hammock.

Harold and Miss Felton and the boys' old Uncle Peter made their way down to the boat-house, and after much sparking, many loud snorts from the motor, and a vain call for assistance from Harold, the faulty little boat was under way, and went "chug-chugging" out onto the lake.

As a parting salute, Harold called, "Don't forget my advice, old boy."

"Hang it!" muttered Bob to himself. "Why can't he let a fellow alone a minute! As if I'd waste the afternoon with *that* girl!"

The object of this angry ejaculation was Marian Wendell, the girl staying at the only other cottage on the point. Her family were Boston people who had already spent several summers at the lake, while the Freedlys were from Philadelphia, and enjoying their first summer there. The older people of the two families had soon become great friends, but it had not fared so well with the young people. Harold and Bob were Senior and Sophomore respectively in the University of Pennsylvania, and naturally thought there was no other Alma Mater greater than the "U. of P." Marian was a High School Senior in one of the

suburbs of Boston, and, besides being a bright scholar, was much interested in the athletics of her own school and of Harvard. Now, it was a well-known fact that Harvard and Pennsylvania had been sworn enemies ever since a quarrel in 1904, and had only just broken the ice by coming together with a baseball game, in which "Pennsy" was worsted, a circumstance which greatly harrassed Bob. Then, too, he was fond of bragging about "Mike" Murphy, the much beloved trainer at the "U. of P." But every time he ventured to praise his ideal, the enthusiastic girl came in with praises for the Harvard coaches, as she had an athletically inclined cousin at Harvard who kept her well posted. In short, she knew more about Harvard athletics than Bob did about those of "U. of P." and she delighted in squelching the poor fellow. Since Harold was entirely taken up with his fiancee, Gladys, it had fallen to the rather bashful Bob to entertain Marian at dinner, go canoeing with her, or take her out in the motor-boat. He had always had a certain opinion of "those prim Boston girls," and although he had to admit that Marian was certainly not prim, he believed all the time that he disliked her. He never admitted that she was bright, pretty, and though small, very strong and agile. Then, too, Bob was twenty years old, that delightful age when youths consider themselves very manly, and believe it beneath their dignity to have anything to do with girls so "kiddish" as sixteen. His associates must be girls of his own age or older.

This, then, was the reason why such wrath was aroused by Harold's parting words, as the launch started on its fateful journey across the lake. Bob was now left alone at the cottage, and he knew Marian, too, was alone, for her parents and his were off driving together.

"Let her read her old 'Harvard episodes' she tried so hard to lend me," he thought. "That's all she's good for." Then he became lost in his exciting story of the West.

He was so absorbed that he did not notice the sudden stop of the machinery when the launch was about half way across the lake. Had he been listening, he must have noticed, as the noisy

"chug-chug" of the engine had been the only sound on or around the quiet water.

For about two minutes there was silence,—then across the still water came a call that brought Bob instantly to his feet, deep as he had been in his book.

"Hey, Bob! Hustle up and bring a boat! Quick! We've sprung a bad leak!" It was Harold yelling, in a high-pitched anxious voice. Bob hesitated for a moment, thinking they were fooling him, but a shrill, frightened cry of "We're sinking!" from Gladys, and a hoarse "Hurry up" from Harold made him alert at once.

The boy gave an answering call of assurance. What could he do, though? It was impossible to get out there quickly with his arm bound to his side. He rushed around the cottage to call the man-of-all-work. No one in sight.

"Sam!" he yelled.

From away back in the woods, the man gave an answering call.

"Come down here quick! The motor-boat's sinking out on the lake!" Bob cried.

Then he raced down to the boat-house where the row-boat lay pulled up high on the float. As best he could with the use of one arm, Bob shoved the boat down to the water and then went to get the oars. He found the boat-house door locked. Moreover there was no sign of the keys anywhere. Harold must have taken them with him. Bob was panic-stricken, as he again heard cries from the occupants of the sinking craft. Nothing daunted, however, he prepared to break in the weak door. With a mighty effort he flung himself against it, and the wood cracked. Twice more his strong good shoulder struck the timber, each time the jar giving his broken arm a torturing wrench. Then the door gave way and he procured the oars. But the man was not in sight. He yelled once more, and ran to the cottage to get the field-glasses, wondering why he heard no more shouts from the launch. As he hurried down on to the wharf, he saw a row-boat well out from

shore, hastening toward the wrecked boat. His heart leapt with joy at the sight, but his feelings may be imagined when he discovered that alone in the boat was Marian Wendell rowing to the rescue. She was rowing swiftly, but steadily, realizing that there was over a mile between her and the launch.

The man having appeared, Bob and he set out far behind the girl. Through the glasses the boy saw Gladys and Uncle Pete climbing up onto the small bow of the launch, and, with a start, he realized that though Harold was the best swimmer in his college, Gladys could only swim a little, and Uncle Pete not at all. Harold was apparently trying to bail out the boat.

"Where the deuce are the people across the lake and further down the shore? Why don't they get busy!" Bob exclaimed, glancing around the silent lake.

Then he looked from the row-boat where the competent girl from Boston was rowing with long even strokes, toward the scene of disaster, to the motor boat where Gladys of Philadelphia was waving her arms and crying to Marian to hurry more. The launch was visibly sinking. Bob urged the man to top speed! Could the girl reach them in time? The stretch had never seemed so long. Still she kept far ahead of the young fellow and man. She must be nearly there. Ah! she was calling to Harold. How fast the launch was lowering. Harold had stopped bailing, and had climbed on to the bow with the two huddled there.

"Oh, Marian!" Bob unconsciously cried aloud, "you *must* do it!"

At last! Her boat drew skilfully alongside the launch, and Harold helped Gladys and the shaky old man into it,—then followed himself. Rowing a short distance away, they remained to watch the craft sink from sight. There was no hope of saving the boat as it was already full of water, and there would now be no chance of ever seeing it again, for the lake was known to be deepest at that part.

Bob and the man arrived just as the launch was disappearing beneath the water's surface, and all sadly gazed for the last time

at the troublesome little motor-boat which had caused the boys many hours of toil, and required much control of temper. At the last moment Harold had seized the red and blue Pennsylvania pennant which had floated proudly from the bow, and *Marian* was now clasping it tightly.

When they finally turned away and headed for shore, Harold rowed Marian's boat while the victorious girl sat in its bow, worn out and very warm, but exulting to herself that she had "won the race." Gladys was weeping hysterically, and Uncle Pete's face was white and drawn. Harold and Bob had had a bad scare, and both showed it. All of them could not help thinking of the narrow escape from death which had just taken place, for Harold could probably have held up one person until Bob and the man arrived, but his other companion must have drowned.

Upon reaching the shore, Bob landed and hurried to help the others. While he assisted his old uncle, Harold was lifting Gladys out on to the wharf. As Bob turned and gave his hand to Marian to help her, she stepped lightly up on the dock. Admiration showed clearly in his eyes, and he held her hand in a tight grip.

"Marian!" he cried, "you're a brick!" That was all, but the true Boston maid felt duly rewarded.

D. G. C., '13.

News Notes

Rah, rah, rah, for the B. H. S. debating teams. One team at Somerville conclusively proved to the satisfaction of three judges that the jury system in the United States should be abolished. Another team at Brookline conclusively proved to the satisfaction of three more judges that the jury system in the United States should not be abolished. We won "coming and going," duplicating the feat of the previous year and winning another shield for the trophy room. The teams that debated for Brookline High were composed as follows—affirmative, Robert Paine, '13, Victor Kramer, '14, Jesse Freeman Swett, '13; negative, Julian Spitz, '13, Thomas Derr, '13, George McLaughlin, '14. Freeman Swett and Thomas Derr took the rebuttals. The judges at Somerville were Mr. Hanson, Mr. Bridgman, and Mr. Gibbs, while those at Brookline were Professor Metcalf, Mr. Kennard, and Mr. Bryant. There was music as well as wisdom handed out at the debates for Arvin Case, Marvin Ray, and Edward Goodnow played at Somerville while the Newton High School Orchestra performed very creditably in Shailer Hall. May other Brookline teams all follow the example set by this and last year's teams.

Judge H. H. Baker of the Municipal Court of Boston addressed the School on Friday morning March fourteenth. Judge Baker's work is in the Juvenile Court and he spoke along those lines. He said that most of these offenders whom he dealt with were the children of ignorant immigrants who were unable to exercise any authority over their offspring, due to inability to speak the English language. The Juvenile Court's aim is not to punish the offenders but to set them in the right path. The probation system is of great help in doing this, according to Judge Baker. Another important factor is having the boys make restitution for destroyed or stolen property. In

conclusion he declared that the immigrant boy looked up to and imitated the native born boys and it was up to Brookline High to assist in setting a good example.

The school wishes to acknowledge with thanks the gift of Mr. Stanley. This is a fine large coffee percolator for use in the domestic science room.

Laurence Pond, ex-'13, and Edwin Newton, ex-'14 are two promising candidates for the Stone School baseball team.

Homer Snow, '15, ran a very successful dance at the Riverdale Casino the night of March twenty-first.

The Brookline High School Dramatics will occur this year in Shailer Hall the third and fourth of April. The cast has been selected and is rehearsing daily under the direction of Mr. Brooks. The play to be presented is "She Stoops to Conquer," the comedy of Oliver Goldsmith. At present the outlook for a successful "run" is as brilliant as last year. There is an innovation this year as regards seating arrangements; there are to be reserved seats for seventy-five and general seats for fifty cents instead of there being all fifty cent seats as previously.

On Friday morning, March seventh, Professor Potter was the speaker. Professor Potter is a professor at the Harvard Dental School and therefore gave a lecture on teeth to the school supplementing Dr. Goldthwaite's talk on "the carriage of the body." The speaker declared that good teeth were important for three reasons: good appearance, good articulation, and the proper chewing of food. The chief enemy of the teeth is lactic acid which eats away the teeth. This lactic acid comes from food in the teeth which is not brushed away. One of the best ways to improve the teeth is to chew nuts and hard foods. Professor Potter declared that in some Brookline schools there was only five per cent of the pupils whose teeth did not need attention. This talk is the second of a series of talks which promises to be interesting and beneficial.

Now that the winter athletic season is over, Baseball, Outdoor Track and Crew are about to come to the front. Baseball practise has been held in the gymnasium for a month and over. Those of the crew have also had their daily practice at the gymnasium under the management of Captain Newton. The baseball men are now about to begin their schedule of games which manager McGillen has arranged, and the crew will soon be enjoying the rippling wavelets of the Charles.

The baseball veterans of the Championship Team of 1912 which we can count upon to do good work for the team this year are Thielscher, Rowe, Kerr and Paine. Beside these notables, a goodly amount of new material has presented itself, which, under the instruction of Henry Carrell, bids fair to constitute a strong team for this season.

At a meeting held by the men of last year's team now attending school, Karl Thielscher was elected Baseball Captain, to take the place of Harry Denning.

No cuts will be made until the second week of outdoor baseball practice, as, although the squad is a large one, Coach Carrell desires to give the best opportunities possible to each fellow for making the team.

Those trying for the team are:

PITCHERS—Capron, Dexter, Arthur, Kendrick, McCarthy.

CATCHERS—McNeilly, R. Kelley, Healey, Strain.

First Base—Rowe, Thode, F. Gleason, Bird.
Second Base—Paine, Price, Kickham, Stevens.
Third Base—Thielscher, Taylor, Keefe, Purcel, T. Atkinson.
Short Stop—Kerr, Dewey, *Reinherz, Sullivan.
Left Field—Holton Robbins, Merrill, H. Craig, R. Phillips.
Center Field—J. Twiss, Tyler, St. Thomas, J. Craig, Campbell, Mealey.
Right Field—M. Twiss, Knowles, Hyde, Myers, Parker, Kimball, Smith, Baldes.

BASE BALL SCHEDULE

April		
Wednesday, 9.	Noble and Greenough	Dexter's Field.
Wednesday, 16.	Woburn High	Brookline
Saturday, 19, A.M.	B. H. S. Alumni	Brookline
Wednesday, 23.	Harvard Freshmen	Cambridge
Saturday, 26.	Rindge Technical School	Brookline
Wednesday, 30.	Chelsea	Brookline
May		
Saturday, 3.	Open	
Wednesday, 7.	Pomfret	Pomfret
Wednesday, 14.	Commerce	Brookline
Saturday, 17.	Open	
Wednesday, 21.	Boston Latin	Brookline
Saturday, 24.	Roxbury Latin	Brookline
Tuesday, 27.	Lynn Classical	Lynn
Friday, 30	Newton (Exhibition Game)	Newton
June		
Monday, 2.	Boston College High	Locust St.
Friday, 6.	Cambridge (League Game)	Cambridge
Tuesday, 10.	Newton (League Game)	

B. H. S. CREW

Two cuts have been made in the crew squad by Captain Newton. Those who have survived Tom's rigorous eye are

Cooley, Dusossoit, O'Connor, Mealey, Potter, Hunneman, Litchfield, Morrison, Young, J. de Forest, E. Phillips, Jouannet, P. Johnson, C. Clark, Jackson, McLaughlin and S. Young are out for coxswain.

TUMBLING TEAM

Saturday evening, March 22, the B. H. S. Tumbling Team took part in an exhibition held in the Newton Drill Shed. Our team was composed of "Flo" Dusossoit, Dexter Hunneman, S. Nixon, Adis Nelson and Sed Bowditch. "Flo" Dusossoit and Dexter Hunneman specialized with parallel bars, while the rest of the team did work on the horse and some tumbling stunts. "Flo" Dussosoit also did some very fine stunts on the horizontal bars and rings.

Saturday, April 5th, there will be an Interscholastic Gym. Meet held at the Harvard Gymnasium. The Brookline Team will compete, and we have a good chance to win.

OUTDOOR TRACK

Regular Outdoor Track Practice will begin immediately after the Easter Vacation. If the weather permits, short cross-country runs will be taken during the week previous to the vacation under the charge of Captain Case. It is hoped that everyone who is at all interested in this line of athletics will come out and do his best for his school. There is a great scarcity of hurdlers, broad jumpers, high jumpers, also the remaining events offer splendid opportunity for track aspirants to make the team. All you fellows who have headaches continually and feel sick generally, better join the squad. A little out-door air seldom does one harm, and who knows but you might become a star by summer?

A meeting of the Boston Interscholastic Rowing Association was held last month at which English High, Boston Latin, Commerce, Cambridge Latin, Rindge Technical and Brookline High were represented. Tom Newton was elected president.

The Ghost of Snake Hollow

The beginning of this story antedates the "war." The trouble began before the northern invaders had made broad trails of desolation across the fair face of the sunny south. The setting of this tale is in the mountains of Tennessee, a little known and rugged region even to this day. In a wild glen known as Snake Hollow or more simply, "th' Holler," was a little log cabin where two brothers lived in solitude and mystery, miles from the nearest neighbor. One day a traveller sought refreshment at the cabin only to find it apparently deserted. Imagine his horror upon entering to find the decaying corpse of one of the brothers literally pinned against the wall by an old rifle bayonet which had passed through his breast and gone an inch into the pine. On the floor around the upturned table lay a heap of well-thumbed cards, some of them a dirty red from the victim's blood. There was every evidence of the hasty flight of the other brother who was, beyond doubt, the murderer.

The hollow became a thing of dread and horror even in daylight and was shunned by all travellers. It had a powerful effect upon the superstitious spirits of the neighorhood who shuddered at the thought of the hollow and who delighted to tell stories of how the unburied skeleton would lift itself off the rusted bayonet on which it hung and go dancing through the glen at night, clad in a ghastly bluish radiance. A touch of romance had been added by the fact that a "moonshine" still had been discovered in a deep cave near the cabin. A few years after, the murdered man's brother was found dead on the door-step, a little round hole in the middle of his forehead, and a rusty pistol under his moldy hand. Another tragedy added to the gruesome tale of the Snake Hollow cabin.

Now the gossips amplified their stories. It was said that the two ghosts were seen quarreling and fighting as in real life, years previous.

The war of the Rebellion soon followed, and gave the mountaineers another subject for discussion, as they sat by their fireplaces of an evening, which excluded all other topics. The war ended, and the years passed on until the tale of the Snake Hollow cabin was almost obliterated from the minds of the old settlers. A few years ago it was revived.

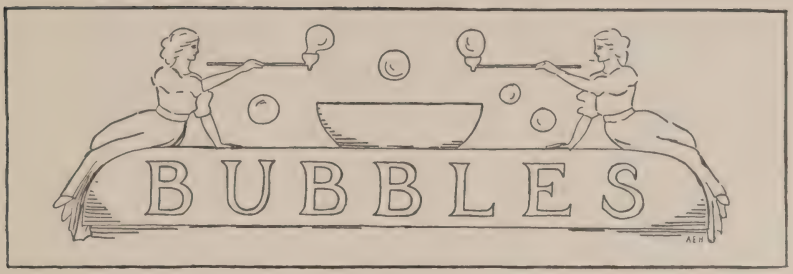
Jeb Peters a huge, hulking, half-witted boy had told his father that he was going after wild turkey and would be back that evening. Evening appeared, but no Jeb. His family did not worry, however, as he was used to the woods and often had had to change his plans and spend the night in the forest. But no Jeb appeared by the next evening, and the worried father made the rounds of his neighbors and led out a search party the next morning. They came upon him about noon in Snake Hollow. His arms were stretched out as though to ward off some horrible creature; his features were drawn and imprinted with abject, awful terror; and his staring eyes were wide open with horror. There was no mark whatsoever upon his body and it was apparent that he had died of fright. But what awful creation could it be, which had inspired such dread? Immediately the district was flooded with tales of the two brothers and that far off quarrel before the "war." Three of the boldest spirits of the neighborhood volunteered to watch the hollow for one night.

The three hid in the bushes at dusk and waited with nerves on edge and rifles ready for any emergency. Now it grew dark and late but nothing happened. Suddenly the three started. What was that? A dull metallic clang was heard which kept up at irregular intervals as though a steel door was being closed and opened, and shut again. The sound, smothered by the earth, came apparently from its very depths in a dull, muffled

fashion. This continued for an hour and then stopped. Out of sheer bravado, the youngest of the three uttered a piercing, yodelling cry. A minute later something, gleaming with a bluish light, slid, swaying from side to side from the interior of the cave out to its mouth. It was the skeleton, enveloped in its traditional blue-white haze. With bristling hair the three fled headlong from the awful sight, dropping their rifles as they ran.

The next day three shamefaced men rather sheepishly told their tale to a United States marshal who eagerly inquired for the details and then looked thoughtful. The upshot of the matter was, that the three led the marshal, the sheriff, and six armed deputies to Snake Hollow that afternoon. Unheeding the warnings of the mountaineers, the party entered the cave boldly. A half hour later the waiting mountaineers beheld the deputies emerging with three handcuffed men. They then entered and helped the marshal and sheriff bring out the crucibles, plates, pots, and the other paraphernalia of a band of expert counterfeiters, together with a number of bogus notes. A rope and pulley attachment explained the moving skeleton, while the phosphorus-rubbed bones explained the uncanny light. The Ghost of Snake Hollow was laid.

R. T. Y., '13.



Talking about the Elegy—Miss Waldo said that it was rather a dreary poem and always seemed to have a Gray pall around it.

Mr. C——l to Roeder—"Are you the Roeder who's absent today?"

Miss S, translating—"How long, O Cicero, are you going to abuse our patience?"

Miss R–ch—"Until about the middle of May, when we take up Virgil."

Liggett's candy-counter girl—"Will you have some honey?"

K——r (coyly)—"Did you say that with a comma after the *some ?*"

My–rs—"Mr. Packard gave a talk on Niagara Falls."

S-l-ng-r—"I should think a platform would be more convenient."

Miss S——g says that essays, such as Carlyle's essay on Burns, are not on live topics. We agree with her; Burns has been dead some time.

K–rr translates *audito Baccho* as "under the influence of wine."

G—dn-w—"I had a friend who played one of the leading roles in the *Tales of Hoffman.* I can't think just what role he played."

Sotto voce—"The *Barcarolle.*"

Miss R-ss—"Translate in French "I did not give him anything."

S-l--g-r arises, but his tongue cleaves to his jaws.

Miss R-ss—"If you don't know 'anything,' say something equivalent to 'nothing.' "

S-l--g-r—"I did."

M-rr-ll—"How did you do tonight's math.?"

S——.—"By superposition."

M-rr-ll—"How can you do that math. by superposition?"

S——.—"I superposed your method onto my paper."

Dr-sc-ll speaks of "a flock of oxen." How would a bevy of birds or a herd of ships fit in?"

At the football mass meeting some months back, Mr. P—d said that as the football players had made such good beginnings he hoped they would make good ends.

An Appeal to the Track Team.

A springy motion in his gait,
A rising step did indicate
Of health and form, no common rate;
He warms the bench.

I never saw so smooth a stride,
He seems to leap, or fly, or glide
And pass the rest by a margin wide—
But he's down in French.

P. S. We would apologize to C. Lamb, but he's dead.

Dr. R——s—"Where is the island of the Phæcians?"

M-l-wn-y—"On the other side of Greece."

We agree with Mr. B——. The verb ***savoir*** is a handy verb to know.

Mr. B—— also says that "***feu***" is not a very amiable adjective, as it never agrees with the noun it modifies.

A—y—"A chicken crossed the street at Coolidge corner and everyone in Savage's rubbered out of the window."

L-hrb-r-r—"Yes, the savage instinct."

J-nks—"Going to the dance to-night?"

Sn-w—"No, I have a cold and I'd feel rotten dancing around with a cold in my head."

J-nks (brilliantly)—"Dance with a girl then."

Notice—Some girls are worse than a cold in the head.

I really shall do the Steve Brodie act soon
When I've drained all the juice from the spiggots *;
For there's nothing to do on a bum afternoon
But hold up the lamp-post at Liggett's.

E——y bet a dollar against a pair of baseball shoes on the Brookline-St. Mark's game with a Southboro gink. Brookline lost and Emery won the shoes. They were both rights!

Heard at the pageant—"Who says that winter is a short season?"

---

* NOTE—Spiggotts was the only word we could think of that rhymes with Liggett's.

English, Scottish and Irish Folk-Songs

A recital of folk-songs, as presented in early Victorian costume by the Misses Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller, of Sturminster, Newton, Dorset, England, will be given in Shailer Hall of the Brookline High School on the evening of Monday, April 7th, at 8 o'clock.

The entertainment is to be given to increase the scholarship fund established by the Tau Beta Beta Society. The object of this fund is to maintain one or more graduates of the Brookline High School at a higher institution of learning. At present the Society has a beneficiary at Simmons College.

The recital to be given this year is not new to the Boston public or to the country at large. At present the Misses Fuller have entertained the most enthusiastic audiences at the New England Conservatory of Music, the Twentieth Century Club and and American Drama Society, and Boston University. In New York they have successfully appeared at the Little Theatre, National Arts Society, the McDowell Club and Columbia University. Beside entertainments both in homes and ball rooms of of the leading hotels, they have appeared at Bryn Mawr, Smith, Radcliffe, Amherst and other colleges.

The interest of the Fullers in folk songs was born, of course, from their intimate knowlege and love, but it was fostered by the enthusiastic zeal of Cecil Sharp, one of England's prominent musicians who gave up all his other aims, after he returned from Australia in 1905, and saw the Oxford Morria dancers, in order to further the work of Folk-song conversation. He has given of late years something like seventy lectures annually, all of them illustrated by the songs themselves, and at some of these the Misses Fuller have sung for him. After a little it was necessary to take up less localized songs which have been published in great numbers, and add those from other counties than Dorset, their

native county. Dorset is the county to the east of Devon, a little market town in the vale of Blackmore. It owns to a bit of that rich history connecting Glastonbury with the traditions of the Holy Grail, and it is a fitting place for the growth of the legendary, the primitive, and the romantic.

The best musical critics have enthusiastically approved the performance and the performers. One said, "Of the songs representing various phases of life in 'Merrie England' the audience exhibited a special liking for the numbers treating of love, as that emotion is common to the counties of New York and Queens as well as those of Dorset and Devonshire. A particular favorite was 'My man John,' in which that servant urged the master to persevere in his wooing until his romantic lady capitulated to the offer of the 'Keys of My Heart' after having spurned mere material offerings. Another amusing love song was 'O No, John,' which was the ejaculation of a young girl bidden by her father always to say 'No' which John artfully turned into an affirmative by skilfully reversing his questions. Some of the songs of the 'unhappy lovers' were little melodramas in lyric form."

The Boston Transcript in reviewing this entertainment a year ago commented thus: "The singing of the Misses Fuller was exquisite. There was nothing of the drawing room or of the studio about their voices. They maintained completely the straightforward objectiveness necessary to folk-music, never for a moment seeming to be superior to the songs or to the personalties in their own right. The important thing was to get the song distinctly, simply, and joyously. The accompaniments by Miss Cynthia Fuller played on a small harp of somewhat archaic structure, were extremely skilful and closely in spirit of the tune. The evening was one of pure delight."

Tickets are to be on sale with Miss Elizabeth Ward, 156 Tappan St., Brookline, Paine's Stationary Store, Harvard Square, Woman's Exchange, Coolidge Corner, Brookine High School, and at the door. Prices, one dollar, seventy-five, and fifty cents.

Exchanges

The SAGAMORE acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges this month.

Mid-year numbers of DYNAMO, Newton, and THE IRVONIAN, Tarrytown, New Jersey.

For February— THE BULLETIN, New Jersey; THE QUILL, Passaic High, New Jersey; KERAMOS, Ohio; THE BERKELEY FOLIO, New York City; HIGH SCHOOL HERALD, Hartford, Connecticut, and the DEAN MEGAPHONE, Franklin, Massachusetts.

As always you are to be congratulated, MEGAPHONE, on your excellent publication. Your stories are good and your jokes quite new and refreshing.

The absence of advertisements, DYNAMO, puts you in a class by yourself and one that many of us might join with advantage.

KERAMOS: Your stories are quite the best we received this month. Keep on and your last number will be worth a leather binding.

Your cover, BULLETIN, is decidedly patriotic, but your stories seem very childish for a paper of your years.

Alumni Notes

'04. Earle Hobart has a position with the Standard Oil Co., in China.

'06. "Mac" Price and Dorothy Gooding Price '06 have a baby girl.

'06. "Don" Williamson married a Chicago girl this winter.

'07. Carl Whittier is working for the Locomobile Company of Boston.

'07. William K. Smith is engaged to Evelyn Comer '11.

'10. Alice Brownell is a gymnasium instructor at Smith.

Ex'-13. Mildred Atwood is taking a course at Farmer's.

'10. Allen Dexter entertained at Princeton College Handy and Jouannett, our representatives at the swimming meet, at Princeton, last February.

Elsie Price has announced her engagement to Gardner Whitney.

Tufts College Medical School Tufts College Dental School

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Volume 19 MAY, 1913 Number 7

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XX MAY, 1913 NUMBER 7

Editorials

THE Co-operative idea which is springing up into more or less prominence is not new to the High School. The bond of mutual assistance which exists between the various departments does much to further friendly intercourse and cements the different branches of study into one harmonious whole. The work done by Miss Stone of the Art Department and Miss Smith of the Science Department is a striking example of concurrence. The combination of the artistical and the practical is infinitely better than either alone. Again, not only do we study drama in the English Course, but also in the French. Thus Miss Spaulding and Mr. Brooks have demonstrated the value of helping each other. The Manual Training Building strengthens its bonds with the High School proper by just such interchanging of aid. Nor should we forget Miss Young, who is everlastingly alert for an opportunity of co-operation. The co-operative idea has proved successful in every instance. Why, then, not make its influence wider? A combination of some Physics in the Language Departments and some Language in the Physics Course would be of invaluable good. Pupils could gain a scientific knowledge from the French and German in the original; vice versa, they could in-

crease their familiarity with the language through their work in Physics. The sooner this intercourse takes place, the sooner will there be an increased efficiency. "Increase your efficiency," the world cries. Co-operation affords the opportunity. Should we let it pass?

The exception proved the rule again when lighting struck twice in the same place, the tower of the High School being the victim for the second time. Thanks to the efficiency of the town's fire fighting force an opportunity has been lost to write a heart-rending editorial concerning the destruction of the High School on the very early morning of April 5. Some people would have been delighted if a part of the High School had been destroyed, for in the library are all the records—not only of the present classes, but also of the past. If the fire had reached the library, the Class of 1913 would have had the unique record of having every one of its members receive a diploma, because, the records lost, what evidence was there of a pupil's four year record? The present cabinets which hold the records are perfectly good cabinets but—they are not fire proof. For the insignificant cost which fire proof cabinets would occasion, it seems criminal that the Town of Brookline should take so little care of its school records. Some day lightning will strike for the third time; then after the records are destroyed—they will put in fire proof cabinets. Why not now?

How to Remember a Thing You Have Forgotten

THERE are many and varied processes, all of equal horse-power and weight, useful in holding the memory up to its mark and fulfilling the need stated in the ponderous title. In plain English there are numerous schemes of equal efficiency which may be utilized to accomplish the end desired. There are four distinct major methods, all of which are in great vogue. First, comes that hoary-headed old fellow, to wit: a piece of string attached to the finger. Second, comes the expedient of telephoning some responsible person. Third on the list is the mental gymnastic method, one which usually ends by the gymnast going crazy just to relieve his mind. And last but not least, is the idea of remembering not to forget. I might say that this is the hardest of them all. My purpose in writing on the subject stated above is, primarily to please the teacher; and then to give my readers a complete plan of what they will have to stand in the next three pages.

To proceed to the first method; namely, that of tieing a bit of string to the finger. This method is very popular. Indeed, I have known men to have three strings on their fingers at the same time, and then to gaze absently from one to the other to remember which was the one for a can of gasoline and which was for a bottle of perfume. Still others quietly slip off the offending string, go about their business calmly and quietly, and go home to their expectant wives equally free of bundles or any qualms of conscience. In fact, the string method is almost absolutely universal, from the demure little Chinee to the jolly German.

The telephone method next engages our attention. Which means, gentle reader, that we shall devote ourselves exclusively to this plan for as much time and space as I can cover. This

method is very easy provided one doesn't forget the telephone number; but then finding it in the telephone directory is reasonably simple, provided one remembers his name. This device is limited however, if one is at the north pole or in the park, as I have heard that there are no telephones in either of the places.

In the third method there are strict rules to be followed. One must do the right thing at the right time or be irrevocably doomed to disappointment. First, the brow shall be violently wrinkled.

Next, the hands shall be run through the hair (N. B., this article is not meant to be read by men lacking in this adornment). The head should be scratched violently (N. B., any one can do this). After such stimulation of the mentality, the victor may go out and buy the five-cent spool of thread desired; then he may go to some theatre to ward off an impending brain storm.

Now, last but not least, how to remember not to forget. This is the most important treatise of them all, Professor Bigdome says, in his little essay in two volumes "On the effects of Cerebral Revolutions upon the Cerebellum," that in order to remember not to forget one must follow a certain formula. This formula consists in sitting down for one hour to repeat the name of the article required and then to send a messenger boy for the aforesaid article. After dealing with this subject in all its phases and considering it all over, I recommend that all my readers should read the classic essay of Professor Bigdome.

As I now embark upon the last lap I wish to state for the benefit of those who have not grasped the conclusion at which I have been aiming that I have conclusively concluded the developement, and plan thereof, of this little chef-d'oeuvre. Which means in plain English that I have practically finished.

These subjects are fit for a great orator or a second

Shakespeare and not designed for such a poor, microscopic, infinitesimal grain of sand as I am. But having strived and struggled, moiled and toiled on the subject I make my adieu to you all, hoping that in future time some one will point to my grave and say, "There lies a great man. In his own time nobody appreciated him, not even his teacher. A genius would have blossomed out if he had but received an A in English."

W. O'B. '13.

Ed. note: He did—later.

Saved by the Bell

Many a time and oft, the bell
  Has saved me when I would have fell.
I hear it ring—my heart's relieved
  And with its sound my mind is freed.

With five or six things to prepare—
  'Tis more than anyone can bear—
My lesson toward the end's not done
  As through the alphabet they run.

Miss A, and B, then C, D, E,
  They rise, recite, and get a D
When nervous and with bated breath
  The bell has saved me from my death.

A——.

The Life of Cicero

IT goes without saying that many worthier pens than mine have essayed to record the deeds and misdeeds of Marcus Tullius Cicero. Some have drawn him sympathetically, others harshly ; some have elaborated upon his public career, others upon his private life ; and yet others not at all. I belong to the latter class, for I do not take up my pen to tell my readers of the life and achievements of the late M. T. Cicero, who had his head removed in some little trouble with a gentleman named Anthony, but to relate to you the life history of Cicero, a black cat, who lived in classic Boston instead of classier Rome.

Cicero, coal black in color, first saw the light of day in a Back Bay house in company with four other kittens. As the fates would have it he was the only one of the four who did not have to try swimming in the nearby Charles. The first eight months of his life were singularly uneventful, being spent for the most part behind the kitchen stove. It was in the early summer that his troubles began. Like many other Back Bay cats who had in winter time looked down in sovereign disdain upon the plebeian street cats he was now compelled to shift for himself.

At first it came hard to support himself, and he grew lean and slabsided, but later he learned how to forage and fight. He was able to get an occasional sparrow or pigeon, but for the most part, he subsisted on refuse and scraps. His resonant alto was very popular amid the feline chorus as they wailed and yowled their cadenced songs of woe indescribable, or of exulting joy and triumph. Though Cicero's voice improved, his appearance did not ; now one ear was chewed to rags and the other was almost as bad. His coat of fur presented a rather seedy appearance with bald spots where great tufts of hair had been violently removed.

He walked in a rather halting fashion, thanks to a small boy and a large "brick." This did not interfere with his fighting ability however ; the laws of nature are harsh and he soon learned

to defend himself. To have seen him with upturned whiskers, ears laid back, eyes round, and swollen tail lashing from side to side he would have looked like a black tiger spitting forth his wrath. Nights as he patrolled the fences, a beautiful target for stones thrown by enraged servants, and for the admiring glances of the gentler sex of his race, his best efforts were loosed. At times his voice could descend, only to rise in a crescendo wail to high C and then down again. His caterwauling expressed the whole gamut of the emotions from deepest sorrow to most exulting joy.

When the fall came and his family showed up again no Cicero appeared. In fact there was no Cicero, it was "scat, you brute" or "run away." That fall the cats were particularly pestilent and many house holders declared their intentions of shooting them. Late one night the singing Cicero showed himself against the yellow harvest moon, a waiting shotgun roared, and the next day the placid Charles bore the corpse of a black cat in its embrace.—FINIS.

R. T. Y. '13.

My Cousin as an Editor

My cousin is eight years old, and a very industrious boy. He saw me trying to write a short story one day, and asked me what I was doing. I told him I was writing for the Sagamore, and he asked me if he could write also. I said he could, and three days later received the following.

HOW I'D SPEND FIVE DOLLARS

If I had five dollars to spend I'd go and buy two ice cream sodas and two college ices, which would make twenty cents. Then I'd get a half-a-dozen cakes and a half-a-dozen eclairs, which would make thirty cents. I'd also buy two pounds of candy beans, which would make twenty cents. Then I'd buy a pound of chocolates, which would take thirty cents more. Then I'd get a doctor, and his bill would take the other four.

J. G. N. '14.

Bubbles

PONS ASINORUM

One more unfortunate
Weary of gym,
Left home his key
So, it's six laps for him.

You may bluff through your lessons
And get C or B,
But you just bet your life
You can't kid H. G. C.

Speaking of pons asinorum. We asked Salinger if he had had the pons asinorum yet and he replied sweetly, no, that he wasn't taking Latin.

Miss S—"What is the most striking scene in this chapter?
Growl from the underworld—"The guillotine scene."

A room 8 translation—"He was stabbed in the vittles."

Mr. C—"What unit of measure would you use to measure the top of the desk?"
M-ll-wn-y—"A ruler."

Miss B—"What gender is letter?"
Ein kluger Schuler—"Male."

Mr. C-l—"Adduction and induction of legs. Do not raise more than two feet from the floor."

Mr. C-l, also questioning the class on physiology, places his hand on a soft spot ten degrees below his neck. "Is my hand on my liver?"
Wise Guy—"No, it's on your jersey."

Furibund fiery assails me
And I throw a ruffled glance,
At the guy, who comes by, in an auto
And splashes mud over my pance.

Miss S—"What do we get out of art."

Jimmy Valentine, Jr.—"Two pencils, a perfectly good eraser, a ruler, and a compass." We can draw our own conclusions.

K-rr (translating)—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck-er-that's as far-er-as I got."

Yes, Norman, if we may express our humble opinion, that was quite far enough.

Heard over the phone—S-l-n-r—"Hello, Eugene."

R-m-s-y—"Hello, Eu boob."

Ehrl-ch—(reciting the months)—"Janvier, Fevrier, Mars, Avril, etc."

Sch-ll-nb-rg's hand is seen violently waving.

Miss H—"What is it?"

Schell- - etc—"He left out Tuesday."

The same gentleman to Handy—"Hey, got a comb, handy?"

A BALLAD

I was riding in a street car
Squeezed in with thousands more
Upon the forward platform
Jammed up against the door.

The car neared its destination;
The chauffeur turned the crank,
When some big boob sneaked up behind
And gave the door a yank.

Then I was filled with righteous rage
As I tumbled to the floor,
And I swore eternal vengeance
On the guy who pulled the door.
"Wap."

On a theme—"Actions are better than deeds."

L-hrb-rg-r—"Yes, charge and I'll take it."
Jordan's Verkauferinn—"Have you got the coin?"
S-l-ng-r (brightly)—"No, because if he did he'd pay for it, see!"

Mr. C—"Bemis, you may take the corner seat."
There being four corners to each and every class-room, (room 19 included) Bemis has been shipped to the vivisectionist's.

Miss S—"What force is trying to stem the craze for speed of the present generation?"
Studens sapiens—"The force of gravity."

Miss S, noch einmal—"What are some of the main events of Shelley's life?"
Hen Rymerrill—"He died in a boat."

M-ll-wn-y (translating French) "The brigands had death full of hands."

L-hrb-rg-r—"I should think the prompter in the Yellow Jacket would have a hard job."
My-rs (falls for it)—"Why?"
L—"Because the actors miss their cues."

H-ght-n—"Come on up to the corner."
L—"I can't, I have a pressing engagement."
H-ght-n—"Well, you might introduce me."
L—"Oh, nothing like that, I am just bringing my suit to the tailor's."

Heard in III English A—"Dryden wrote Alexander's Ragtime feast."

Miss B—"What is, wiegen?"
Miss Kr-g-r—"To rock."
Miss B—"Well, what is, eine Wiege?"
Miss Kr-g-r—"A rock."

We swore we wouldn't print any exchange
Bubbles but this is too good to keep.
The "Salvation Army Glide." Dance on your
heels and save your soul.

Mr. H electrified the school the other day with a review of current events.

After the debate—Sw-tt—"Well, I'm not going to do any more Latin this year."

Dr. R—"Well, that won't be much less than you've done so far this year."

Miss W—"Yes, Irving wrote the stage coach story. Has anybody read it?"

B-tl-r—"I haven't read about the stage coach but I can imagine how it goes."

Dr. R—"Driscoll, you don't use your gray matter enough, that's the matter."

Miss A—"What is the word for 'Danube,' in German."
Helpless—"Dunno."

POSITIVELY THE LAST OFFENSE

Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
I think of school the day before
And the mem'ry starts to hound me.
Of French and Math,
The teacher's wrath

When I could not recite,
The Dutch and Greek
Which I can't speak
And never could get right.

Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
I think of school the coming day
And the idea starts to hound me.
Prima luce trucidabatur.

Resolved : that there should be a board of umpires to settle all strikes.

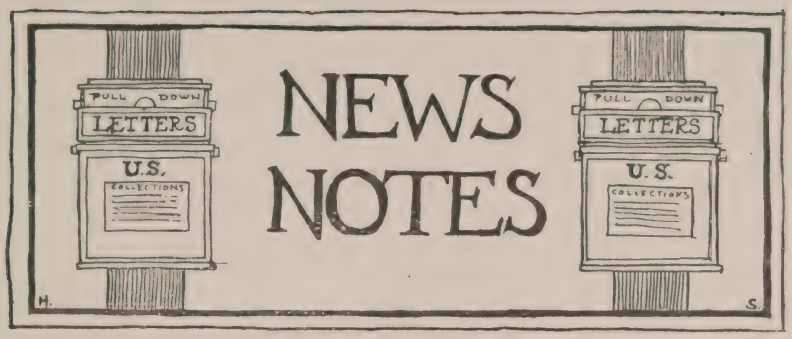
H Latin A—"He distributed each soldier in equal divisions to the cohorts."

From room 9—(translation)—"After he had drunk two bottles of red wine he was in the best of spirits."

Miss M—" I will now pass the punch down the aisle."
Dr R—"Don't you hear the bell, boys?"

Newspaper extract—"Lightning fires Brookline High School Tower."
We really thought that Mr. H—was the only one to do that.

Freshman French foolishness—"Cinq semaines en ballon." "Five nights in a barroom."



Calendar

May 3, Sat.	Baseball, St. Mark's vs. B. H. S.
May 10, Sat.	Baseball, Pomfret vs. B. H. S.
May 14, Wed.	Baseball, Commerce vs. B. H. S.
May 17, Sat.	Baseball, open.
May 21, Wed.	Baseball, Boston Latin vs. B. H. S.
May 23, Fri.	Finals of Prize Speaking.
May 24, Sat.	Baseball, Roxbury Latin vs B. H. S.
May 27, Tues.	Baseball, Lynn Classical H. S. vs. B. H. S.
May 30, Fri.	Baseball, Exhibition Game, Newton vs. B. H. S.
June 2, Mon.	Baseball, Boston College H. S. vs. B. H. S.
June 3, Tues.	Preliminary Crew Races.
June 5, Thurs.	Final Heats of Crew Races.
June 6, Fri.	Class Day.
June 10, Tues.	Baseball, Newton vs. B. H. S. League Game.

On Friday morning, April eighteenth, Mr. Louis K. Rourke, Commissioner of Public Works for the city of Boston, spoke to the school on the subject of the Panama Canal. He said that an engineer of Balboa, the man who had first seen the Pacific Ocean by crossing the isthmus, wrote upon the practicability of a canal

across Panama. Since that early time many others have schemed of a canal but have failed. Notable among these were the French people who, under the leadership of DeLesseps, sunk $300,000,000 in the project, only one-half of which reached Panama at all. Mr. Rourke painted the story of the Panama Canal since the United States took hold in graphic word pictures. He told how our government had improved the canal zone and gave a few statistics about the canal. When he ended, "our applause showed our appreciation to the speaker."

The Senior Class held a very important meeting Thursday, April seventeenth. Julian Spitz, editor-in-chief of the Sagamore, spoke, explaining the necessity for money for the Graduation number of the Sagamore. The class voted that the balance of the seventy-five dollars now in the class treasury be paid to the Sagamore for the Graduation number after all the expenses of the Senior dance shall have been paid. Hence it is necessary for the Senior dance to clear expenses at least in order to insure the Graduation Sagamore. As the Senior class did not support the dance as well as it might have the tickets were placed on sale, as decided before, at 1:30 P.M. Monday, April twenty-first, being open for purchase to Juniors and Sophomores.

Marguerite Ayres, '15, Mary Hyland, '15, Mary McCullum, '15, Mildred Price, '16, Raymond Bemis, '14, George McLaughlin, '14, Charles Daley, '15, and Homer Snow, '15, proved that they were best qualified for the finals of Prize Speaking, which will occur on the evening of Friday, May 23.

George Clark, chairman of the committee, announces Class Day for Friday, June 6.

The first debate of the interclass series was held March 27, between the Seniors and the Juniors. The question read as follows:— "That there should be a Board of Arbitration before which all labor disputes in Massachusetts must be settled." The Juniors

who were represented by Merrill and Jackson took the affirmative, while the Seniors, who boasted of O'Brien and Kaiser, supported the negative side of the question. Dr. Roberts as judge and critic, gave his decision to the negative after a close and spirited debate. The house confirmed his decision by also voting for the negative

The second debate of the interclass series was held April 3, between the Sophomores and the Freshmen. In an extremely close argument Salinger and Woodbury, '15, bested Porter and Cook, '16, on the question: Resolved:—That the United States should retain permanent possession of the Philippine Islands. Porter's rebuttal was the feature of the debate. Miss Churchill gave her decision to the affirmative; the house split its vote, the negative receiving one more supporter than the affirmative.

The final interclass debate was held in Shailer Hall on Friday morning, April 25. Kaiser and O'Brien, '13, proved to the satisfaction of two of the three judges that Salinger and Woodbury, '15, were wrong when they maintained "That United States coastwise vessels should be exempt from Panama Canal tolls." As shown by the votes of the three judges, Miss Waldo, Mr. Case, and Mr. Chisholm, the debate was almost even. The Sophomores easily outclassed the Seniors in their manner of presentation, but the latter's arguments more than brought the balance to dip in their favor. This victory makes the third interclass championship which the Class of 1913 has won.

In the second of the girls' interclass debating series, Dorothy Rhodes and Madeleine Hunt, '13, defeated Georgia Churchill and Alice Stewart, '14, on the question, Resolved:—That the Brookline High School should adopt the point system. The victors upheld the negative. Miss Rich acted as judge.

T. S. D's L'Envoi

When I consider how that sonnet must
Be finished ere this evening's past,
When I remember how Miss S. will fuss
If I don't do it, then my heart beats fast,
The hand that holds my pen doth tremble
And scatters ink-blots o'er the clean white page.
Does she expect such genius from our class ?
I fondly ask. But Patience, to assuage
That murmur, soon replies, Who knows
But that a budding poet lies
Unnoticed in our midst ? Such tasks,
Though others toil to fruitless ends,
May show to him his hidden talent,
While all night long I toil unceasingly.

The Recess Hour

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Between the fourth and fifth periods,
When time is going still slower,
Comes a pause in the school's occupation,
That is know as the Recess Hour.

I hear in the hallway above me,
The shuffle of many feet,
The sound of doors that are opened
And voices nor soft nor sweet.

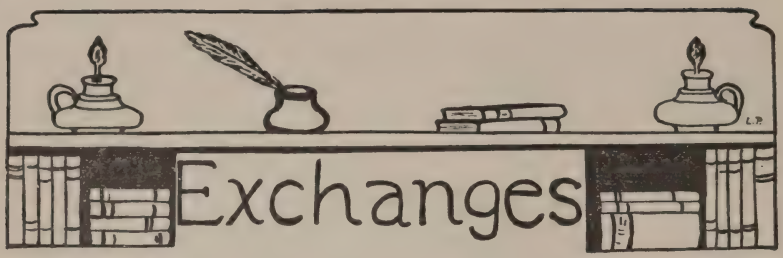
A sudden rush for the stairways,
A sudden raid from the halls !
By many doors left unguarded,
They enter the lunch room walls.

A—

The baseball season being now in full swing, one is enabled to form an opinion concerning the prospects of this team of 1913. Such an opinion would certainly be of a most favorable nature, as in the three games which have been played up to date, many fine demonstrations of good ball have been witnessed.

Last year, as you all remember, we not only won the championship of the League but walked away with the State Championship. Let us all hope that our team may prove as successful this season, which at the present time does not look at all improbable.

The first game of the season came on Wednesday, April 9, on Dexter's Field. Brookline proved herself to be quite superior to the Noble and Greenough team, when she easily obtained a victory of 10-0 over her opponent. In the next game, which took place April 19th the Alumni was compelled to acknowledge that the present team has received some very good instruction in team play and has certainly benefited thereby. We were again victorious, making a score of 6 to 2. The third game, which, although it did not turn out a victory for us, pointed out a few weak spots and taught several individuals, that errors however insignificant they may seem, pile up very quickly and help the other team most decidedly toward winning the game. In this game Brookline met defeat at the hands of the Harvard Freshman team. Rindge was the next to prove unable to show superiority over our home team, yet the game proved to be interesting from start to finish.



Owing to vacation many of our exchanges have not appeared as yet, but let us hope they are not lost, just mislaid. So for this month we have received :

The Vexillum, which, as always, is right to the point in all it had to say. Its motto might well be "Brevity is the soul of wit."

Yale Record: Welcome and welcome again. Your cover was a pleasant surprise after so many prosaic dull ones. And the inside amply carried out the promise of the cover.

The Megaphone: You were prompt as usual and your Alumni number was well carried out from cover to cover.

We acknowledge with thanks the following : Latin School Register, Keramos, Harvard Monthly, and The Oracle.

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Volume 19 JUNE, 1913 Number 8

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SAGAMORE BOARD

The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XX JUNE, 1913 NUMBER 8

Editorial

"IF we choose to represent the various parts in life by holes upon a table, of different shapes—some circular, some triangular, some square; some oblong—and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, the oblong into the triangular, and a square person has squeezed himself into the round hole. The officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, seldom fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other."

—*Sidney Smith.*

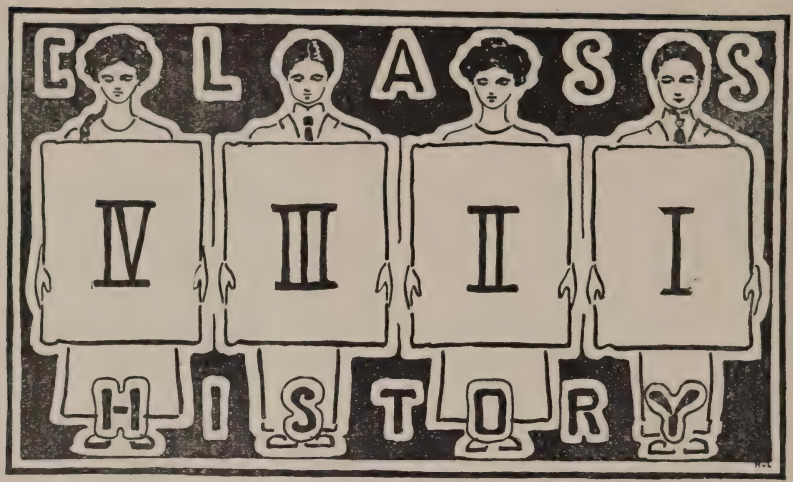
Classmates, the world now calls us and we must answer. We have today left behind us the fostering care of our Alma Mater. From now on we must act for ourselves. It is our duty to justify the concern which the Brookline High School has lavished upon us, and to make ourselves an honor to all those interested in our welfare. There are many obstacles in this path to honor; foremost among them is the square person in the round hole. Let us seek out our vocations; let us search until we shall have found that which is most suitable for us. Let us not be content that we are doing something; our purpose in life should be to do *the* thing. Let the triangular person fit into the

triangle, the oblong into the oblong, the square into the square, and the circular into the circle! May the officer and the office, the doer and the thing done, fit so exactly that we can say they were almost made for each other!

WITH Mr. Hitchcock's resignation, the town has lost a good citizen, the High School an efficient head, and the pupils a man in whom are found the two qualities which the average boy and girl most appreciate—firmness and squareness. The Town of Brookline loses a good citizen, a man who found time to interest himself in nineteen organizations besides the management of the High School. The High School loses an efficient head, a man under whose capable administration the School has flourished until it now stands second to none. The pupils lose a friend who took the keenest interest in all their affairs, a man strict in his enforcement of the laws of the School, but always just and fair in his dealings with all. The mass meeting which was held in May showed what the spirit of each and every member of the High School is towards Mr. Hitchcock and how they appreciate what he has done for them. The Faculty, too, has given testimony of its appreciation. His friends, his fellow-townsmen, his students, everybody with whom he has come in contact, regret the step which he has taken. At the same time, they rejoice that such an opportunity as the vice-chairmanship of Pratt Institute affords, has come to him. The new office upon which Mr. Hitchcock will enter, offers to him the kind of work he most prefers—namely, administrative. The SAGAMORE, speaking for the High School, can do no more than to wish him the same splendid success in his new undertaking which has always marked his efforts.

ALLEN POTTER

CLASSMATES: We are about to leave this school which for four years has been the centre of our work and pleasure. In accordance to custom we plant this ivy. To some it may seem to be a vine of little moment, but to us it is the symbol of the best class of all time. As we hope this plant will grow, trained and supported by these walls, to excel all others in vigor and beauty, so let us strive, strengthened and equipped by our life in this school, to make the record of this Class of 1913 surpass all others in honor and attainment.



EDWARD P. GOODNOW

It is customary in a history of this kind, I believe, to extol one's class to the heavens, to assume a haughty attitude toward all other classes and, in short, to play the braggart in general. It is my intention, however, to throw convention to the winds in this respect; I shall not claim that our class is the brainiest and brawniest that ever mounted young ambition's ladder, nor yet dilate unseemly upon our unquestionable virtues. I shall be, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man; I shall tell you that which you yourselves do know, merely recount our activities, and bid them speak for me.

It was, then, some four years ago that we first assembled before the august portals of this building. Freshmen we were, yet Freshmen of a different stamp than usual,—not Freshmen that

stood off in awed groups and gazed upon the upper classmen with wonderment, but Freshmen that gathered boldly on the steps and deciphered without hesitation the legend over the door. Our superiors — in experience — marked this attitude and quailed.

Well, we entered. After residing here a month or so, we discovered that, as a body is useless without a head, so we were crippled by the lack of a president. At an early date, therefore, we elected J. Marshall Head to serve the body of us in that capacity. Mildred Atwood was chosen vice-president; Dorothy Rhodes, secretary; and Lawrence Pond, treasurer.

It was not long before we felt that some of our influence was needed on the Sagamore Board, so we elected Manlius Sargent and Monica O'Shea to give it prestige.

Soon, too, the call went out for football candidates. Of course, the stellar luminary of the team was the interclass heirloom, Haven Mason, who had now reached us in his long list of recipients. He, along with Franklin Dexter and a few others, kept the ball a'rolling.

Next, the Debating Club started in on a most auspicious year with a number of us on its list. It is interesting to note that thus early Julian Spitz and Thomas Derr began their large number of joint triumphs by winning for us the school championship over the Seniors of the year. At this time, too, the suffragette fever struck our midst and misses; and the girls formed a Debating Club of their own, which, though it didn't compare with ours, was made promising by the membership of a few of our girls.

We also felt the call of Sport. Some of our boys had a killing time all winter on the rifle team. In hockey, too, we lent the services of two of our talented youths, Hawes and Kelly. And then, just to show that there was no pinnacle too high for us to ascend, an Aero Club was formed with Bryant Hawes as secretary and several of our fellows as prominent members. Again, in the spring, when the baseball season started, all the stars of future years appeared,— stars of purest ray serene, stars whose glimmer

the passing of the centuries shall never dim,—in a word, Kelleher, Denning, Kelly and Dexter. Here, indeed, was a galaxy of talent. Whence, I ask, comes such another?

Dramatics came along and proved too great a temptation for Marion Corlew to withstand. Her triumph was unquestionable. Then Ruth Damon, following in her train, persisted in winning Prize Speaking, thus hoisting our flag of glory another peg on the staff of fame.

And so it went the whole year through. It must by no means be thought that I have chronicled all our activities during the year. Indeed, I have merely chosen the principal conquests,—as they say in Paris, the pieces of resistance. Such, in truth, is ever the historian's fate: to choose the major points of his subject and exclude the infinitude of lustrous minor ones.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

Now the skeptic may say that our Freshman year was an unusually active one. Well, so it was, as classes go; but it served merely as a prologue, an introduction, promoting for us the eternal respect, not to say the superstitious awe of the upper classmen. We came back in 1910, slightly less in numbers—for exclusiveness is the spice of life—but nicely refreshed and ready for action. Being now thoroughly acquainted with our surroundings,—in fact, dominating them as it were,—we started things.

First, we elected a few officers. Lawrence Pond was made president; Dorothy Rnodes, vice-president; Marion Corlew, secretary; and Julian Spitz, treasurer.

Our next action was one of charity. The Freshmen of the year were so morose and discontented that we decided to cheer them up a bit by holding a reception in their honor. The entertainment, consisting in part of the Mandolin Club under the leadership of Bryant Hawes, was so extremely elegant and degage that the youngsters have ever since been in most exuberant spirits.

Early in the year Julian Spitz and Monica O,Shea were chosen

to look after our quarter of the Sagamore. The Aero Club, too, took several of our youths for its leading lights, notably Bryant Hawes as secretary.

For a period we turned our attention to athletics. I will not mention our great private victory—our unprecedented defeat of the Seniors in football—but will merely remark that Denning, Kelleher and Newton won a couple of league football championships for the school. Lawrence Pond, too, managed the tennis team; and a large number of our runners and hoppers donated their services to track. Kelly and Emerson upheld the hockey team, and Chandler still shot cattle in the eye.

The Dramatics, again, were too sirenic in their appeal to keep Monica O'Shea and Marion Corlew from showing the world a thing or two. These twin stars shed a radiant luminosity upon this production which totally eclipsed the brilliancy of all previous constellations.

Straight from our histrionic success, we plunged into another —this time an athletic one. Brookline met Newton in a track meet, and, as the inspired poet of infantile fancy has it, came home dragging the victory behind them. Among our candidates were Spitz, Case, Dexter, Hicks, Swett, etc., all of the class of '13. Directly after that, Swett was one of our peerless debaters who took issue with Newton and came off, as usual, with a laurel wreath surmounting his manly brow.

Soon we contributed our invincible quintet to the baseball team. Kelleher, Denning, Kelly, Paine and Rowe also won a victory or two from Newton.

Next, Prize Speaking brought out four from our ranks. The verdict of the Court was that the defendants all deserved high sentence; but, legal precedent preventing the indictment of a whole nation, judgment was meted out to Mildred Southwick alone.

Along the last of the year, it was decided to have a new cover design for the Sagamore. A thrilling competition was the result,

and ever since we have been monthly inspired by the marvelous creation of Arvin Case's brain.

Arvin's triumph was the last for us that year, and well it was! Had we been blessed with more, we might have suffered a loss of modesty. And that were a loss indeed!

JUNIOR YEAR

We found that ten weeks or so were sufficient to refresh our minds and prepare ourselves for the successes of our third year, and therefore, came back to school in Mid-September. We shook hands with the Seniors, nodded to the Sophomores and gazed with curious eyes upon the Freshmen. And then we set to work. Deeming it once more advisable to have a few officers, we elected Merrill White president, Dorothy Rhodes vice-president, Madeleine Hunt secretary, and Freeman Swett treasurer.

The Sagamore soon fell into our hands. Julian Spitz—Julian of the Mighty Pen—graciously accepted the editorship, while Madeleine Hunt and Stuart Kaiser deigned to edit departments. Four more of our number also aided and abetted as managers and reporters.

Early in the year the Debating Club started with Freeman Swett as vice-president, and Spitz and Paine on the Rhetorical Committee. It is needless to remark that we, via Paine and Derr, won the school championship; and it is quite as superfluous to observe that with the help of the various speakers just mentioned the school added to its many trophies the shield of the Triangular Debating League. The girls, too, were loquacious as ever in their own club.

The Mandolin Club was again revived and placed under the guidance of our versatile friend, Arvin Case. A goodly number of our class musicians aided in the execution.

But amid all these manifold activities we couldn't forget athletics. Indeed, we furnished a whole constellation to the eleven of that year, among whom was Kelleher, unanimously

chosen by the papers for the interscholastic team. "Rad" Stevens also aided by his strenuous activity in the gentle choregic art; and Reynolds inspired us all by the enlivening strains of his famous Ragtime Band. Even the girls helped by selling seventeen dollars worth of candy at one of the games. Then again, the hockey team was ours; the track team was mostly ours; and the tennis and rifle teams were, well, virtually ours. The girls, too, had a lively season on their basketball team.

A great honor befell the class during our third year, in that Ronald Shugg was chosen to represent this district at West Point. It isn't every class that has a boy pass a U. S. A. exam. with highest honors,—but then we are simply we.

Mention must also be made of our youthful Michel Angelo, Antonio Salemme, who set artistic circles agog by his painting and sculpture,—and he didn't have to be a cubist, either.

In the spring Reynolds organized the first of his world-famed Minstrel Shows, a most successful affair, at which Mlle. La Merle, nee Arvin Case, made his debut. Dramatics, too, gave a fitting opportunity to blow off a bit of steam. Nearly twenty of our number were on the acting or executive staff, several of the principals being of us,—notably Mildred Southwick, "Rad" Stevens and Arvin Case. In the German play as well, perhaps the greatest personal success was made by Edward Goodnow,—perhaps.

We had by this time become so used to carrying off prizes and such, that when Prize Speaking came along, Madeleine Hunt and Freeman Swett couldn't help winning a couple more. This may seem rather grasping in us; but remember, though we surely had a candle, we had no bushel, so our brilliancy just had to shine out.

We also won a baseball championship for the school, though I believe there were a few representatives of other classes on the team. Still, I ask, what would have happened without Denning, Kelleher, Paine, Rowe and Kelly. The girls, too, progressive as ever, formed a team and found great joy in playing themselves now and then in Adamless Edens all their own.

With the winning of the baseball championship we ended our activities for the time being. Winning championships and things of that sort grows boresome in time; and we, being for all our superhuman accomplishments really humans in body and soul, decided to rest up awhile before our final year at High School.

SENIOR YEAR

As I first looked back upon this, our Senior year, the awfulness of my subject so impressed me that I was sorely tempted to let it rest forever, indelibly printed as it is on the memory of the world. Yet my scruples have now given way, since decorum must ever yield to public need, and even the smallest attempt to record our activities is laudable.

First, then, we elected Robert Paine president, Dorothy Rhodes, as usual, vice-president, Madeleine Hunt secretary and Julian Spitz treasurer.

We had barely recovered from the exhaustion attendant upon political affairs, when the entire school knocked at our door and begged the loan of a few football artists. We handed over ten, and the school was appeased. Somehow, the championship escaped; but we tied it up. In the Swimming Team, too, Jouannet took the lead, and several others followed in his wake. In fact, to be brief, we ruled supreme in the realm of sport.

Intellectually, too, we excelled. The Sagamore remained practically under our control, since seven out of nine editors were of us, including Julian Spitz again as editor-in-chief. We also wielded the sceptre over the two Debating Clubs and the Triangular Debating League, the French Club, the German Club and the Mandolin Club; and, in the popular parlance of the day, there was "some" wielding. Especially was this true in the German Club, an organization which we founded and will pass down to posterity in memoriam.

It is interesting to note that this year we Seniors took entire charge of the Senior Social. What with the beautiful ascetic

dancing, the singing by Miss Ida Claire, the pachydermic display of almost human cleverness and the farce of equal standing, this social was the most important historical event of the year, second only to Roosevelt's discovery of Marquette. Next came another of Reynolds' great, big, beautiful Minstrel Shows, in which we distinguished ourselves as ever. Later, Evelyn Asbrand covered us with glory by planning and organizing a most splendiferous pageant, in which all the prominent parts were taken by Seniors. After that, we apparently could not get away from histrionicism, for in Dramatics nine of our number combined in giving a performance that had a most striking effect, even upon the elements.

By this time it would seem that we had run the gamut of human accomplishment; but no. In March, Swett, Paine, Spitz and Derr won for Brookline the league championship in debating, and some time afterwards, Kaiser and O'Brien carried off the school championship for the third time during our residence here.

By this time we naturally felt rather pleased with our accomplishments, and therefore decided to treat ourselves by holding a Senior Dance. Thereat, alas, my poor vocabulary balks; but everybody remembers its brilliant success so clearly that description would be odious.

After recovering from the excitement, we delighted the school's aesthetic sense by our big, beauteous and bumptious production of a Modern Morality Play, given with an augmented cast of seventeen from I English A.

Unfortunately, it is as yet a bit too early to speak of the baseball championship, as it has not as yet been won. However, our minds are easy on the matter, for six of our number are to see to that.

I hardly need speak of our latest conquest. The school is still throbbing with joy at the dual naval victory of yesterday,—the first in which we have made a clean sweep of the river. It

was certainly a great event, and we modestly feel that the success is all due to the surpassing abilities of Captain Newton, Phillips, Charles Clark, Morrison and Young.

And now we come to the present. The effect we have had upon the world has but been reflected in our performances of today. You who sit below have been impressed by our marching and drilling, by our voluminous cheering and our awful appearance here upon the platform; our historian has impressed you; and those who follow will impress you still more. Our whole career has been most impressionistic. We have ever been brilliant and dignified, but never ostentatious; yet, we glitter with no lustre but our own.

DEBATING TEAMS

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM

MADELEINE HUNT AND JULIAN SPITZ

J.) [Crossing stage reading letter to self.] Madeleine Hunt! where did you drop from? Just the person I was looking for. [Passing letter to M.] Will you look at this letter?

M.) [Reading letter aloud.]

Dear Julian,—

Eureka! Am sending on the Kine-Derroscope for you to try out.

THOMAS SIEGER DERR, H. U. M. Ph.,
B. A., LL. M., M. A., LL.D.
Sc. D., D. Sc., S. B.

What on earth?

J.) Don't you remember Tom?

M.) Well, naturally.

J.) On Graduation night, way back in 1913, he told me that the height of his ambition—next to starring in a musical comedy—was to invent a machine by which one could see and hear everything, everywhere, anytime. From his customary laconic letter

it seems as though he had accomplished his desire. And this must be the machine. [Uncovering contraption on stage left.]

M.) Let's see if we can make it work?

J.) Gee! Struck it the first shot!

M.) Oh, let me look! It's Washington! I can see everything as plain as day. Look at the parade marching up Pennsylvania Avenue. Why, who's at the head of it on that coal black horse? Parker Adams, Grand High Commander of the Federated Boy Scouts of America. Hear the multitudes cheer him! The parade is before the President's reviewing stand.

J.) Is the President going to make a speech?

M.) No. He's only saying that he has a cold and can't do himself justice. But he is offering as his substitute the greatest of the present day orators, the man who ranks with Demosthenes and Cicero, the leader of the Senate, the Right Honorable J. Freeman Swett, Senator from Massachusetts, worthy successor to Henry Cabot Lodge, and Active Chairman of the Watch and Ward Society.

J.) That last is Freeman's greatest joy in life.

M.) This must be Senator Swett's last address before he leaves for The Hague to represent the United States at the International Peace Conference, and he is making the people hushed, the air still, and the sun to stop in its course by his eloquence! Close at hand, as usual, taking down his speech, word for word, is an ever attentive stenographer.

J.) Who is it? Anyone we know? Give me a chance. Why, it's Mary Mahan! And — this is a great day for parades. Evidently this is a "Votes for Women" contingent coming up the street. Doesn't the Generaless look imposing? Turn on more current. Helen Goodnow, as I'm dead!

M.) "Goody," come to this? What next?

J.) Mehercule! The High School! Dear old room 8, where we spent so much of our time. Who is the bewhiskered gentleman? Hear him berate the class in general because one culprit

did only four hundred and ninety-nine lines of P. V. Maro out of five hundred assigned!

M.) Arvin Case!!!! I thought he was going to make female impersonating his life work.

J.) He was, but—he heard there was a little Arthur Roberts coming up to High School, so he decided to be an instructor in Latin. It's funny how revenge will change the whole course of a man's life. I wonder who's in room 10 nowadays?

M.) Hear the noise! "Je donne, tu donnes, il donne——" That's not Mr. Brooks' voice. It's Alice Duffy. Naturally, remember what a "requin" she used to be in French?

J.) I heard we had another classmate instructing at B. H. S. When Mr. Atticks retired, the members of the Beta Pi Alpha Alpha petitioned the school board to appoint George Clark as his successor.

M.) Of course he got it.

J.) Well, I guess. Now behold George ensconced in all glory.

M.) Look at the restaurant! A regular roof garden! Some different from the "Help you'sel's, gentleman" days! And Mary Moran in place of the faithful Walter! Don't the agneau aux champignons and the raie au beurre noir smell good!

J.) Ah! A few buildings have been added since our days. The new Practical Arts School, I should think. And 1913 represented here as usual. A couple of friends of yours, Madeleine.

M.) Well, I declare! Marion Driscoll and Louise Johnson! Assistant principals!

J.) Are they doing any teaching?

M.) Oh, yes; there teaching girls how much calcium carbonate there is in carrots, so that when the girls are married they can drop eggs on toast without breaking them.

J.) And here's Susie MacDonald, too!

M.) Oh, yes! She has charge of the Hooper Course. You know, the library course named after the late Louisa Hooper.

J.) Surely, I remember hearing about it; the course with the unrestricted books.

And now let's have a little relief from this studious atmosphere. What do you say to the Cabaret Show at Hammerstein's roof garden? What do you know about that — the world famous Murray twins are introducing their Fandango Flip to American audiences.

M.) Let's see who's next on the program?

J.) Millie Southwick in an illustrated song review. I've heard her before, and she sings everything from Lucia de Lammermoor to "Kiss me, honey, when the bees go buzzing by."

M.) The first strains! The same silvery voice!

J.) "Donkers," the trained elephant, is performing this week. His owners, as I've been told, have made a fortune through his acting; his learning has baffled the leading men of letters. Isn't it the small animal though! Why, Madeleine, look! he's losing his trunk. There's a man inside. What's that he's saying? "— — — — — — As sure as my name's Tom Newton, I'm not going to stay inside this skin, unless I get a raise." The audience is on its feet, crazy mad at the deception! Quick for the hospital!

M.) Two nurses are standing waiting to receive Tom's battered body. Dressed in their nurses' uniforms one would hardly recognize them. You know who they are, don't you?

J.) No, I can't say I do.

M.) Of course you do, Catherine Clark and Anne Waldron.

J.) What are those two girls on the sidewalk doing with such gesticulations?

M.) That's Ruth Coombs. I can tell by the way she shouts. What is she saying? "Now, Alice, I know what I'm talking about. Here comes Lulu Roberts; I'll ask her. Oh, Lulu, didn't Hilda Marrett poison the King of Denmark with a plate of fudge?" I can't hear what she's saying.

J.) That's nothing new. I attended one of Louise's lectures

the other night and she spoke for three hours before the audience realized that she'd begun.

M.) But I tell you — Whew! I'll be deaf after this. Now for something soothing. Where are we?

J.) On the Road to Mandalay. Evelyn Asbrand's panoramic pageant, "Where the Flying Fishers Play," is being given.

M.) Evelyn A. told me she wrote the pageant especially for Evelyn, who is the leading Fisher. The performance is on now. Doesn't Edith Strain make a mesmerizing mermaid? She's swimming to the rocks. Hear the bewitching water witch crooning on the crags — Edith Driscoll! This is too spooky! Let's get back to the U. S. A.

J.) Do you remember little Fred Holton? Look at him now, the holder of the most enviable position in the world — president of the American League. There's a game on this afternoon, what do you say to dropping in for a little while? The great man is now in the act of shaking hands with another great man, Waldo Peebles, president of the Pebble League, an organization which has taken the place of the defunct National League. 30,000 fans cheer madly as the two magnates affectionately exchange cigars. The cheering increases as President Holton presents First Baseman Rowe with a diamond buckle for extraordinary stick work during the season. "Thick" is the grand old man of baseball, and, like good wine, grows better each year.

Now for a change of scenery! Quick, read that advertisement flying over the Woolworth building!

M.) It's out! What's out? Why, the latest of the best sellers, "Teachers I Have Met and Those Who Have Met Me," by Robert Turner Young, the author of the prolific brain. Buy your copy now; only 20,000,000 books in the first edition! You may be left if you don't hurry.

J.) Believe me, Bob has secured ***some*** advertising manager. I wonder who it is? Why there's the name at the foot of the sign — Lincoln Clifford Cummings, Jr. I should have known it.

"Linc" could sell an elephant to a canary bird in his youthful day; now he's doing even better.

M.) Wait a minute! What did it say on the Ladies' Home Journal cover on that news stand? I thought I saw a familiar name. Back a little farther. There!

"Miss Katharine Davis will take charge of our column 'Petty Perplexities,' beginning with this issue. Write Miss Davis for intimate advice."

M.) Here's a sample of what Kay comes up against:—

"My dear Miss Davis,—

"I am a beautiful girl of sweet twenty, and have been keeping company with a young man three years my senior. He loves me dearly, as I do him—but he receives a salary of only $100 per week, and with my present tastes this is impossible. A wealthy old bachelor has recently showed me marked attentions, and last night he asked me to marry him. What shall I do?

DOUBTFUL."

J.) I know one person, anyway, who's going to buy this issue!

M.) Look on page six! That's where the renowned poetess, Gladys Gordon, writes her cute cubist creations. There's one of hers:

"'Twas sea when was the roaring
Of blasts hollow with wind
A deploring lay, damsel,
Reclined a rock all on."

How that stirs the innermost depths of one's soul!!

J.) New York! Why, what is that sign? As I live, Morgan & DaEva, Bankers and Brokers. Harvey's study in high finance under Mr. Chisholm won him fame and fortune, and now rumor has it that the firm will soon become Harvey & DaEva, Banker and Broker.

M.) Harvey's not the only electric light on Broadway. Look at that bill board! It fairly screams with the name of

Edward P. Goodnow, now appearing in that mournful comedy, "I Should Have Must Have Was or Why It Hadn't Ought of Could." He is the same old Edward. Some say that the way he rolls his eyes has made the fairer half of the Big City "just crazy" about him.

J.) Hugh! I don't see any girls' names floating round.

M.) Don't you though? You need some glasses in your old age. There's Mlle. Coburn's establishment right in front of you! Gee! What a sporty sign!

MLLE. COBURNNE
Coutouriere Frangaise
ROBES et MANTEAUX

MLLE. CANTWELL
Dessinateuse

J.) I have heard that this seweyonit ability has set New York astir. And they're not the only ones, for here we have M. S. McNeilly's dancing school. There is the head of the school himself with his two capable assistants, Billy MacNeil and Edward Mealy. They first attracted notice when they put that new poultry dance, the Gooser's Glide, before the public. After this success, people *fell* for them, and they now operate the most exclusive and expensive dancing academy in the United States.

M.) No wonder their pupils can dance to that music. I can hardly keep my feet still. No wonder the place is popular, with Helen Bauer at the piano.

J.) Right on the next floor are George McGillen's babies crying in time to the music. New York's largest nursery offered him tremendous opportunities to teach babies the art. His practising over at the Gym. in days gone by stands him in good stead. Whenever a fond mother objects to the way her baby howls, she takes it to the nursery, and George teaches it the scale. He is

putting on the market "The Babies' Symphony in Wails," which is sure to meet with infant success.

M.) Two from our ranks have evidently joined the newspapers. William O'Brien writes Beauty Hints and Sporting Dope for the New York World; Stuart Kaiser has F. P. A.'s column in the Evening Mail and affiliated papers.

J.) Whenever "Wap" has an off night, he goes to the theatre and criticises the performance. His most famous critical treatise is on that mesozoic melodrama, "The Lost Papers," in which Taber Mahler played the leading role of villain. Quoting from the author: The climax of this most magnificent of modern melodramas is to be found at the conclusion of the third act when Claude Catastrophe (T. Mahler) pushes over the cliff onto the hero and causes general devastation.

M.) It seems to me that plot is borrowed. I've seen something like it before.

Oh! There's a queer looking sign on that building, "Stronge Tea Rooms." Let's look inside!

J.) Me for this place! Regard yonder sign—Stronge drinks served here. Phew! Worse and worse. Who can be running such a place?

M.) Why, Mildred Stronge, of course! And Helen Carvell in the office reading Latin for ***pleasure*** (!?!?!!!)

J.) We're just in time to see the boat race at New London. Here they come, with the Yale crew two lengths to the good. Ever since Charlie Clark took charge a few years ago, Yale has been sweeping up the course with Johnny Harvard.

M.) Look at the monoplane flying over the river. Good place to watch the race. Let's see who's running it. Why, it's a woman! Dorothy Conklin! Well, she always did move about a little above the rest of us.

I know where we can find some more of our friends.

J.) Where?

M.) On the Charles—there's the "Young Ladies' Semi-

nary." Catherine Lally is the principal, you know. A canoe trip must have been planned for today. See the bunch of girls starting out. And they have to have a chaperon. Poor things! She looks severe and right on to her job.

J.) Who'd a thunk it? Ruth Lyman! How times do change!!! !!! !!!! !! !!!

M.) At last! Back to our home town. The High School isn't the only place that claims our talent. See the crowds flocking to the Town Hall. They just installed a new municipal organ, and there is to be a recital today.

J.) Who's the organist?

M.) Elizabeth Macnaughtan. Oh, I knew that she was organist of a church in Boston, but the town was so anxious for her services that she finally yielded to its entreaties.

J.) While we're in Brookline, let's take a look at my old stand-by, Liggett's. Who's that behind the candy counter? I see they've made a change. It's Ruth Russell, isn't it? And Marguerite Foster is in the cashier's cage. Catch the conversation passing between them.

"Marguerite, did you know that Margaret Farley, who graduated from High School with us, now has a professorship at Vassar?"

M.) I could have told her that myself. Margaret went through Vassar with me.

J.) What's this new building on Boylston Street?

M.) The new Y. W. C. A. headquarters. Let's pay Dorothy Rhodes a visit in her office. Judging from the pile of papers around her, she certainly has her hands full.

J.) She must be almost as busy as in High School days.

M.) It's lucky she has a secretary to help her out. Mary Fay attends to all the details for her.

J.) We might as well take a trip across the Atlantic and see what's doing.

M.) Where shall we go first?

J.) Oh! Well, we might as well take in the International Amateur Boxing Championships. Here we are. Our old friend Dexter is defending his title against all comers. "Dex." rules the favorite, but some people say that if Willard Hicks hadn't started parting his hair in the middle he would have given Dexter a run for the laurels.

M.) Let's have a glimpse of those wonderful castles in Spain, the latest wonder of the world. There is the owner of them descending the steps with stately gait. Yes, 'tis he — Duke Phillips, the first of the noble line of Spanish Grandees.

J.) At his right hand is another nobleman, his friend and adviser, Prince Albert Emery. At his left hand is his ardent admirer, Earl Fowler, who, so the story runs, built the castles.

M.) Where's everybody going?

J.) Why, to the pool in the centre of the court-yard, where the human fish, Francis Jouannet, daily gives lessons to fishes. After "J." won every event in the Olympic swimming contest, and the phrase to describe a wonderful swimmer was "He swims and dives like a Jouannet," Phillips hired him for a fabulous sum to appear in his pool.

M.) Humph! He isn't the only attraction! The Duke has also imported Madeleine Reed, the world-famous French danseuse. There she is yonder dancing in the glade.

J.) What sylph-like movements and grace divine! Let's see if there are many more like her in France.

M.) Two captured at once! Gertrude Hickey and Dorothy Manson, the inseparables, are taking parties of American school girls on tours around the world making especially long stops along the Rue de Tivolis of Paris. There they intend to fit out their charges and themselves with the latest millinery. Of course they go first to the "Maison D'Hicks."

J.) May Hicks is an old friend of theirs, you know; I suppose that's why she's displaying the models herself. Quels chapeaux!

M.) Apropos of hats, what do you say to Berlin? Ruth Damon's there, they say. She's engaged———

J.) To whom?

M.) To appear at the opera.

J.) Oh! I thought it was going to be something exciting.

M.) While we're in Berlin, let's hear her.

J.) The Dickens! We can't wait!

She isn't on the stage now.

M.) Let's move on!

J.) See if you can locate our two famous travellers and explorers, Clarence Thode and William Tufts. They set out two years ago to find the Rev. G. Radcliffe Stevens, who is lost in the wilds of Africa.

M.) Rad. a missionary?

J.) Didn't you know? Rad., disappointed in love, buried himself in darkest Africa? There, engaged in enlightening the natives, he sought to rid himself of "The Curse of an Aching Heart."

M.) Wonders will never cease!

J.) Before we go to South America, let's stop off at Sphinxville. Kenneth Crowell and Roger Hewett have been called there by the founder, Sphinx the First.

M.) Well, I never. Carl Ward and Allen Potter. Still fighting! In spite of this, they're still respectable engineers. Carl's chemical and Allen, electrical. Doesn't that remind you of old times? Now whenever they become homesick they proceed to beat each other up.

J.) That reminds me, I got a letter from William Weiscopf today. He said that he has discovered a substitute for gasoline. Brooks Morrison, at the head of the sales department, has almost routed Standard Oil.

M.) Now for home!

J.) I wish we could have a swim in that water we're looking at. There are two fishes I know! Why, if it isn't Arthur Paul and Philip Untersee!

M.) What on earth are they doing under water?

J.) From the looks, they're making a chart on the psychological effects of salt water on fresh.

M.) Hear those musical strains! There must be a ship around somewhere.

J.) Marvelous deduction, that! Sherlock Holmes!

M.) I thought I recognized that music———Bob Paine's orchestra of eighty pieces playing "That Muddy River One-Step."

J.) Did you know that Bob during his leisure hours has written a Dictionary of Big Words, the comfort of aspiring beginners in English A.

M.) It's too bad Bob's music is limited to the ship.

J.) 'Tisn't. You're way behind the times. Raymond Collerd transmits the music via wireless. They have receiving stations everywhere to catch the vibrations. I bet you that even now the Hula Hulas in the palmy isles are learning to tango to it.

M.) There's an inquisitive lady passenger going to bother the captain with questions. It's Mary Walsh. We have plenty of time. Let's hear their conversation: "O, Captain McCarthy, why,———————————why, I didn't know you were the B. H. S. McCarthy. Are any more 1913 people concealed about this ship?"

You take McCarthy's answer.

J.) "Well, there's Hutchinson and Donovan, the builders of the ship You know this is the Ruritania's maiden voyage, and the two constructors came along to see how she is running."

M.) Oh, look! What's happening over there on the deck? Looks like a circus performer.

J.) A new diversion for the passengers. That man walks on his hands, as if they were his feet. By Jove, I know him. Hovhannis has certainly improved since locker-room days.

M.) I wonder if we've seen all the sights on board?

J.) Haven't seen the best part yet.

M.) What's that?

J.) Don't you know about the "Honeymoon Sweet?"

M.) Quick! Let's look!! !!!!! Why, I can't see a thing! What's the matter with the old machine?

J.) I don't know.

M.) Never mind! It's all right now. There it is; and will you look who's in it——Merrill White and——o-o-oh!

J.) The whole thing's a blamed blur; wait till I get that Tommy Derr!

CAPT. T NEWTON, Stroke. E. PHILLIPS 3; F. DUSOSSOIT 2; B. COOLEY Bow, C. CLARK Coxswain
BROOKLINE H. S. FIRST CREW.

R. YOUNG Stroke, CAPT. B. MORRISON 3; J. LITCHFIELD 2; J. DEFOREST Bow. D. JACKSON. Cox
BROOKLINE H. S. SECOND CREW

The Crew Championships

FIRST CREW

THOMAS NEWTON, Captain	*Stroke*
EVERETT PHILLIPS	*No. 3*
FLORIMOND DUSOSSOIT	*No. 2*
BLAKE COOLEY	*Bow*
CHARLES CLARK	*Coxswain*

SECOND CREW

ROBERT YOUNG	*Stroke*
BROOKS MORRISON, Captain	*No. 3*
JOHN LITCHFIELD	*No. 2*
JACK DeFOREST	*Bow*
DUGALD JACKSON	*Coxswain*

Preparatory Baseball League

Cambridge, 4; Brookline, 3

Brookline, 5; Newton, 4

THE TEAM

THIELSCHER, Captain	*Third Base*
PAINE	*Second Base*
ROWE	*First Base*
KERR	*Short Stop*
ARTHUR	*Pitch*
KENDRICK	*Pitch*
KELLEY	*Catch*
McNEILLY	*Catch*
EMERY	*Left Field*
J. TWISS	*Center Field*
HOLTON	*Right Field*
STEVENS	*Right Field*
McGILLEN	*Manager*

J. Freeman Swett

THE American people of today are a great nation, second to none in civilization and among the foremost of the world powers. Yet as history shows, with power and wealth come weakness and corruption. And so even at this early stage in our history the pessimist finds grounds for decrying our government and asserting that our civilization is being undermined by dishonesty and luxury. Thus aroused the optimist claims with equal vehemence that our government is unsurpassed, and that the powerful influence of school, church and state is raising our civilization to the highest plane.

Nor has this been a lukewarm controversy; rather, it is one which has made us all pause and meditate upon their words. And while meditating, it has occurred to us that whatever we have or whatever we are, we owe to our government and to the principles

for which it stands: for freedom of speech and action, for justice, and for the sacred privilege of making our own laws.

The realization of this brings with it an appreciation of the debt which we owe to our government, and we swear that the right of franchise shall be used solely as a means of furthering good government,—that our citizenship shall be for us an obligation to do all in our power to promote the welfare of our fellow citizens.

But where should this service begin? It should begin at home in our own town. Here it is the duty of every voter, whether man or woman, to cast his vote at every election. Not to elect the man who will best serve his private interests, but the one who will most efficiently serve the interests of the citizens at large. Here in our town there are countless opportunities for service along so many different lines that no one can fail to find something which he is fitted to do. Surely, classmates, we shall not fail to do our part when we realize that the allegiance which we have pledged to our country begins at home in the town which gives us the best government, the best service, and the most privileges of any town or city.

And to our state, Massachusetts, richest of them all in the traditions of the past, we surely owe our honest support. Massachusetts, which, since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, has never ceased to devote herself to the interests of the country, while the part which her statesmen have played is no less illustrious.

At this time when politics are so corrupt and when men are elected by political machines and not by the people, it is more than ever our duty to vote and vote honestly. The man who represents himself first cannot represent the people and it is only by keeping such men from office that a democratic government can exist.

Again, we should not look upon the laws of Massachusetts as made to restrict our rights, cripple our business, and be interpreted differently for each separate case, but as the sacred guar-

dians of our welfare. Let us learn to look upon the law with the proper spirit—a spirit of respect and reverence.

In this larger field for active service, let us do something for the other fellow. Let us do our part to keep the domestic, social and commercial circles of Massachusetts pure, law-abiding and efficient. And remembering that Massachusetts has been and now is a leader among the states, let us show our gratitude for the record she has handed down to us by doing our part to keep her in the place which is her due in the councils of the nation.

While to our country we owe something more than loyalty, we owe a deep sense of reverence. Our country stands as no other for the highest and best that there is in her citizens. It has been founded and built up by untold labor and heroic sacrifice. During peace and war the high ideals upon which it was founded have never been suffered to be lowered. The very name of America should fill us with patriotism and devotion to the principles for which it stands, so that we shall here solemnly pledge that we will do our part that "a government of the people, by the people, for the people, may not perish from the earth."

Class Officers, 1913

ROBERT G. PAINE
President

DOROTHY RHODES
Vice-President

MADELEINE HUNT
Secretary and Prophetess

JULIAN H. SPITZ
Treasurer and Prophet

Class Song, 1913

Words by DOROTHY G. CONKLIN Music by J. FREEMAN SWETT

Come class-mates we'll sing As com-rades once more, For do we have passed Bright years gone before Too soon comes the hour That must sever the tie, When armed for life's bat-tle We leave Brookline High

With pride-ness and love - For school and for class. Which proudly we feel No oth-ers surpass, We'll stand true to col - ors The white and the green, Our spirits all youth-ful, Our minds strong and clean Oh, dear Brookline High! With our hearts ever keen, We'll strive for thy honor, This "Class of Thirteen"

"Clubs"

[The Sagamore is not incorporated and can not be sued for libel. Ed. Note.]

The Never Homes

Chief Absentee, Thomas Sieger Derr. Frequenter of the Drama (commonly called the St. James), Stuart B. Kaiser. The Sun Dodger, George McGillen. His Following, "Fusser" Rowe, "Cow" Emery, and "Peasant" Clark. Welcomer of the Milkman, Julian H. Spitz. Motto: Be home at least once a week—if you have to.

Gossips' Chapter

Chief Spreader of News, Katharine Davis. Rapid Transit Commission, Gertrude Hickey and Dorothy Manson. Conveyor of Lost Thoughts, Frances Coburn. Only Competitor of the Brookline Chronicle, Ruth Damon. Transmitter of Scares, Louise Roberts. Motto: "All the news that's fit to tell."

Bluffers' Division

Chief Get Caught With It, "Bob" Young. Chief Get Away With It, E. P. Goodnow. Masters of the Noble Art, Kaiser, Spitz, Derr, and Paine. Occasional Bluffer, Every Student. Motto: If caught once, try, try again. Cheer up, you may get away with it once.

Loafers' Chapter

Princeps Contemptor Laboris, "Cicero" Mahler. Secundus Contemptor Laboris, George McGillen. Parvi Contemptores, Rowe and Emery. Chief Sufferer from Overwork, R. T. Young. Original Loafer, T. S. Derr. Originator of the Word Loafer, Augustus Wordell. Holder-up of Liggett's Corner, Stuart Kaiser. Motto : We're looking for the guy who invented work.

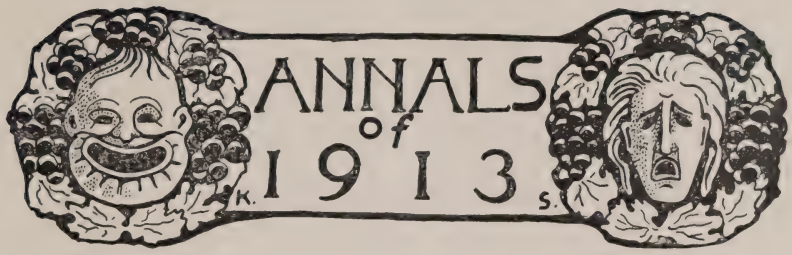
Fussers' Chapter

Full Fledged Fusser, G. Radcliffe Stevens. Self Elected Fusser, Mahler. Automobile Division, Robert T. Young and Lincoln C. Cummings, Head Carman. Private Motto : Become efficient with the left hand drive. Professional Fusser, Harvey DaEva. Pride of the Thorndike F. C., Julian Spitz. Prospective Member, George R. Clark. Heap Little Fusser, Francis Jouannet. Rusher of Out of Town Girls, Arvin E. Case.

Nuts' Chapter

Main Attraction to the Squirrel, Arvin E. Case. Hard Nut, Taber Mahler. Thick Nut, Robert Rowe. Nut à la Française, J. Freeman Swett. Speed Nut, Lincoln C. Junior. General Nut, E. P. Goodnow. Young Nut, Robert T. First Cousin to the Walnut, Everybody, at times. Motto : Just because we're nuts, it is no sign we're cracked.

CLASS OF 1913



ROLLIN P. ADAMS, 63 University Rd.

Business. Nicknames: "Parkie," "The Boy Scout." F. O. Keeping Silent.

"All we ask is to be left alone."
—*Jefferson Davis.*

ARVIN EDWARD CASE, 54 Harvard Ave.

College: Dartmouth or Harvard. Nicknames: "Awing," "Bounce," "Captain Arvin Edward." F. O. "Getting his goat got." Keeping busy and learning by experience what he might have learned by the experience of others.

"How Angel-like he sings."
—*Shakespeare.*

Usher at graduation '12. Dramatics, "Mlle. La Merle," Senior Social Soloist '12. Track Team '11, '12, '13, Captain '13. B. H. S. Mandolin Club Leader '12, '13. Tennis Team '12, '13. Class Track '11, '12, '13. School Relay '11, '13. Usher at Senior Social '12. Glee Club '10, '11, '12. Minstrel Show, '12 "Mlle. La Merle," '13 "George Washington Bounce Abraham Lincoln Black." Tug of War '11. Sagamore Cover '11. Sagamore Athletic Editor '13. Freshman-Sophomore Reception Soloist '13. Treasurer of "Das Deutsche Kranzchen" '13. Senior Social '13, "Miss Ida Claire, songstress et danseuse." Das Deutsche Kranzchen Valentine Party "Fraulein Nachtigal." Soloist at "Pageant of Seasons." Usher at Senior Dance '13. English A. Play '13, "Classmate."

Charles Clark, 85 Francis St.

Business. Nicknames: "Chick," "Char," "Shrimp," "Grinder Little Click." F. O. Tutoring some of the members of the Z. P. A. A.

"My life is one demd horrid grind."
—*Dickens.*

Coxswain Second Crew '11. Coxswain First Crew '12, '13. Coxswain Boston Interscholastic Eight '12. Hockey Team '13.

George Richard Clark, 85 Francis St.

College: Thielscher's College of Fussing. Nicknames: "Gog," "Clarkie," "Mgr." F. O. Studying, Fussing.

"All mankind loves a lover."
—*Emerson.*

Class Track Team '10, '11, '12. B. H. S. Track Team '11-'12. B. H. S. Hockey Team '12, '13. Mgr. Football Team '12. Business Manager B. H. S. Dramatics '13. Chairman Class Day Committee '13. Candidate for Crew '11, '12, '13.

Kenneth Crowell, 87 Toxteth St.

College: Wentworth Institute. Nickname: "Ken." F. O. Working at Merrill's, riding bike.

"Riding 's a joy! For me I ride."
—*Browning.*

Lincoln C. Cummings, Jr., 36 Druce St.

Harvard. Nicknames: "Link," "Elsie" (L. C.) F. O. Collecting Sagamore bills, autoing and busting "test tubes" in chem. lab.

"A teller of yarns should have a good memory."
—*Quintilian.*

Electrician at Senior Social '13. Senior Dance Committee '13. Asst. Business Mgr. of Sagamore '13.

Harvey N. DaEva, 1459 Beacon St.

Business. Nicknames: "Jerry," "Di." F. O. Rowing, Fishing.

"Then he would row, row, row."
—*W. Jerome.*

B. H. S. Debating Club '12, '13.

THOMAS SIEGER DERR, 83 Center St.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Vic," "Fusser," "Humph," "Tom," "Apple-head," "Apfel-kopf," "Myrma," "Dirt," "Sieger," "Gaby." F. O. Automobiling, motor-boating, skating, providing amusement for Kaiser, Spitz and O'Brien.

"Let a fool hold his tongue and he will pass for a wise man."
—*P. Syrus.*

Studied four years for Harvard. Debating Club '10, '11, '12, '13. Vice-President '13. Championship Interclass Debating '10, '11. Championship Interscholastic Triangular Debating Team '12, '13. Rifle Team '13. German Club '13.

FRANKLIN C. DEXTER, 129 Dean Rd.

Business. Nickname: "Dex." F. O. Bumming lunches with T. Newton.

"Ye are wondrous strong, yet lovely in your strength."
—*Byron.*

B. H. S. Track Team '11. B. H. S. Football Team '11, '12 (Capt.). President B. H. S. A. A. '12-'13. Usher Dramatics '12, 13, Senior Social '13, Minstrel Show '13.

HAROLD DONOVAN, 50 Walter Ave.

College: M. I. T. Nickname: "Don." F. O. Playing handball with Bill O'Brien.

"The smart man needeth not to work."
—*K. Leavitt.*

EDWARD M. EMERY, 22 Homer St.

College: Simmons. Nickname: "Prince Albert." F. O. Studying, trying to sell a pair of hockey shoes and skates.

"You can not put the same shoe on every foot."
—*P. Syrus.*

B. H. S. Hockey '12, '13. B. H. S. Football '13. B. H. S. Baseball '13.

EARL C. FOWLER, 101 Harvard St.

College: Boston University. Nicknames: "Kid," "Sophus," "Chick." F. O. Fixing up Physics apparatus.

"A man will turn over half a library to make one book."
—*Johnson.*

Tumbling Team '09, '10. Member of the Owls in Court League. Minstrel Show '12. Class Baseball '09, '10. Debating Club '09-'10.

EDWARD PHILIP GOODNOW, 1685 Beacon St.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Eddie," "Bud," "Wobbles." F. O. Singing "I Don't Care."

"O me no O's."
—*Jonson.*

Debating Club '10, '11, '12. French Club '11, '12. Pianist Minstrel Show '12, '13. Dramatics '12, '13. German Play '12. Official Pianist for Mlle. La Merle and Ida Claire '12, '13. Pianist Mandolin Club '12. President German Club '12. Stage Manager Senior Social '12. Coach "Everystudent" '13. Class Historian '13.

ROGER SHERMAN HEWETT, 53 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass.

College: M. I. T. Nickname: "Sleepy." F. O. Tennis, studying, sleeping.

"Sleep no more."
—*Shakespeare.*

Absolutely nothing (in the way implied).

FREDERICK ARTHUR HOLTON, 57 Addington Rd.

College: Hall's Barber School. Nicknames: "Poof," "Bunny." F. O. Trying to slip one over on "¾" Weiscopf.

"Answer him, ye Owls."
—*Pope.*

B. H. S. Baseball '13. Court League.*

AVEDIS DER-HOVHANNESS, 202 Washington St.

College: Technology. Nickname: "Mike." F. O. "Club."

"I cannot tell what the dickens his name is."
—*Shakespeare.*

Freshman Class Track Team. In the Triangular Meet at Newton. Sophomore Track Team. Junior Track Team.

EDWARD H. HUTCHINSON, 1 Sparhawk St., Brighton, Mass.

College: M. I. T. Nicknames: "Hutch," "Eddie." F. O. Studying Math, French before school Wed.

"I am a sweet-faced youth."
—*Shakespeare.*

B. H. S. Swimming Team '12, Interscholastic Champions of the State.

*The other Seniors in the Court League are: White, Dexter, E. Fowler, Peebles, Ware, Tufts, Dana, DaEva, Jouannet, Stevens and O'Brien.

FRANCIS JOUANNET, 118 Davis Ave.

College: Undecided (B. U). Nickname: "J," Joey. F. O. Studying? Sleeping, Swimming.

"The very pink of perfection"
—*Goldsmith.*

Freshman Baseball. Tumbling and Gymnasium Team, '10, '11 '12, '13. Swimming Team '12. Manager Swimming Team '13. B. H. S. Football '12. Football '16. B. H. S. Hockey Team '13. Class Day Committee '13. Senior Social '13.

STUART BERWIN KAISER, 77 Thorndike St.

College: Harvard (May be). Nickname: "Wap, " "Stewie." F. O. Doing Latin Exams, worrying about getting into Harvard.

"He reads much; he is a great observer;
and he looks quite through the deeds of men."
—*Shakespeare.*

Usher Graduation '12. Dramatics '13. Inter-scholastic Debate '13. Senior Dance '13. Obligato Senior Social '13. Prize Speaking '13. Mandolin Club '12, '13. Debating Club, '10, '11, '12, '13. Championship Interclass Debating Team '11, '13. Bubbles Editor, Sagamore '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '12, '13. President '13.

THOMAS MCCARTHY, 49 Kent St.

College: Harvard Dental. F. O. Eating, staying home nights (?) Nicknames: "Luther," "King."

"Step up, step up, and shake hands with the King."
—*H. Jay.*

Member of Beta Pi Alpha Alpha.

GEORGE MCGILLEN, 161 Cypress St.

College: Harvard. Nickname: "Mc." F. O. It is too much work to have one.

"Half a loaf is better than none."
—*Proverb.*

B. H. S. Football '12, '13. Manager of Baseball '13.

WILLIAM E. MACNEIL, 39 Kent St.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Bill," "Rosy." F. O. Fussing, etc.

"A lion among ladies is a dangerous thing."
—*Shakespeare.*

Class Teams Football and Baseball. Champion Football Team '11. Football Team '12.

MATTHEW S. MCNEILLY.

College: Harvard Dental. Nicknames: "Matt," "Mac," "Leadfoot." F. O. Pinching candy up at the Corner at recess.

"Always a leader in the royal game of goose."
—*Goldsmith.* (Apologies)

Football '12, '13. Baseball '11, '12, '13.

TABER H. MAHLER, 286 Clinton Rd.

College: Harvard. Nickname: Cicero.

"I am loved of all ladies."
—*Shakespeare.*

Got by. (How did you do it, Taber?)

EDWARD J. MEALY, 113 Boylston St.

College: Hall's Barber School. Nickname: "Eddie." F. O. Hustling, smiling.

"He could be moved to smile at anything."
—*Shakespeare.*

Everything.

N. BROOKS MORRISON, 64 Aspinwall Ave.

College: Boston University. Nicknames: None as yet. F. O., Playing basketball.

"Old age comes on apace."
—*Beattie*

Came from Mt. Hermon last fall. B. H. S. 2nd Crew '13.

THOMAS CALDWELL NEWTON, 54 Green St.

College: Princeton. Nicknames: "Tom," "Donkers." F. O. Mixing drinks for Mahler in the Chemistry Loafer's Union, Laboratory.

"A good-limbed fellow, young and strong."
—*Shakespeare*

B. H. S. Champion Football '10. B. H. S. Football '12. B. H. S. Second Crew '11. B. H. S. Crew '12. Boston Interscholastic Crew '12. Captain Crew '13. President of New England Interscholastic R. A. '13. Tug-of-war '10, '11, '12. Usher Class Day '12. Senior Social '12. Undergraduate Councilor B. H. S. A. A. '13.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, 16 Linden Place.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Augy," (restricted to Bob Young), "Bill." F. O. Writing for Sagamore, F. P. A. Mussing Case's curls. Worrying over long lessons. Thinking up suitable rewards for teachers who give out long lessons.

"He can not flatter, he; an honest mind and plain,
He must speak truth."—*Shakespeare.*

Tumbling Team '10, '11. Glee Club '10, '11. Junior Class Debater. 58th sub on Rifle Team '11 (Canned for hitting electric light bulb, 10 ft. from target). Deutsche Kranchens. Trésorier du Cercle Gaulois. Senior Class Debater, versus juniors, then versus Sophomores for class championship of the school, won by Seniors. Photograph Committee '13. Assistant Athletic Editor of Sagamore '13. Cast of "Everystudent" '13.

ROBERT GORDON PAINE, 152 Harvard St.

College: Dartmouth. Nickname: "Bob." F. O. Sawing the violin.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."
—*G. Colman.*

Baseball '13. Championship Baseball Team '12. Class Baseball '10. Championship Interscholastic Triangular Debating Teams, '12, '13. Class Team '11. Hockey Team '13. Head Usher Dramatics '13, Senior Social '13. Photograph Committee, Chairman. Class President '13. Mandolin Club.

ARTHUR K. PAUL, JR.

College: Massachusetts Institute of Technology. F. O. Physics.

"A good old man sir."
—*Shakespeare.*

Came to Brookline High last fall.

WALDO C. PEEBLES, 83 Dunster Road, Chesnut Hill.

College: Harvard. Nickname: "Pebbles. F. O. Playing Tennis. Played in Court League. (Owls.) Went out for tennis and basketball.

"If any one attempts to haul down the American Flag,
shoot him on the spot.
—*J. A. Dix.*

Cf. "Everystudent.

E. D. Phillips.

College: Emery's School of Loafing. Nicknames: "Duke." F. O. Rowing, keeping tabs on Emery.

"Oars alone can n'er prevail."
—*Cowper.*

Football '13. Crew '13. Hockey '13. Miss Mealy's Marble Team '13.

Allen Potter, 19 Braemore Road, Boston.

College: Harvard. F. O. Sailing, rowing, swimming, etc.

"I rarely read any Latin book in the original,
which I can procure in a good version."
—*Emerson.*

Usher Sophomore Reception '10. Triangular Debate '11. Prize Speaking '12. Dramatics '12. Head Usher Triangular Debate '12. Class Debating Team. Senior Dance Committee. Senior Social Committee. Class Day Committee. Ivy Orator.

Robert J. Rowe, 98 Brook St.

College: Thielscher's College of Fussing. Nickname: "Thick." F. O. Fussing with McGillen.

"He fusses but never fumes."
—*K. Leavitt.*

B. H. S. Hockey '11, '12, '13. Captain '13. B. H. S. Baseball Sub. '11, Team '12, '13. B. H. S. Football '12.

Julian Henry Spitz, 50 Thorndike St.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Nelson," "Spitzie." F. O. Running, getting worried, "fussing," taking in the St. James, trying to collect class dues.

"Toil is the sire of fame."
—*Euripides.*

Class Track Team '10, '11, '12, '13. Captain '11. Class Football '09, '10. Class Baseball '10, '11. Track Squad '10. B. H. S. Track Team '11, '12, '13. Relay '11, '12, '13. Cross Country Team '10, '11, '12, '13. Leader '12, '13. Sagamore Reporter '11. Editor-in-Chief '12, '13. Debating Club '10, '11, '12, '13. Rhetorical Committee '12. Chairman '13. Interclass Championship Debating Team '10, '11. Championship Interscholastic Triangular Debating League Team '12, '13. Director Interscholastic Triangular Debating League '13. Winner of William H. Lincoln Medal for Mathematics '12. Class Treasurer '11, '13. Usher Graduation '12. Dramatics '12, '13. Sophomore-Freshman Reception '10. Senior Social '12. Minstrel Show '13. Senior Dance '13. Prize Speaking '13. Marshal Class Day '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '12, '13. Rifle Club '11, '12. Class Prophet. High School Correspondent for "Chronicle" '13. Das Deutsche Kranzchen '13. Floater German Christmas Party '11, '12. Undergrad. Councillor N. E. Interschol. A.A.A. '13.

RADCLIFFE STEVENS, 145 Winthrop Rd.

College: M. I. T. Nicknames: "Rad," Sunfish." F. O. Laughing, making a noise.

"Laugh and be fat."—*Taylor.*

Class Championship Football '11. Rifle Team '10, '11. Manager '12, '13. Cheer leader '12, '13. Assistant Football Manager '11. Assistant Baseball Manager '12. Track Manager '13. Glee Club '11. Dramatics '12, '13. Senior Social Playlet '13. Debating Club '09, '10. Assistant Athletic Editor Sagamore '12, (didn't do any work). Member '13 Trig. Class. Baseball Squad '13. Minstrel Show '12, '13.

J. FREEMAN SWETT, 1362 Beacon St.

College: Amherst. Nicknames: ! ? ; : —'' —'' . ! (Once upon a time Buck.) F. O. Telling other people what to do.

"A comely old man as busy as a bee."—*Lyly.*

Usher Sophomore Reception '09. Class Track Team '10, '11, '12. B. H. S. Debating Club '10, '11, '12, '13. Vice-President '12. President '13. Championship Interscholastic Debating Team '11, '12, '13. Class Treasurer '12. Finals Prize Speaking Contest '11, '12 (Winner). Dramatics Cast '13. Sagamore Reporter '12, Business Manager '13 (half yr.) Class Day Orator '13. Usher at various school functions '11, '12, '13. B. H. S. Mandolin Club '11, '12. Pageant Pianist '13. School Pianist '13. Usher Graduation '12 and Senior Social '13. Tug of War Team '10, '11. Composer Class Song. Pres. Interscholastic Triangular Debating League, '13.

CLARENCE W. THODE

College: Tech. Nickname: "Bill." F. O. Seeing the sights.

"Thou art a gentleman and well derived."
—*Shakespeare.*

I have become acquainted with "Pa" Case.

WILLIAM FELT TUFTS

College: Cornell after one year preparatory at Phillips Exeter Academy. Nickname: "Bill." F. O. Music, tennis, boating.

"He hath music in his very finger tips."
—*Mickle.*

Minstrel Show, ushered two or three times. Member of German Club. Studied?

PHILIP UNTERSEE, 161 Davis Ave.

Business. Nickname: "Phil." F. O. Making up gym. periods.

"And his big manly voice."—*Shakespeare.*

Track, Crew, German Club.

CHARLES L. WARD, 67 Colchester St.

College: Harvard. Nickname: "Karl." F. O. Making gasoline engines.

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it."—*Rogers.*

Photograph Committee '13. Usher at various school functions '12, 13.

WILLIAM WEISCOPF, 1782 Beacon St.

College: Amherst. Nicknames: "Weisser-Versa," "Speed," "$\frac{3}{4}$" (There). F. O. Driving autos, taking care of "Poof Holton and carefully instructing him in Nutology, "A disease of the brain."

"You gentlemen, your spirits are too bold for your years."—*Shakespeare.*

WILLIAM MERRILL WHITE, 93 Dean Rd.

College: Harvard. Nicknames: "Bill." "Merrillois." F. O. Heavy thought. Helping the world along.

"A marvelous proper man."—*Shakespeare.*

Class Baseball '10. Usher at Sophomore Reception '11. Sophomore Reception Committee '11. Mandolin Club '11, 12. President of Class '12. Rifle Club '12. Debating Club '12, '13. Cercle Gaulois '12, '13. Class Day Marshal '12. Head Usher at Graduation '12. Chairman Senior Social Committee '12. Assistant Business Manager Sagamore '13.

AUGUSTUS H. WORDELL, 36 Harrison St.

College: Dartmouth. Nicknames: "Gus," "Handy," "Snootzenheimer." F. O. Boating, tennis, going to movies, [fussing?] talking."

"Oh! How he dances."—*K. Leavitt.*

Class Baseball, '10. Class Tug-of-war '10, '11.

ROBERT TURNER YOUNG, 85 Griggs Rd. or Westmorely Court, Cambridge.

College: Harvard. Nickname: "Bob." F. O. Trying to slip one over on the teachers.

"Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim."—*Shakespeare.*

Class Football '09, '10. Usher Sophomore Reception '10, Senior Social '11, '12, Graduation '12. Assistant Property Manager Dramatics '12. B. H. S. Second Crew '12, '13. News Editor Sagamore '12-'13. Usher Minstrel Show '12. Tug-of-war, Class Day '12.

EVELYN C. ASBRAND, 80 Pleasant St.

College: Framingham Normal. Nicknames: "Evy," "Evelina," "Eavie." F. O. Automobiling, concocting delicious "eats," studying at recess, working in the Art Room.

"There is great ability in knowing how to conceal one's ability."
La Rochefoucauld.

Junior Marshal '12. Invented Pageant of the Year, '13. German Club '13. Member of Girls' Debating Club '13. Member of "Everystudent," Cast '13. Member of Prize Speaking Chorus '10, '11, '12.

HELEN BAUER, 106 Thorndike St.

College: Glen Eden. Nickname: "Left Bower." F. O. Swimming, walking.

"And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy."—*Dryden.*

Pageant '13.

ELIZABETH CANTWELL, 28 Atherton Rd.

Nickname: "Betty." F. O. Dancing, canoeing, attending theatre.

"How sweet and fair she seems to be."—*Waller.*

HELEN CARVELL, 28 Atherton Rd.

Nickname: "Carve." F. O. Talking in Physics.

"Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak."
Shakespeare.

Pageant '13.

CATHERINE CLARK, 614 Hammond St.

Nickname: "Kate." F. O. Walking, sewing, dancing.

"A kind and gentle heart she had."
—*Goldsmith.*

Girls' Debating Club '10.

FRANCES COBURN, 99 Evans Rd.

MacDuffie School, Springfield. Nickname: "Fran." F. O. Dancing, swimming, laughing.

"Faith, I can cut a caper."—*Shakespeare.*

Sophomore-Freshman Reception '11. Class Day Marshal '12. Senior Social '13. Pageant '13. German Club '13.

DOROTHY G. CONKLIN, 14 Littell Rd.

College: Radcliffe. Nickname: "Dot." F. O. Attending Harvard games, canoeing, reading.

"There is a pleasure in poetic pairs which only poets know."—*Cowper.*

Floater at Sophomore Reception '11. Class Day Marshal '12. Debating Club '11-'12, '12-'13. Senior Photograph Committee. Sagamore Board '12-'13. Glee Club '12-'13. Senior Social Fancy Dancing. Pageant (sonnet). Words for Class Song. I. English A Play.

M. RUTH COOMBS, 143 St. Paul St.

College: Simmons. Nickname: None. F. O. Talking.

"To be merry becomes you."—*Shakespeare.*

RUTH DAMON, 30 Osborne Rd.

College: (Don't believe in them). The world at large. Nicknames: "Pyth"(ias), "Ruby," "Ruthie." F. O. Interior Decorating, Canoeing, Settlement Work.

"Words! Words! Words!"—*Shakespeare.*

Won Prize Speaking. Debated in first debate of the Girls' Club. Glee Club '10, '11, '12, '13. Debating Club Social. Floater at Sophomore Reception '11. Started Girl's Baseball Team '12. Played Third Base '12. Newton-Brookline Debate. Sagamore Board '12, '13. Decorated Lunch Room. Indian Chieftainess in Pageant '13.

KATHARINE DAVIS, 526 Harvard St.

College: Sargent's. Nicknames: "Kay," "Kate." F. O. Dancing, Basketball.

"Good Kate, pretty Kate, bonny Kate, sweet Kate."—*Shakespeare.*

Basketball '12, '13. Captain '13. Dramatics '12, '13. Senior Social Committee. Debating Club '13.

EDITH E. DRISCOLL, 31 School St.

Nicknames: "Ede," "Edie." F. O. Gym dancing.

"Gym and dancing, arts divine,
Grace and gladness do combine."—*Henry Tiel.*

Class Day Marshal '12. Girls' Baseball '12. Senior Social Entertainment '13. Pageant '13.

MARION A. DRISCOLL, 21 Kent St.

College: Simmons. Nickname: "M. Driscoll." F. O. Working hard.

"I speak as my understanding instructs me,
and as my honesty puts it to utterance."—*Shakespeare.*

Girls' Glee Club '11. Special Chorus '12, '13. Floater at Freshman-Sophomore Reception '10. Class Day Marshal '12. Senior Social Committee '13. Senior Social Folk Dancer '13. Photograph Committee '13. Basketball '12, '13. Pageant '13. Cast of Everystudent '13. Scenery Committee of Everystudent '13.

ALICE F. DUFFY, 31 Perry St.

College: Framingham Normal. Nickname: "Al." F. O. Dancing, Swimming.

"There is little of the melancholy element in her."—*Shakespeare.*

French Club '12. Secretary '13. German Club. Senior Social.

MARGARET FARLEY, 108 Fuller St.

College: Vassar. Nickname: "Peg." F. O. Skating, canoeing, making candy.

"She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair."—*Shakespeare.*

Secretary of the German Club '13. French Club '13. Floater German Party '13. Coach Senior English Play '12. Pageant '13. President Girls' Glee Club.

MARY D. FAY, 215 Cypress St.

College: Sargent's. Nickname: "May." F. O. Riding, canoeing.

"She did laugh sans intermission."—*Shakespeare.*

Girls' Debating Club '09. Girls' Basketball Team '13.

EVELYN PETTIT FISHER, 68 Warrenton St., Boston Y. W. C. A.

College: Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. F. O. Dressmaking. Piano. Nickname: "Fishie."

"She is witty to talk with."—*Suckling.*

Kept my head above water first year. Joined Girls' Debating Club and entered Prize Speaking Contest second year. French Club and Prize Speaking, minor part in Dramatics third year. Assisted costume work of Pageant and took part fourth year. Incidentally have sung tenor during four years straight in school choruses.

MARGUERITE R. FOSTER, 64 Aspinwall Ave.

Nickname: "Rita."

"Sweet as the flower that bears her name."—*Unknown.*

HELEN E. GOODNOW

Nickname: "Hades." F. O. Watching baseball games, reading, walking.

"A still, small voice."—*Old Testament.*

Became a Senior. French Club. German Club.

GLADYS LOUISE GORDON, 14 Bowker St.

College: Wellesley. Nickname: "Gladeyes." F. O. Tennis, gym.

"She taketh most delight in music, instruments, and poetry."
—*Shakespeare.*

French Club '12, '13. Glee Club '13. Prompter Senior English Play. Pianist Pageant. Sonnet to Summer-Pageant.

GERTRUDE HICKEY, 172 Aspinwall Ave.

Nickname: "Hick." F. O. Eating.

"I will not talk with, or walk with you, but I will eat with you."
—*Shakespeare.* (Apologies.)

Floater Sophomore Reception '08. Debating Club '08. Senior Social Playlet '13. Senior Dance Com. '13. Senior Dance Floater '13. Pageant '13.

MAY HICKS, 117 Kent St.

Nickname: "Ignitz." F. O. Studying.

"Fill the air around with beauty."—*Byron.*

Basketball '12, '13. Pageant '13.

MADELEINE HUNT, 294 Buckminster Rd.

Vassar College. Nickname: "M." F. O. Playing tennis, paddling.

"A wench of excellent discourse, pretty and witty."—*Shakespeare.*

Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12, '13, Rhet. Com. '11, Pres. '13. Class Debating Team '13. Soph. Reception Com. '10. Prize Speaking '11, '12, Winner '12. Dramatics '12. Exchange Editor of Sagamore '12. Class Day Marshal '12. Class Secretary '12, '13. Senior Social Playlet '13. Le Cercle Gaulois '12, '13. Senior Dance Com. '13. Girls' Glee Club '10, '11, '12. Coaching Com. of "Everystudent" '13. Class Prophetess '13. Das Deutsche Kranzchen '13. Pageant '13.

LOUISE P. JOHNSON, 205 Davis Ave.

College: Simmons. Nickname: "Lou." F. O. Hurrying (?)

"She acts the part of wisdom."—*Cowper.*

Floater at Freshman-Sophomore Reception '10. Class Day Marshal '12. Vice-Pres. of Cercle Gaulois '12-13. Class Day Com. '13. Senior Social Folk Dance '12. Cast of "Everystudent" '13. Pageant '13.

CATHERINE JEANE LALLY, 324 Clyde St.

College: Framingham Normal. Nickname: "Blondy." F. O. Dancing.

"She showed herself a scholar and a gentlewoman."—*Burns.*
(Apologies.)

Girls' Debating Club '11-'12. French Club '12-'13. German Club '13. Pageant '13.

RUTH LYMAN, 172 Buckminster Rd.

College: None. Nickname: "Rufus." F. O. Theatre, canoeing.

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation.—*P. Syrus.*

Pageant '13.

SUSIE MACDONALD, 32 Atherton Rd.

Nicknames: "Sloosie," "Soosie." F. O. Eating, canoeing.

"She furnished me with volumes from her own library."
—*Shakespeare* (Apologies).

Floater at Sophomore Reception '11. Senior Social '13. Pageant '13.

ELIZABETH MACNAUGHTAN, 44 Sumner Rd.

College: Wellesley. F. O. Reading, playing tennis.

"Her stature tall,—I hate a dumpy woman."—*Byron.*

Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12, '13. Floater Sophomore Social. Prize Speaking Chorus '10, '11, '12. Class Day Marshal '12. Senior Social Dance and Prompter of Playlet '13. Le Cercle Gaulois '12, '13. Cast of "Everystudent" '13. Season in Pageant '13.

MARY MAHAN, 276 Clyde St.

Nickname: "May." F. O. Reading.

"A woman ought to read just as inclination leads her."—*Johnson.*

Girls' Debating Club. French Club.

DOROTHY MANSON, 1463 Beacon St.

Nickname: "Dot." F. O. Going around with Gertrude Hickey.

"Sport that wrinkled Care derides."—*Milton.*

Pageant '13.

HILDA MARRETT, 37 Claflin Rd.

College: Vassar College. Nickname: "Hid." F. O. Making fudge, motor boating.

"If there be a kind woman . . . . . she is one."—*Shakespeare.*

Class Day Marshal '12. German Club '13. Debating Club '13. Senior Social Dance '12. Pageant '13. Class Day Committee '13. Alumni Editor, Sagamore '13.

MARY MORAN, 36 Atherton Rd.

Nickname: "May." F. O. Talking during sewing.

"Sewers annoy the air" (by talking)—*Milton.*

Senior Social '13. Pageant '13.

G. LOUISE MURRAY, 177 Naples Road.

College: House in the Pines, Newton, Mass. Nickname: "Lou." F. O. Making Welsh Rarebit. Driving a 13 Cadillac.

"'Tis a wise saying, Drive on your own track."—*Plutarch.*

Loafed.

MADELEINE REED, 82 Harvard Avenue.

Nickname: "Scallop." F. O. Swimming, basket-ball, horseback riding, tennis and reading.

"The sprightly reed."—*K. Leavitt.*

Played on the Girls' Baseball Team '12. Class Day Marshal '12. Senior Social '13. Pageant '13. Dramatics '13. German Club '13. Senior Dance Floater '13.

DOROTHY RHODES, 94 University Road.

College: Wellesley. Nicknames: "Doad," "Dot," "Do-do." F.O. Being nice to people.

"She is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition."
—*Shakespeare.*

Class Secretary '10. Vice-president of Class '11, '12, '13. Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12, '13. Vice-president of Girls' Debating Club '13. Chairman of Senior Dance Committee. Le Cercle Gaulois '12, '13. Das Deutsche Kranzchen, Vice-President '13. Dramatics '12.

LOUISE ROBERTS, 61 Griggs Rd.

College: Radcliffe. Nicknames: Lulu. F. O. Traveling, swimming, reading.

Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low."—*Shakespeare.*

Chairman Rhetorical Committee. Girls' Debating Club '12, '13. Pageant '13. Senior Class Play, "Everystudent." German Play, '13. French and German Clubs '13.

RUTH RUSSELL, 33 Kent St.

Nickname: "Rufus." F. O. Running.

"I can run, or I can fly" (some day).—*Milton.*

Studied some. Played considerable.

MILDRED SOUTHWICK, 281 Tappan St.

College: Emerson College of Oratory. Nicknames: "Millie," "Billie," "Debonty." F. O. Horse-back riding. Attending the theatre.

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."—*D. Everett.*

Winner J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking Contest '11. Dramatics '12. Pageant '13. Glee Club '10, '11, '12, '13. Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Girls' Baseball Team '12.

EDITH C. STRAIN, 166 Chestnut St.

Nickname: "Edy." F. O. Reading, Theatre.

"Sweet is the strain."—*Statisticies.*

Debating Club '10. Glee Club '10.

MILDRED STRONGE, 108 Westbourne Terrace.

Nickname: "Millie." F. O. Out-door sports. Reading.

"Speech is silvern, Silence is golden."—*Carlyle.*

German Club. Pageant.

ANNE M. WALDRON, 254 Cypress St.

College: Simmons. F. O. Reading, theatre.

"A wise daughter maketh a glad parent."—*Old Testament.*

Debating Club '10. Le Cercle Gaulois '12.

MARY ELIZABETH WALSH, 563 Heath St., Chestnut Hill.

Nickname: "May." F. O. Skating, Boating, Dancing.

"The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light."—*Shakespeare*

Debating Club '11.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

—*Burns.*

Popular Boy

Julian Spitz, Bob Paine and Merrill White started to make a monopoly of the votes, finishing in one, two, three order. Franklin Dexter, Thomas Newton, Freeman Swett and Radcliffe Stevens collected the remainder of the ballots.

Popular Girl

Dorothy Rhodes led the field, hotly pursued by Madeleine Hunt. Katharine Davis came tripping along third, followed by Ruth Lyman, Marion Driscoll and Ruth Damon.

Boy Who Has Done Most for B. H. S.

Spitz and Swett fought it out for the honors all the way, cleaning up everything in sight. In the end, the noble manager of the Sagamore was forced to yield to the noble editor-in-chief. George Clark fitted in for third place. Paine and Dexter tied up for fourth place. "Bounce" Case worried along after them.

Girl Who Has Done Most for B. H. S.

Madeleine Hunt just nosed out Dorothy Rhodes for the laurels. The Pageant of the Seasons secured a niche in the hall of fame for Evelyn Asbrand. Evelyn Fisher and Ruth Damon end the worthy procession with a tie.

Best Looking Boy

The A. Belvidere contest was won hands down by Robert G.(oodlooker) Paine. Francis Jouannet wore a pink during the last few days of the contest, which same pink pulled him up to second place. T. Caldwell Newton showed that he was a wee bit better looking than W. Merrill White. Harvey DaEva secured fifth place, although it was asserted that he was a professional.

S. B. K.: "The rest are homely muts."

T. S. D.: "Bob Paine's blue eyes, curly hair and pink cheeks are a combination without a rival."

M. H.: "All the rest are so good looking I can't choose."

Prettiest Girl

The V. de Milo contest resulted in a tie for first place between Ruth Lyman and Madeleine Hunt. Gladys Gordon, Ruth Damon, Katharine Davis, Gertrude Hickey, Susie MacDonald, Dorothy Rhodes and May Hicks were the other successful contestants. "Ida Claire" Case pocketed a few votes.

T. S. D. said something which we refuse to print because it does not become a gentleman.

Versatile Boy

Captain Arvin Edward Bounce Mlle. La Merle Ida Claire Abraham Lincoln Black Case! help! When a guy has such a name he deserves this job as a recompense. Spitz had to be content with second. Swett again followed in the latter's wake. Paine, Cummings, Goodnow and DaEva are the other versatile men of 1913.

Versatile Girl

Madeleine Hunt won out over Dorothy Rhodes this time. Marion Driscoll was so close a third that she was almost second. Evelyn Fisher was fairly treading in Marion's footsteps. "Ruthie" Damon, "Kay" Davis and Evelyn Asbrand are more or less accomplished.

Busiest Boy

As the procession came marching along, that Spitz boy was seen in the lead. Swett was so busy this year doing what he didn't do the first year that he romped away from Case, Clark, Stevens and Paine. Some unfeeling mortal stuck an "apparently" after Arvin's name. Derr was given a vote as busiest doing nothing.

T. S. D.: "Freeman Swett fairly perspires with activities."

Busiest Girl

The vice-president of the class again crosses the line a winner over the secretary. Evelyn Fisher comes in late mornings, creating a good impression. Ruth Damon finished ahead of Evelyn Asbrand.

Best Athlete

As somebody remarked, Dexter would make the best piano mover. Robert Rowe was a good second, with T. Newton third. "J" Jouannet didn't do half badly. Spitz, Emery, Case and Paine are the other athletes worthy of having their names inscribed.

Feminine Athlete

Somebody suggested asking Miss Barnes. When the smoke cleared Marion Driscoll had snatched the wreath of victory from Ruth Russell. Ruth Damon and Katharine Davis again get their names in print. Misses Southwick, Reed, Rhodes, Hunt and Hickey picked up some scattered votes.

Biggest Sport

Strange to say, T. Mahler had to give way to "Cherub" Young. E. Percy Goodnow's weekly new clothing apparel settled his hash. Radcliffe Stevens passes for a sport. Newton, McGillen, Dexter, MacNeil and Jouannet win reputations for themselves. We omit, for Taber's sake, that D—— voted for him as cheap sport.

Feminine Sport

There wasn't much doubt as to the outcome. Ruth Lyman, Katharine Davis, Ruth Damon and Francis Coburn seem to be the only sports in the class. Reed, Hickey and Hicks are mentioned out of courtesy. Some people don't seem to know what a feminine sport is. E. P. Goodnow cornered a m. or l. great quantity of votes.

Biggest Fusser

Oh you "Rad"! It was a walk-away for Stevens. Mahler slipped one over on Bob Young. George Clark is also getting a rep. Although T. S. D. said that Spitz was far and ahead of them all, fifth was the best he could do for himself. McGillen and DaEva were counted among the aforesaid notables.

Biggest Flirt

The Lyman, Coburn, Davis, Damon corporation was again in evidence. Nobody else had a look in! Somebody, apparently rebuffed, bitterly exclaimed, "None of them will flirt." Louise Roberts and Madeleine Hunt astonished us by being mentioned. "Doc" better look after Louise.

Class Grind

T. Derr, the man who never studied in his life, pulled the wool over the eyes of the class and nabbed first place. Miss Duffy, Miss Conklin, Miss Case, and DaEva were well to the fore. Anne Waldron, Lulu Roberts, Kaiser, and Spitz also burn the elec-

tric lights (at the St. James). Jesse Freeman Swett for extraordinary boning in French received honorable mention.

Biggest Talker

Case to the front! Ruthie Damon much to our surprise slipped a bean over on Evelyn Fisher. Freeman Swett's oratorical ability made him a candidate for fourth. Stuart Kaiser far surpassed Roger Hewett and Radcliffe Stevens (loudest talker). Our idea of a peaceful existence is to have Swett, Case, Stevens, and Kaiser talking at once in one place.

Biggest Sphinx

Our idea of silence is to have Derr, Mildred Stronge, Kenneth Crowell, Parker Adams, Anne Waldron, Franklin Dexter, and (Stuart Kaiser)* talking as much as they can and as loud as they can. *Kaiser the Talker finally conquered Kaiser the Sphinx after a long battle.

Biggest Loafer

Someone sweetly asked: "Why limit to boys?" Howbeit, Mahler's eighteen years of loafing brought home the bacon. McGillen has boasted so long of being a loafer that enough people believed him to give him second vote. Young, Emery, Wordell, and MacNeil take vacations now and then.

Class Clown

Ringlings' are coming to town, Taber. They'll get you, too, Stevens. Case's many outbursts of mirthful indignation carried the day for him. Young, McGillen, DaEva, and Adams have caused the class to laugh at times.

Oldest Boy

Brooks Morrison breaks all records with 21 years, 4 months. George Clark and Freeman Swett are old enough to know better. Hovhannes and Untersee are also in the twenties.

Oldest Girl

Evelyn Fisher is four months older than Edith Strain, who is 20 years, 6 months old. Ruth Lyman, Elizabeth Macnaughtan, Ruth Coombs, Gertrude Hickey, Katharine Davis, Dorothy Rhodes, and Madeleine Reed will all be twenty before many moons have passed.

Youngest Boy

Thomas S. Derr has just turned 17 years. Bob Young, William Weiscopf, Fred Holton, Edward Goodnow, and Roger Hewett are so near 17 that it will be ten months before any of them will see 18 years.

Youngest Girl

Louise Roberts is one month more an infant than Frances Coburn (17 years, 7 months). Mary Mahan, Elizabeth Cantwell, Helen Carvell, Susie MacDonald, and Louise Murray are still in their seventeen's.

Tallest Boy

The Class of 1913 boasts of a baker's dozen of six footers. Philip Untersee tops the list with 6 feet, 1½ inches. George McGillen is ¼ of an inch less tall. Wordell, Tufts, Morrison, Young, Thode, Phillips, Paine, O'Brien, McNeilly, Dexter, and Goodnow are the other sons of Titan. Peebles and Mahler would touch 6 feet if they'd stretch a bit.

Tallest Girl

Elizabeth Macnaughtan and Dorothy Conklin walk about above the heads of ordinary mortals. Nobody else can stand above 5 feet, 9 inches.

Shortest Boy

Earle Fowler measures 5 feet, 5 inches. J. F. Swett and R. P. Adams may be classed as built close to the ground. The boys are as a whole of average height.

Shortest Girl

Dorothy Manson, Gladys Gordon, Margaret Farley, Catherine Lally, and Edith Driscoll constitute our petite girls. Several more feminines are right on their trail.

Heaviest Boy

"Laugh and be fat" Stevens broke the scales at 182 pounds. "Be happy and fat" Young was only two pounds less. "Be silent and grow husky" Dexter was two behind the latter and two ahead of "Loaf and grow husky" McGillen. Phillips at 168 seemed light, as does Thode at 165.

Heaviest Girl

We promised that if the girls would put down their true weights we wouldn't give them away. Sufficient to say, Elizabeth Macnaughtan, Louise Johnson, Evelyn Asbrand and Helen Goodnow would sink a boat quicker than any other four in the class.

Lightest Boy

Charles Clark's training as coxswain has brought his weight down to 108 pounds. The least Fowler could offer was 110. Derr brings up the rear with 123 pounds.

Lightest Girl

Mary Walsh needs 94 pounds to balance her. May Hicks at an even 100 is not very far ahead of Louise Roberts at 102, Anne Waldron at 104, Evelyn Fisher at 105, Edith Driscoll at 107, Susie MacDonald at 107, and Gladys Gordon at 108.

The Class of 1913

If all the members of the Senior Class were one member, he or she (we make no discrimination) would be 1,616 years and 7 months old, would stand 489 feet and 3 inches in stockings, and would weigh 11,188 pounds. The same person would wear a size

609 hat, a size 439 shoe, and, provided it was a boy, a size 3,040 suit. If it were a boy, he would take an average stride of 348 feet per stride; if a girl, 258 feet per stride. If it were a girl, she would require anywhere from 246 to 430 yards of material for a suit, the number of yards depending upon what style she wished to follow. 18 years, 6 months old; 5 feet, 8+ inches; 144+ pounds represents the average boy. The average girl is 18 years, 7 months; is 5 feet, 5 inches; and weighs 121+ pounds. Exit Class of 1913!

Brookline, 8; Chelsea, 0

On the 30th of April, our boys swamped the baseball team from the slow town to the tune of 8-0. While Paine was getting four hits, Kelley three, Arthur two, and several others one hit apiece, the masterly pitching of Arthur, who passed but two and struck out ten, had the Chelsea nine swinging like gates. Brookline played a well-balanced game, especially Price, whose fielding was particularly steady.

B. H. S., 5; St. Mark's, 10

The less said about this game the better. Through "Bob" Paine's batting and sundry other acts on the part of the rest of the nine, Brookline scored five runs. In the meanwhile, St. Mark's team piled up ten tallies. The nine men on the baseball team were not responsible for all the ten runs, but the St. Mark's captain came over to the Brookline dug-out after the game and apologized for the umpire's decisions, which last was a very sportsmanlike act and made everybody all around feel happier.

Brookline, 2; Pomfret, 1

Dismayed and fatigued by the tiresome railroad journey, the B. H. S. boys—sounds like an alibi—proceeded to beat their Connecticut rivals to the score of 2-1, incidentally being the guys who put the "fret" in Pomfret. The game was featured by the batting of Holton and Thielscher, who secured two hits in four times at bat and two in three, respectively. Seven batsmen couldn't see Arthur's slants and went out by the strike-out method, while two connected safely and two more were passed.

Brookline, 4; Commerce, 3

On the 14th of May, when the boys from the business school were struggling hard to avenge last year's defeat, Robert Horatius Rowe came to bat in the ninth inning with a man on. Robert Horatius (girls, don't you think Horatius is just lovely?—the name, we mean) leaned on one of the Commerce pitcher's offerings. Far into the darkness the ball flew, passing out of sight up over Gardner Road. The man on second scored before R. H. touched third, so that he only received credit for a two bagger—his second during the game. Thielscher, Emery, and Holton also played well. The Commerce boys—men, we should say—had a wonderfully smooth team play, but they were unable to hit Arthur in the pinches. The line up for Brookline was Holton, r. f.; Price, s. s.; Kelley, c.; Paine, 2 b.; Thielscher, 3 b.; Emery, l. f.; Rowe, 1 b; Arthur, p.; Twiss c. f.

Brookline 0; Newton 10

EXHIBITION GAME

One might have mistaken Claflin Field for a cemetary on Memorial Day as far as the Brookline team was concerned,

for our team played dismal baseball. And yet it may be just as well that they got the errors—eleven in all—out of their systems in the exhibition game, for we must have better baseball to win the league games. To place the blame would be difficult ; it seems that the whole team "blew" at the crucial moments. The Brookline battery work completely outclassed that of their rivals. Newton's men were breaking their backs to touch Arthur's curves. In the first inning, after O'Neil got a life on Thielscher's error, our diminutive slabster promptly proceeded to strike out Bryson, Captain Spalding and Hyatt — men who could test the metal of any pitcher. Up to the fifth inning, when Coach Carrell prudently took him out and sent in Thielscher to save Arthur for the next game, but two hits were made off Chet's delivery, one an infield bingle of the scratchiest sort. Strange as it may seem, Brookline outhit Newton, gleaning eight hits as compared with six for Newton. Poor base-running and loose fielding lost for Brookline. Let us hope they tighten up for the league games.

The line-up :

Brookline	Newton
Kelley c.	O'Neil s. s.
Paine 2 b.	Bryson 2 b.
Thielscher, 3 b., (Keefe 3 b.)	Spalding r. f.
Emery c. f.	Hyatt 1 b.
Rowe 1 b.	Conlon p.
Price r. f.	Taffe c.
Holton c. f.	Dunmore 3 b.
Twiss s. s.	Terrio c. f.
Arthur p.	DeRusha c. f.

Brookline, 4; Boston College High, 0

Brookline High certainly convinced the spectators at the Locust Street grounds that, as in all other matters, it can come to the scratch when necessary. The playing of both teams was steady, but the failure of Boston College High to make good in the pinches lost the game for them. Brookline, on the other

hand, put in her deadly work at very telling moments; and when a Brookline man made a hit, believe me, boy, it was a swat.

In the first two innings neither team scored, but McNeilly neatly placed a single in the first half of the third inning, Arthur made a splendid wallop, and Emery's swat along the right foul line, brought in the first run. The fourth inning brought in another run for Brookline, Twiss making a corker single, Spillane passing a man, and McNeilly driving the ball out into left field.

Brookline scored two more runs in the last three innings despite the fact that the B. C. H. pitcher was twirling star ball over the plate. Paine, Arthur and McNeilly starred for B. H. S., and, in justice to the team, it might be said that if they put up a similar kind of ball in the league games, the championship will be ours without a doubt.

The line-up:

Brookline	B. C. High
Holton c. f.	Gilder c. f.
Paine 2 b.	Spillane c.
Emery l. f.	Wholley s. s.
Thielscher 3 b.	O'Connor, r. f.
Rowe 1 b.	Gill p.
Kerr s. s.	Macmahan 1 b.
Twiss r. f.	Reardon 2 b.
McNeilly c.	Rogers l. f.
Arthur p.	H——3 b.

Amherst Interscholastic

Captain Case, Spitz, Sullivan and Coach Carrell went on the annual journey to Amherst, leaving Friday, May 16th, preparatory to the meet which came the following day on Pratt Field.

The meet was certainly a fast one when the performances of Drew and Rice are taken into consideration. Drew showed his superiority in about everything in which they gave him an opportunity of so doing, while Rice put up a good fight although a losing one. The fast time of 9 4-5" for the 100 yards of last year was equalled by Drew, but this time Charley Rice was forced to

follow him over the tape. The 220 was equally as fast, Drew winning by a margin of a few yards. Spitz showed unusual head work in the 880-yds. run, finishing third and scoring two points for the school. Sullivan ran well in his heat of the 220, but Rice being in the same heat, made it impossible for him to place for the finals. Case was just squeezed out of the finals of the broad jump, being the fifth out of 18 where only the first four were to qualify. The record for this event was broken by a one-armed lad from New York, with a jump of 22 ft. 4 in.

Notes from Amherst

Leave it to Spitz and Sullivan, Carrell and Case, the railroad journey was sure "some" entertaining. Further particulars are not for publication.

Julian took a little trip over to Rose Tree Inn, Smith College. The two C's spent Saturday night and Sunday at Springfield, visiting Springfield Manual Training School and various other places of interest.

The B. H. S. fellows are certainly indebted to Ferguson and Stone, B. H. S. members of the Delta Phi Theta frat. at Amherst for their kind efforts in entertaining them.

Brown Interscholastic

At the interscholastic track meet held at Brown University on Memorial Day, Julian Spitz, the only Brookline entry, won second place in the 880-yds. run.

Complete Victory for Crew

Brookline High School has all the reason in the world to be more than proud of this year's crews. In the annual schoolboy regatta, June 5th, the fellows representing the B. H. S. made a clean sweep of the coveted honors, winning both firsts in the final

heats for first and second crews. The races were both closely contested; but the first race was run off under trying conditions, as there was a very high wind which caused an extremely ruffled surface. The second race came later and then the water was not so rough, which allowed the second crew to establish a better time for the course than the first. The championship crews were :

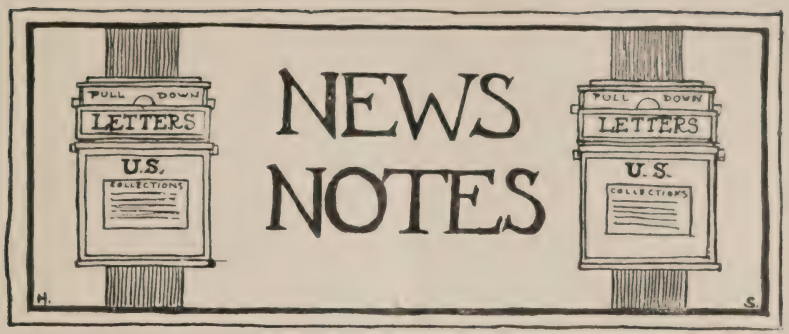
First Crew

Captain Newton stroke, Everett Phillips 3, "Flo" Dusossoit 2, Blake Cooley bow, Charles Clark coxswain. Time 6 min. 16 2-5 sec.

Second Crew

Robert Young stroke, Captain Brooks Morrison 3, J. Litchfield 2, J. DeForrest bow, D. Jackson coxswain. Time 5 min. 55 3-5 sec.

Blake Cooley, '14, was elected captain of the crew for next year. Blake rowed bow this season and is ***some*** oarsman.



On Friday morning, May second, the school had an unusual treat. The members of I English A gave a presentation of the modern morality play, "Everystudent." The players had spent many hours outside of school working up this play and the result showed in the finished production they put forth. The play was quite humorous with a strong moral lesson beneath it. The cast was as follows, embracing nearly every member of I English A.

RESULT—Dorothy Rhodes.
TRUTH—Estelle Krieger
EVERYSTUDENT—Richard Ware
ATHLETICS—Julian Spitz
GOOD TIMES—Allen Potter
CLASSMATE—Arvin Case
BLUFF—William O'Brien
STUDY—Evelyn Asbrand
GHOST—Dorothy Conklin, Helena von Ladau
LATIN—Stuart Kaiser
MATH.—William Weiscopf
WISDOM—Louise Johnson
AMBITION—Louise Roberts
PERSEVERANCE—Margaret Arnold
GOOD SENSE—Marion Driscoll
HERALD—Waldo Peebles
ALMA MATER—Elizabeth Macnaughtan

SCENERY MANAGER—Robert Paine
PROPERTY MANAGER—Merrill White
COSTUME MANAGERS—Helen Goodnow, Helena von Ladau

Much credit for the excellence of the performance is due to

Madeleine Hunt, Margaret Farley and Edward Goodnow, who acted as general directors and supervisors.

Dr. Roberts addressed the school on Friday morning, May sixteenth. He spoke upon some of his experiences while travelling abroad last year. His description of the great "public" school of Eton was very interesting. On the walls there were carved names which dated from 1400, many distinguished names were cut on the benches and walls by their early possessors.

On Thursday morning, May 29, the day before Memorial Day, Mr. Hitchcock furnished the school a rare treat in providing Mr. H. S. Bean of the Grand Army of the Republic as our speaker. Mr. Bean is the Commander of the Chandler Post G. A. R. here in Brookline. He, naturally, chose as his subject "The Civil War." Mr. Bean told graphically and interestingly his various experiences, beginning with the start of the war and carrying his attentive listeners with him throughout many interesting incidents covering the whole war. In closing he delivered a strong argument for arbitration, supporting his claim by the mute evidence of thousands upon thousands of unmarked graves scattered throughout the South. The school wishes to thank Mr. Bean for one of the most interesting talks delivered this year in Shailer Hall.

The finals of the Prize Speaking contest were held in Shailer Hall, Friday evening, May 23. Those left in the contest were Marguerite Ayres, '15, Mary Hyland '15, Mildred McCallam, '15, Mildred Price, '16, Raymond Bemis, '14, George McLaughlin, '14, Charles Daley, '15, and Homer Snow, '15. The contest was close, but Mildred McCallam and George McLaughlin were adjudged winners for the girls and boys respectively.

Class Day

When all the glamour and excitement attendant upon class day has died down, the participants in and the spectators of

the exercises held on Friday afternoon, June 6, will still remember the Class Day of 1913 as the most beautiful of all class days. The marching, the drilling, the games, the decorating of the numerals, the cheering on the steps, the final triumphant march of the Seniors, all delighted and thrilled the hundreds of spectators who had gathered to watch this most festival of events.

The indoor exercises, too, were the best ever held in Shailer Hall. Robert Paine's opening address of welcome was —well, it made everybody feel welcome, and it was dignified, original, and concise. What need be said about the class oration by J. Freeman Swett? Edward Goodnow's history was a masterpiece. The phophecy by Madeleine Hunt and Julian Spitz was the most novel and interesting of all prophecies. Nor should Allen Potter's ivy oration be forgotten. The last event on the program was the recessional of the Class of 1913.

To the Class Day Committee, George R. Clark, chairman, Louise Johnson, Hilda Marrett, Francis Jouannet, and Allen Potter, is due the credit for the brilliantly successful affair. And to Miss Barnes, Dr. Roberts, Mr. Carrell, Miss Adams, and Mr. Case is a large share of glory attached. The marshals and the ushers also come in for a part in the enterprise, and to the whole school are words of commendation from all sides.

At a meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club, Victor A. Kramer, '14, was elected president for the season of 1913-1914; Lyman Lehrburger, '14, vice-president; Henry Merrill, '14, secretary-treasurer.

Lyman Lehrburger, '14, has been appointed editor-in-chief of The Sagamore for the year of 1913-1914. Tsuya Matsuki, '15, and Richard Salinger, '15, have been made news and athletic editors respectively, and Mildred Price and Charles Dow have received Sophomore reporterships.

Tomorrow morning, June 21, a dozen of the Senior boys and girls leave for Portland Harbor, where, as the guests of Miss Hilda Marrett, '13, they hope to recover from the strenuous year now past.

Some time ago Mr. Hitchcock announced to the sorrow of the school that he was going to resign from his position as head-master at the end of the present school year. Next fall he will take up the duties of vice-chairman of Pratt Institute of Brooklyn, New York. Some of the members of the school got together and planned to raise a collection to buy Mr. Hitchcock a gift to express the appreciation of the school towards him and his services. The result of their efforts was a canvass of the school and a large mass meeting in Shailer Hall, where the scholars signed pledges. A considerable amount of money was raised with which a handsome gold watch was purchased. In the absence of President Paine of the Senior Class, Julian Spitz presented this to Mr. Hitchcock on Friday morning, June 13, before the school in Shailer Hall.

Mr. Winfred C. Acres, principal of the New Britain High School, has been chosen head master of Brookline High School to take Mr. Hitchcock's place.

Mrs. Thurston of Somerville has been appointed to fill the position left vacant by Miss Stone's resignation.

Acknowledgments

The Sagamore wishes to thank the Class of 1913 and the Athletic Association for their financial assistance. It also wishes to extend thanks to Miss Spaulding for her work as faculty adviser, to Mr. W. B. Conant of the Brookline Print for his care and interest in the printing of the magazine, and to Champlain and Farrar, George Brown, Odin Fritz, and J. E. Purdy for the use of photographs.

Autographs

Interscholastic Triangular Debating League

CHAMPIONSHIP

Brookline defeated Somerville at Somerville.

Brookline defeated Newton at Brookline.

AFFIRMATIVE TEAM

ROBERT G. PAINE '13

VICTOR A. KRAMER '14

J. FREEMAN SWETT '13

NEGATIVE TEAM

JULIAN H. SPITZ '13

THOMAS S. DERR '13

GEORGE McLAUGHLIN '14

TRACK TEAM

'00. Claude Holwill after spending eleven years in China has returned to U. S. A. He has been knighted by the king of Italy and has received two medals of honor from the empress of China.

'03. Theodore Bittenbender has recently been married to Miss Elizabeth Pierce.

'10. Alec Hammer has made Wolf's Head.

'10. All friends of Mildred Paige will be glad to hear that she recovered from her operation in time to participate in the June festivities at Wellesley.

'11. "Mart" Shedden won his "Y" in the Harvard-Yale Dual Meet, where he finished second in the hurdles.

'11. Francis Capper won his "H" in the Harvard-Yale Dual Meet. He finished third in the 880 in both the Harvard-Yale and the Intercollegiates.

'12. Fred Hussey has gone on the summer cruise. Before returning to Annapolis, he will visit several European ports.

'12. Betty Bouve has won a scholarship at Simmons.

From a Letter by George Hussey

The Farewell Ball comes that night and we embark the next day for the Cruise. It's only twenty and asleep now till we rate Youngster.

The private yacht that Uncle Sam has placed at our disposal for the summer came up the bay last night and is now lying at anchor three or four miles outside the light-house. She is more commonly known as the U. S. S. Illinois, 1st class battleship. The class of 1916 is to have her this summer for a foreign cruise.

Maybe I've told you all this before, if so skip it. We sail June 9 and go right across to Antwerp, where we shall lie for two weeks. It is probable that we shall get three days liberty to go to Paris. Believe me, we'll have a fine time. We next go to Vigo and then Cadiz in Spain for short stops and we put in at Gibraltar for a week.

Later.—I hope that while we are at Gibraltar we shall get liberty to go across to Tangiers, for I have heard that it is a very interesting city as well as being in Africa.

We stop at Funchal in the Madeiras on the trip home, which ends August 22. Then we have a week of Target Practice in Chesapeake Bay and the cruise is over August 29. Then, Oh you Youngster, leave! I'll be home all September and believe me, I want to see you and my other friends up there.

That cruise sounds quite interesting, but take it from me we are going to work. Note that word work. I drew my May req. (requisition) yesterday and it contained most of the new stuff for the cruise. For instance, a hammock mattress and clews and a "ki-yi" or scrubbing brush. We are also to take one pair of shoes for coaling ship!

The Illinois came up this morning and is now lying in the river a few hundred yards from the Reina Mercedes.

The M. C's. are passing the uniform for drill and I'll have to get dressed. I'm glad it is work, for it is pretty hot now.

Well, Julian, old man, I hope you will forgive my delay in not writing to you. Please remember me to my friends, and as,

Your old friend,
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Midshipman, U. S. N.

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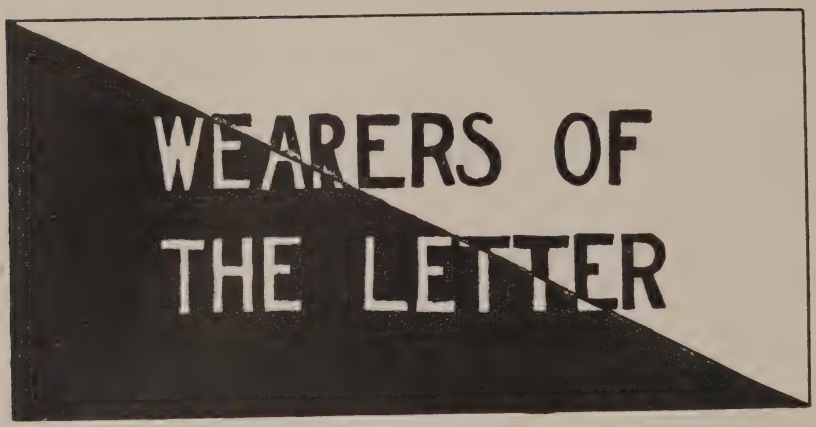

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McNEILLY

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